The New Power Game: Playing It With Mirrors

New York Power Failures of 1976

A Duel of Wits With Tom Stoppard, by Jon Bradshaw

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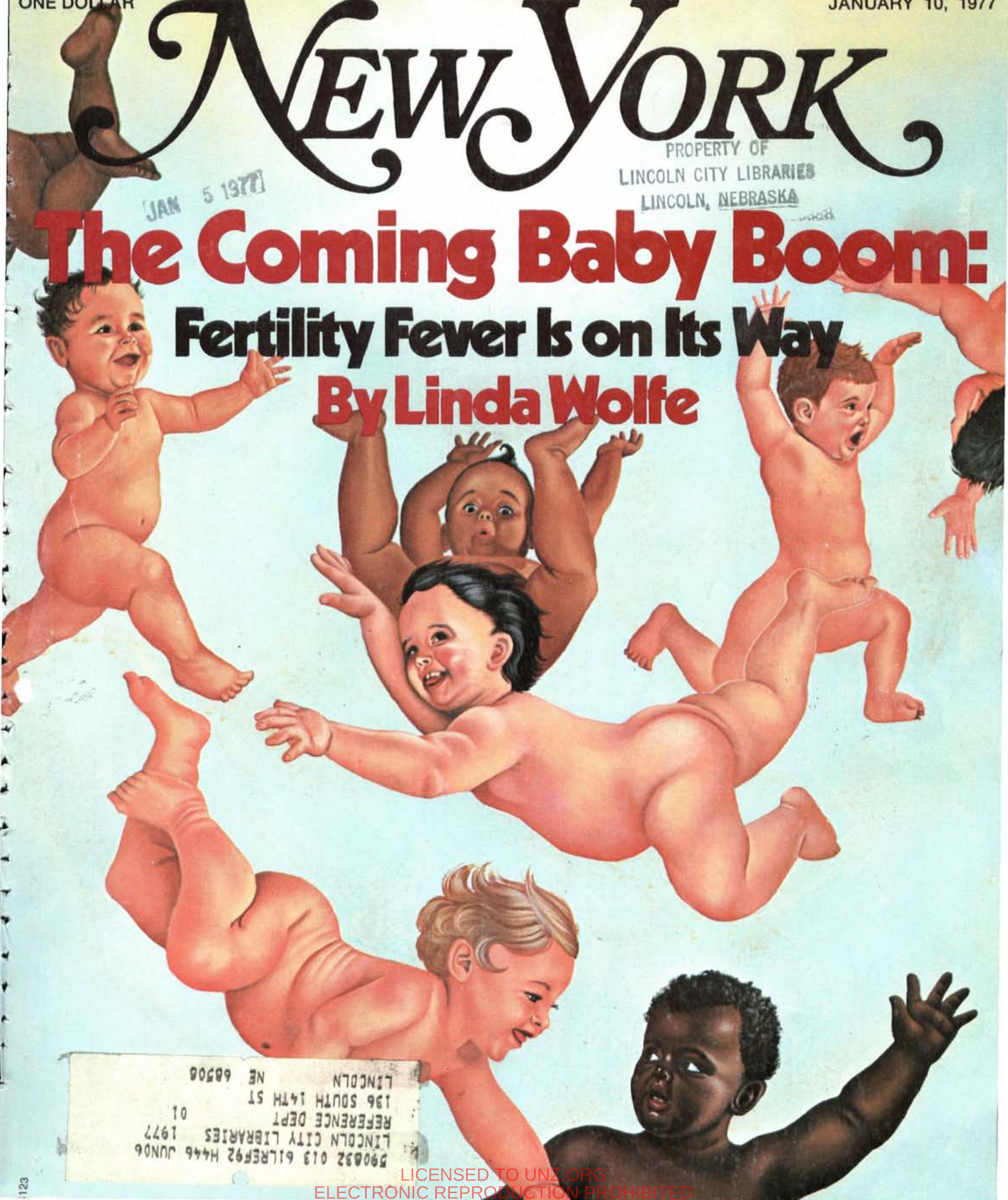
The Coming Baby Boom:

Fertility Fever Is on Its Way

By Linda Wolfe



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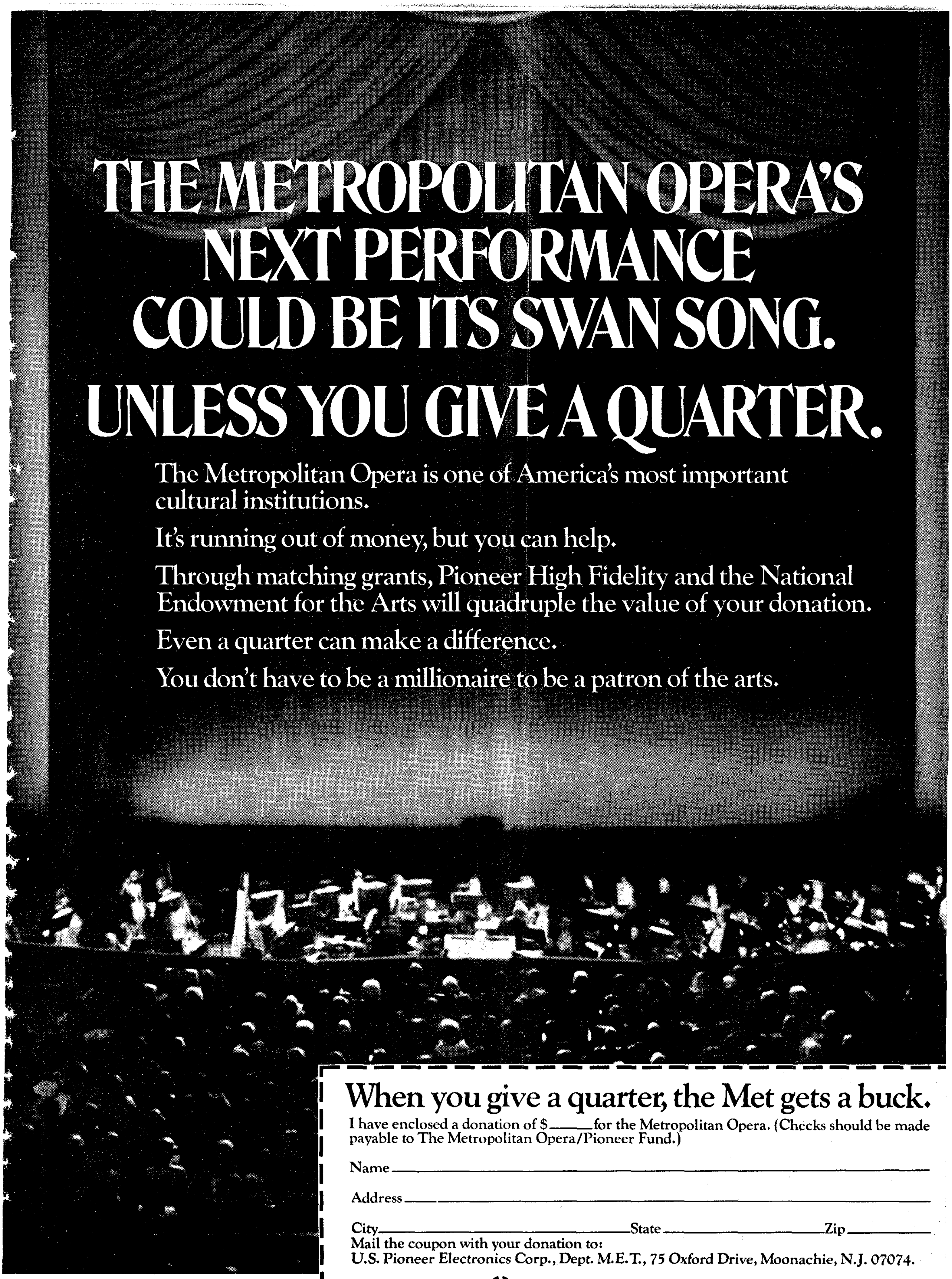

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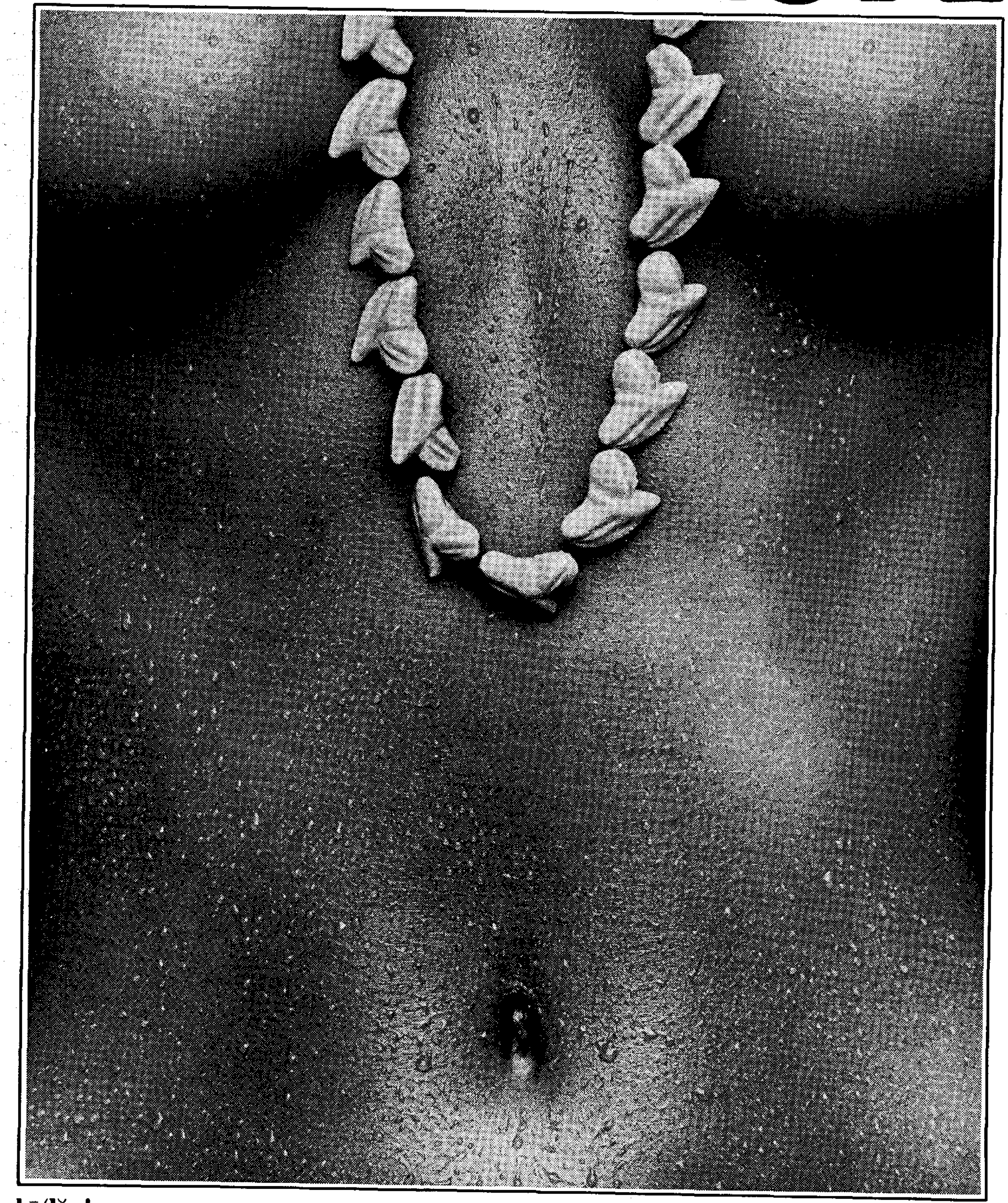

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VOL. 10 NO. 2

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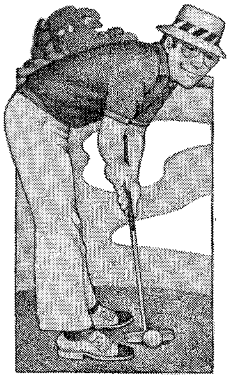
American Express picks three winners in Las Vegas.



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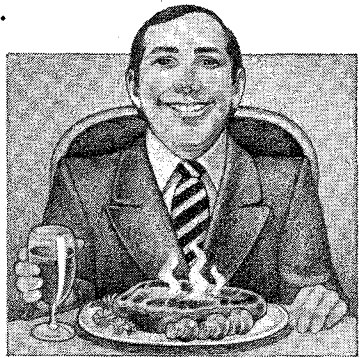

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LETTERS

Further Mysteries

I was amazed to see "Mysteries of the Body: Foot Power" in the "Mysteries of Your Body" issue [December 27/January 3] and then read about Mr. Haden-Guest's experience with foot reflexologist Iolanthe Greer ["I Am a Fugitive From the Body-Maulers"]. A few years ago, while traveling in California, I was introduced to a woman near Los Angeles who cured foot problems by manipulating the nose. After suffering from chronic athlete's foot and herpes for almost seven years, I was ready to try anything. Grasping my nose, she began twisting it back and forth while at the same time applying terrific pressure to the nostrils, causing me to sneeze violently. It cost me $50 for a 40-minute session and I walked out of her office feeling like a fool. The next day, my nose was black, blue, and swollen, but for the first time in seven years my foot didn't itch. By the end of the week, the condition had cleared up entirely.

Richard Smith
Manhattan

When William K. Stuckey asserted in his recent article ["Psychic Power: The Next Superweapon?"] that "Transformational Americans find God inside themselves and have no need for traditional religious orders . . ." we understand that he really means "traditional religions." He could hardly be confining himself merely to Franciscan or Dominican friars. But what we fail to see is why he should believe that those who "find God inside themselves" would feel they had to leave traditional religions which teach—and have always taught—that God dwells within us; or do they think He dwells nowhere else?

Msgr. Archibald V. McLees
St. Pascal Baylon Rectory
St. Albans, N.Y.

Westport's Melting Pot

I, like John Tarrant ["The End of the Exurban Dream," December 13], live in Exurban Westport. On our street, along with the resident Wasp families, live one Japanese, one Cambodian and two black families. Westport is not a racist town as Mr. Tarrant implied.

I am utterly opposed to making Westport part of a satellite system because of ecological reasons. Let's rebuild the cities instead of spreading around the decay.

Jane Young
Westport, Conn.

Mead and Ambrosia

Thank you, Margaret Mead, for "At Home in the World—in New York" ["The City Politic," December 20].

I read it over and over and over, and will treasure it for the future, just as I treasure Dylan Thomas's *A Child's Christmas in Wales.*

Will you please transmit to Ms. Mead my wishes for a happy birthday, and for many happy returns to the printed word.

Eleanor Poor
Cambridge, Mass.

Margaret Mead's story is the most beautiful and wonderfully written tribute to the Big Apple I've seen since the crisis hit. I'm coming back home. And I hope Mayor Beame presents the key to the city to Ms. Mead.

Glenn Singer
Cocoa Beach, Fla.

P.S. It made me cry.

Reweaving Tweed's Reputation

It was with considerable interest that I read Mr. Walter Karp's article in "The City Politic" column of November 22, 1976, "Standing Boss Tweed on His Head." Wouldn't "Putting Boss Tweed on His Feet" be a better title? History has him upside down to begin with. According to Karp, the case I present in an upcoming book *Tweed's New York: Another Look*—that Tweed was not tried or found guilty of theft and was, therefore, innocent of that crime—is short of "common sense." "If," states Karp, "no crime is proven in a courtroom, history, according to Hershkowitz, is forbidden to allege a crime." This case, he adds, rests on a "slightly wacky legalism" which would deny that Capone was a Chicago racketeer because he was convicted only for evading his federal income tax. Karp concludes, "it is not myth but common sense that is being stood on its head."

Alas, that "slightly wacky legalism" is a cornerstone of American-British jurisprudence. The concept that has taken thousands of years to forge and which protects Capone, Tweed, and even Karp is simply that a person is assumed to be innocent until proven guilty. In Karp's world, if I read him correctly, it is just the opposite. He would have none of it. Seemingly, for Karp, innuendo, newspaper headlines, arbitrary judicial power, magazine articles, witch-hunting, and grand jury indictments would be substitutes for an individual's right to trial by jury. A "slightly wacky legalism," indeed. Further history does not "allege" Tweed was a "master thief."...

I began the book as a biography of Tweed and his city, but in the end I became interested in larger issues, among them the danger to civil liberty by unbridled power—judicial and journalistic. "Injustice," wrote H. L. Mencken, "is relatively easy to bear; what stings is justice," and it often does more than sting. I do not claim that Tweed was innocent. Rather, I have not found evidence, and his contemporaries did not find evidence, to conclude in a court of law that he was guilty of theft, the crime that he stands convicted of by history. So, like it or not, under our system of justice he must be assumed innocent. It should be added, moreover, that regardless of law I have not found sufficient evidence to lead me to conclude Tweed was guilty of any larceny. . . .

As for some other matters, I am not aware that Tweed "owned a bank" or was in the business of "laundering money." Since when did Tammany Hall defend Tweed by finding the existence of a "permanent floating conspiracy against Tweed and his ilk?"...

Leo Hershkowitz
Professor of history
Queens College, Queens

Mr. Karp replies: Professor Hershkowitz still cannot distinguish between a historical judgment and a courtroom trial, which was the point of my review. The injunction to presume a person innocent until proven guilty in a court of law may have "taken thousands of years to forge." It is indeed a legal injunction of the greatest importance. Nonetheless it is not enjoined upon historians or citizens but only upon juries in a trial proceeding. As a standard of historical judgment it can only lead—as in professor Hershkowitz's work—to inanities. A second point: I did not say that Tammany defended Tweed by invoking a "permanent floating conspiracy"; I said that professor Hershkowitz did. I merely pointed out that the professor's whole line of argument has been used time and again by New York machine politicians in their own defense. Tweed, himself, the Tammany gang dropped like a hot potato. Being sensible men they did not suppose, as did professor Hershkowitz, that a legal presumption of innocence proved that Tweed was not guilty.

The City Politic/Amitai Etzioni

MEDICAID WOES: EXPOSE IS NOT REFORM

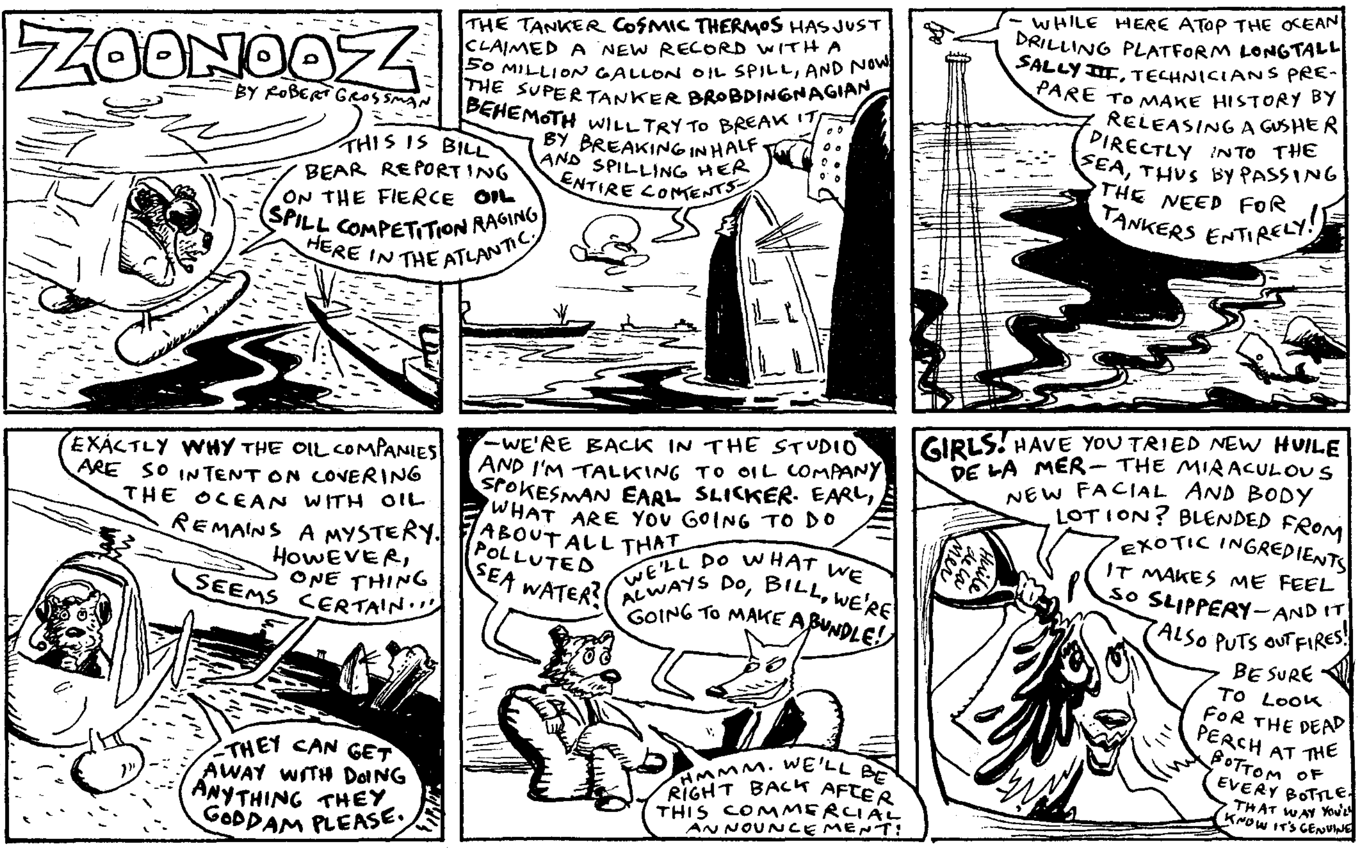
Seldom since J. Edgar Hoover personally held a gun on John Dillinger have Americans been treated to such dramatic flair in the pursuit of public enemies. We refer to last summer's undercover adventures of United States Senator Frank Moss, who posed as a patient seeking care from several "Medicaid mills." Whereas Hoover stayed clear until after Dillinger had been disarmed, Moss put his body on the line. And he has the bruises—from unnecessary blood tests—to prove it.

Yet the senator need not have risked hepatitis for his nation. Superfluous too are the recent *mea culpas* of Medicaid-mill owners and practitioners. As are more wheelchair parades of nursing-home patients brought before investigative commissions to tell of neglect, abuse, and intimidation. As is more infighting between the city and the state as to who should fix up the mess. Indeed, we have reached the point where exposé per se has become part of the problem instead of step one toward its solution. In commuters' lounges, during coffee breaks, and at cocktail parties, citizens amaze each other—and experience catharsis: "Have you heard the latest? In Chicago a Medicaid lab declared a man pregnant." And another replies, "Well, did you hear about the man in New York who was practically choking on a cancer that several Medicaid doctors in a row didn't notice because—as one said—they weren't being paid to look in his mouth?"

News-media exposés and public hearings do serve to flag abuses. But we have been pointing a finger at basically the same abuses, and indeed often the same abusers, for more years than many of us realize. One of the tasks of the Moreland Act Commission, appointed in January, 1975, to investigate nursing-home scandals in New York, was to find out "what happened" to the Kaplan Report. The Kaplan investigation, which had conducted a similar inquiry some fifteen years earlier, named Bernard Bergman, who figured so notoriously in the 1975 scandals. Expecting to find that the Kaplan Report had been "suppressed," the Moreland Commission found that the Kaplan investigation's findings were delivered to the proper public officials. Nothing "happened" to the Kaplan Report because it focused on an exposé of wrongdoing, not on mobilizing the forces of change.

It should be obvious by now that if exposing dirt were enough to do away with it, Medicaid would surely be among the cleanest programs in the nation. In 1971, a Ralph Nader study group exposed the many deficiencies of Medicare and Medicaid regulations (*Old Age: The Last Segregation*, by Claire Townsend), and in 1974 Mary Adelaide Mendelson's *Tender Loving Greed*, about nursing-home profiteering, became a near best-seller. Senator Moss's long-term-care subcommittee is no Johnny-come-lately; it has released fifteen special reports on nursing and boarding-care homes, chemical laboratories, and Medicaid mills over the years. We have had the Stein and Smith commissions, reports from the office of the welfare inspector general, audits by the state comptroller, HEW Region II, and the indefatigable GAO.

Amitai Etzioni is professor of sociology at Columbia University and director of the Center for Policy Research. His most recent book is Social Problems *(Prentice-Hall, 1976).*


ZOONOOZ
BY ROBERT GROSSMAN
THIS IS BILL BEAR REPORTING ON THE FIERCE OIL SPILL COMPETITION RAGING HERE IN THE ATLANTIC.
THE TANKER COSMIC THERMOS HAS JUST CLAIMED A NEW RECORD WITH A 50 MILLION GALLON OIL SPILL, AND NOW THE SUPERTANKER BROBDINGNAGIAN BEHEMOTH WILL TRY TO BREAK IT BY BREAKING IN HALF AND SPILLING HER ENTIRE CONTENTS—
—WHILE HERE ATOP THE OCEAN DRILLING PLATFORM LONGTALL SALLY III, TECHNICIANS PREPARE TO MAKE HISTORY BY RELEASING A GUSHER DIRECTLY INTO THE SEA, THUS BYPASSING THE NEED FOR TANKERS ENTIRELY!
EXACTLY WHY THE OIL COMPANIES ARE SO INTENT ON COVERING THE OCEAN WITH OIL REMAINS A MYSTERY. HOWEVER, ONE THING SEEMS CERTAIN...
—THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH DOING ANYTHING THEY GODDAM PLEASE.
—WE'RE BACK IN THE STUDIO AND I'M TALKING TO OIL COMPANY SPOKESMAN EARL SLICKER. EARL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT ALL THAT POLLUTED SEA WATER?
WE'LL DO WHAT WE ALWAYS DO, BILL, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A BUNDLE!
HMMM. WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK AFTER THIS COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
GIRLS! HAVE YOU TRIED NEW HUILE DE LA MER— THE MIRACULOUS NEW FACIAL AND BODY LOTION? BLENDED FROM EXOTIC INGREDIENTS IT MAKES ME FEEL SO SLIPPERY—AND IT ALSO PUTS OUT FIRES!
Huile de la Mer
BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THE DEAD PERCH AT THE BOTTOM OF EVERY BOTTLE. THAT WAY YOU'LL KNOW IT'S GENUINE

We must recognize that calling public attention to problems will not suffice to solve them. True, to take effective action politicians need the support of public opinion to counter the opposition of vested interests. Unfortunately, however, the public limelight provided by day-to-day exposés is too mercurial. It focuses on individuals and incidents instead of issues; its span is too short to serve as a reliable source of the necessary political energy. Nor is drafting new laws or regulations sufficient, because the laws may not be passed, and above all, if passed, not enforced. (This, by the way, was the fate of many of the most important Moss Committee recommendations.)

Laws and regulations attempting to cure the Medicaid mess are tools of the state. The state is not a benign being, acting on behalf of the public needs, expressed through the electoral process, as some civics textbooks would have it. The state responds to all inputs, including those of pressure groups, vested interests, not just voters. Indeed, confronted on the one side with a well-organized lobby and on the other with the unorganized public at large, the state will bend, most of the time, toward the former. It is only when the public (or segments of it) is organized to push the state continuously in the desired direction that its course leans away from the vested interest, toward the public interest. What is needed to provide such sustained political energy is institutionalized public involvement. To shepherd Medicaid reforms through enactment and implementation, the participation of such groups as older Americans' associations, labor unions on behalf of their retirees, religious-ethical organizations (e.g., the American Jewish Congress, Catholic Charities, etc.), and associations of relatives and patients is required.

The political problem of the Medicaid mills' patients, nursing-home residents, and other clients of Medicaid is that they have had no such means of political expression, while the owners and administrators are well organized. Hence, the need for relevant segments of the public to organize and act, not only on public officials during elections, but in between elections directly on the "private governments" of clinics, hospitals, and nursing homes which provide the services. These groups should be invited from the onset to participate in formulating the new laws, to secure their ongoing interest and support for them. In addition, the political energies of these groups should be mobilized through the creation of a permanent watchdog commission, composed of representatives of the three groups, with rights to visit all health-care facilities reimbursed by public funds and to follow up complaints, and the duty to report annually about conditions in these facilities. In this way the public interest would be institutionalized, the political muscle behind the needed legislation increased, and enforcement made more likely to follow.

Once the question of where the political propellant is to come from is answered, the rest is relatively easy: Jail sentences of *at least* one year for all major abusers convicted of bilking the public and patients would deter many offenders. These are, after all, not hard-core criminals who weigh the risks of jail against the rewards of crime, but middle-class professionals who commit these crimes because they seem risk-free. For the same reason, owners and administrators of nursing homes and Medicaid clinics should be made *personally liable* for gross neglect of patients.

Second, Medicaid officials need to be able to disqualify unscrupulous providers from receiving further funds without being held up—as is now frequently the case—by lengthy court battles. When Medicaid contracts come up for renewal, the burden of proof should be on the providers to meet the Medicaid agency's requirements—not on the Medicaid agency to have to prove in court that the providers do not deserve a renewed contract.

Third, research is needed to determine whether or not it is appropriate that Medicaid clinics and nursing homes, unlike the majority of other human-service institutions, such as schools and hospitals, should be run on a for-profit basis. Actually, the mainstream of American business has long been wary about the wisdom or feasibility of for-profit involvement in human services, especially services to highly disadvantaged segments of the population. At issue are two principal points: (a) *Can* human services really generate a legitimate profit (i.e., without skimping on quality or quantity, without unnecessary services, without fraud)? and (b) Are the present nursing-home proprietors "normal" businessmen, seeking only a fair return on their investment, or are there "fast-buck" artists in their midst?

There are scores of other steps which might be taken. Frankly, none, and not even all taken together, provide a cure-all for the complex and entrenched problems we face in Medicaid (and similar programs—above all welfare). However, we know enough to significantly reduce abuses through the steps indicated. More exposés will do little but add to a false sense of progress. We have all heard about the abuses; let the next drama be that of reform. ▬

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

1976'S HOTTEST STOCK: TOO MUCH GAMBLING FEVER?

The Atlantic City Play

Casino gambling in Atlantic City is thought to be at least a year away, possibly even two years away. But last year's spectacular market performance of a small, controversial American Stock Exchange company called Resorts International clearly indicates that a sizable number of the stock market's high rollers—even at this early stage—have already placed heavy bets on the outcome. I'm no expert on craps, roulette, or blackjack, but a series of chats and a dinner with Resorts president Irving G. "Jack" Davis—plus conversations with a few gaming experts—offer tangible evidence that speculators in Resorts, at least for now, may be rolling for a seven with only one die.

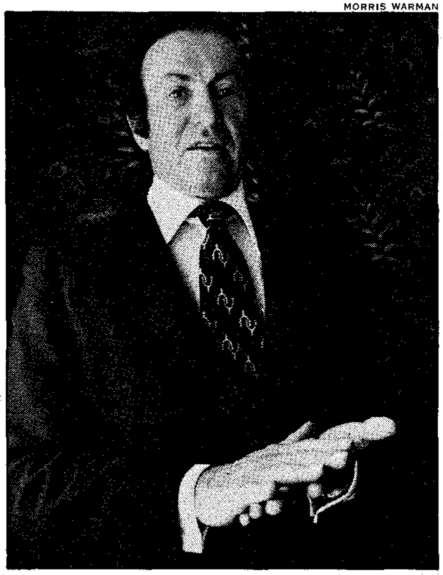
Resorts, which is headquartered in Miami and owns the Paradise Island Casino in the Bahamas, has turned in erratic and often mediocre results over the past decade. But that's obviously being ignored in the face of the company's acquisition last year of the 1,000-room Atlantic City Chalfonte-Haddon Hotel and its announced plans to build another hotel of similar size nearby. The company's Class A stock shot up over 500 percent last year from a low of 2 to a high of 12⅜ (it was recently around 10). And its Class B stock—which has the principal voting clout—was even more spectacular, rising more than 750 percent from a low of 2⅝ to a high of 22½ (it was recently around 18). As we went to press, Resorts led the field as 1976's best percentage gainer of all listed securities on the Big Board and Amex.

The company had operating earnings in 1975 of 51 cents a share and 1976's results are expected to run in the same vicinity. Based on the recent price of the Class B stock, the company is sporting a rich 35 price-earnings multiple. Obviously that multiple reflects investor expectations of an earnings explosion in the not-too-distant future. In fact, some vocal Resorts boosters are talking of earnings of $4 to $6 a share in 1978 just from the Atlantic City operations alone.

Forget it. That's well above company expectations. Not only that, there are problems—and potential problems—in a couple of key operations that could seriously affect Resorts' earnings results.

For example, Resorts' important Marine World park near San Francisco has run afoul of stiff competition from a new amusement park put up last March by Marriott Corporation. That competition was serious enough, Davis told me, to have cost the company over $1-million in pretax profits (or 15 cents a share) last year.

MORRIS WARMAN



Davis: *"There's no organized crime here."*

Even more serious is Resorts' potential loss of its casino in the Bahamas—the backbone of its business. The company's ten-year license to operate a casino ends this year, and the Bahamian government wants to take over ownership. Davis tells me that talks are under way for a new agreement under which the government would take over the casino and Resorts would operate it. "We're optimistic we'll reach an agreement, but we have no firm assurance," Davis says. Some gaming experts, though, think it's only a matter of time before Resorts loses the casino.

All that aside, the excitement in the stock clearly centers on the company's Atlantic City prospects. Here, though, there's a lot of uncertainty. The tax base on gross wins (gaming revenues before expenses) is yet to be decided, and it may well run higher than expected. There's also uncertainty as to how many hours the casinos will be permitted to remain open. Speculation centers on twelve to sixteen hours—versus Las Vegas casinos, which are open around the clock.

Further, the company has yet to be granted a gambling permit in Atlantic City. It may well come. But the firm (once known as Mary Carter Paint Company)—which has had a previous run-in with the Securities and Exchange Commission over a plan to take a major stock position in Pan American World Airways—will face tough scrutiny by regulatory authorities. And that scrutiny is also likely to cover published reports in *Rolling Stone* last May 20 intimating that the company has links to organized crime and that it may be a front for the Central Intelligence Agency (through its 86.1-percent-owned Intertel division). Resorts responded to the allegations by suing *Rolling Stone* for $100 million.

Some analysts also question the company's ability to raise the funds to carry out its proposed Atlantic City expansion. Resorts, Davis tells me, now has about $6 million in cash on hand, plus another $5 million of Pan Am bonds. However, it's going to cost Resorts, by its own estimates, some $5 million to get operations under way in Atlantic City—perhaps considerably more. And another $50 million will be required to build the company's second Atlantic City hotel, expected to open in 1980. (Resorts says it hopes to raise the funds through mortgage financing.)

Most corporate officials might well get upset at being asked repeatedly about allegations of ties to criminal elements. Not Davis, though. Obviously he's used to such questions. "I sleep very well at night and I'm never worried about being under a microscope," he said. "There's no infiltration by crime here—organized or unorganized."

The big question, of course, is Resorts' earnings prospects. This year, authoritative sources tell me, the company expects to earn (excluding any contribution from Atlantic City) somewhere in the area of 55 cents a share. And in 1978, I'm told, the company is thinking of a jump to $2.80 a share, based on a 3.2-million-share capitalization. The $2.80 is based on expected gross wins of around $50 million to $60-million, which, it's believed, should produce a net profit of about $9 million.

But $2.80 is highly speculative, at best, and the figure could well be a lot lower should expenses, as is often the case in a new venture, run considerably above initial estimates. In fact, one top gaming expert thinks the $2.80 figure is "outlandishly high, considering first-year expenses and all the uncertainties, and awfully touty. . . ."

I can't tell you who gave me the glowing estimate, but a concerned

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$36 to 40,000	$26 to 32,000	9.09%	10.91%	12.73%
$64 to 76,000	$38 to 44,000	11.11%	13.33%	15.56%
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Davis, whose family owns about 60,000 Class A shares, fired off a registered letter to me, saying: "No company employee or representative has or will make any prediction as to earnings. . . ." Commented Davis on the telephone (with a lawyer whispering in his ear): "We don't want any problems with Washington [a reference to the SEC]."

But even allowing for the prospects of an important earnings rise, some analysts argue that Resorts—with its lofty 35 multiple—is still excessively priced for a gaming operator. It's pointed out, for example, that Harrah's, a Nevada-based gaming operator, has one of the best earnings records of any company listed on the New York Stock Exchange—a compounded annual rate of growth of 19.1 percent a year over the past 24 years. And it's selling at only about seven times earnings.

One savvy leisure-time and gaming analyst, Lee Isgur of Colin, Hochstin Company, sums up the negative case. "The company has a disillusioning record and its Atlantic City prospects are all on the come," he says. "The earnings may be years away . . . maybe not at all, because the company hasn't even been given a license. Buying Resorts now would be like buying Disney after a big run-up to 100 just before Disneyland opens up. That's the way you get killed. . . ."

Those Lucky Insiders

If you're in a quandary about when to sell a stock, you might want to ask the advice of some top officials of Holly Sugar Corporation. Apparently, they have an excellent feel for market timing. For example, between November 1 and November 8 of last year, senior vice-presidents G. W. Yeager and G. W. Miles and treasurer M. A. May sold a total of 2,610 shares at prices ranging from 34⅛ to 36¼. On the face of it, that's not a lot of stock. But in the case of the three Holly officials, it represented roughly 20 to 65 percent of each man's holdings. The timing of the sales was marvelous. About a month later, probably to the surprise of all three officials, Holly chopped its quarterly dividend from 85 cents to 60 cents a share. And the company's shares plummeted to 26 before a recovery to the 29 level. Those timely sales—based on the stock's recent price—saved the three men a total of nearly $16,000.

Yeager and Miles were out of town when I called the company recently at its Colorado headquarters. I did reach May, though, and I asked him if there was any internal talk about a dividend cut prior to the sale of his shares. "I wouldn't want to comment on that," replied May, who told me he *sold his shares* (900 of them, leaving him with 500) for "personal reasons."

In another interesting development involving insiders' transactions, six officers of Burroughs Corporation, including chairman Ray Macdonald and president P. S. Mirabito, each unloaded a sizable portion of his holdings in November—about 34,000 shares, all told—at prices ranging from 85⅝ to 92. Macdonald and Mirabito each disposed of about 20 percent of his Burroughs position, and three other officials each sold more than 50 percent of his holdings. Significantly, the sales by five officers were made with the stock selling in its present 90–92 range—sharply below its 108½ high of the year.

Burroughs has a ready explanation. In some extreme cases, a company spokesman told me, the officials would have had to pay another 10 to 15 percent in income taxes under the new tax laws if they hadn't sold their stock. But, alas, he never volunteered an explanation for the nonextreme cases. ■

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

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(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

A Brief Vacation–Vittorio de Sica's next-to-last film shows the once exciting neo-realist director well after all the "neo" was gone, and with very little of the realism left. A sentimental tale about a young working-class wife exploited by her mean husband and in-laws. Having contracted TB she is sent to an improbably lush government-operated mountain sanatorium. Here she makes interesting friendships, and almost finds love and happiness with an absurdly lyrical young worker before her former life reclaims her. Despite the fascinating but inappropriate presence of Florinda Bolkan in the lead, this can best be described as "The Magic Molehill." 1/12, Bleecker Street Cinema.

All This and World War II–Fox Movie Tone News documentary footage from World War II, assembled with a backdrop of non-W.W.II music, written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, performed by groups like The Bee Gees, Elton John and Helen Reddy. Susan Winslow directed. Trans Lux East.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Coronet.

Carrie–Brian DePalma's tale of horror starring Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie. Thru 1/4, Loews Triplex.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

Edvard Munch–A half-documentary, half-fiction film, directed by Peter Watkins, about the earlier part of the painter's life. It is simultaneously a biography, psychography, and iconography of Munch, as well as a kind of monologue interieur, verbal and pictorial, of what went on inside the painter's mind. From 1/5, Quad.

The Enforcer–Clint Eastwood stars in another shoot-'em-up thriller; directed by James Fargo; with Harry Guardino and Bradford Dillman. Criterion; RKO 59 I; U.A. East; Waverly; Loews Triplex.

Five Easy Pieces–A film much overrated when it first appeared because Carol Eastman's pseudonymous screenplay and Bob Raphelson's pseudo-artistic direction aped prestigious European models—chiefly Bergman—albeit badly. All about alienation in America told in terms of a musical family in Oregon and the scapegrace son who works as an oil rigger and lives with a waitress and finally gives up altogether. Jack Nicholson is impressive part of the way. Lois Smith is marvelous as his sister, and there is a dazzling buy hammy cinematography by Laszlo Kovacks. 1/11, 12, RKO 59 II.

The Front–Martin Ritt's film is all facade, posturing, cliches, and cutenesses; it might as well have been made by people whose information about McCarthyism came from a couple of magazine articles, and whose knowledge of human beings from Earl Wilson's column. Even at that, the film may owe its existence to the fact that it deals with blacklisting on television only, and does not foul its own nest, however prefouled that may be. Art; New Yorker.

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis–A rather feeble novel yields an even weaker film from an exhausted Vittorio de Sica. The plot has become melodramatic, while the characters remain nebulous. The film is mostly cliches wrapped in pastel-colored gauze through which it seemes to be photographed, and the performances are at best acceptable, at worst (Dominique Sanda, Helmut Berger) hollow simulcra. De Sica, Jr.'s soupy score is an additional burden. 1/12, Bleeker St Cinema.

Immoral Tales–That obsessive and overrated Franco-Polish director, Walerian Borowczyk, ransacks history, literature, and faded newspaper accounts for four stories of kinky sexuality, that provide him with excuses for this sorry attempt at filmmaking in which the minimal decencies of story-telling, directing, acting, and photography are ignored for the sake of soft-core pornographic self-indulgence. 1/7, Bleeker Street Cinema; 1/8, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Jonah Who Will Be Twenty-Five in the Year 2000–An Alain Tanner film, composed of rambling episodes from the lives of eight good people, more or less left-oriented Genevans or French from across the border, all of whom will act as mentors to Jonas, who is about to be born to two of them. There are a few pleasing performances, notably from Jacques Denis, Raymond Bussieres, and the imcomparable Miou-Miuo. Embassy 72nd; Quad.

King Kong–This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Loews Orpheum; Loews State I.

The Last Tycoon–The movie version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book is an honorable failure, honorable because it tries to serve its vision of the original faithfully; failure because that vision falls considerably short of Fitzgerald's. Elia Kazan directed, and his naturalism laced with expressionalistic touches introduces elements to disharmonize with Harold Pinter's screenplay, and Fitzgerald's book. Robert De Niro's Monroe Stahr, the protagonist, is perfection itself, but Ingrid Boulting, the Kathleen, is disastrous. Cinema I.

Little Big Man–Arthur Penn's movie from Thomas Berger's novel, purporting to be reminiscences of the only survivor of Little Big Horn, now well over a hundred. This is meant to be part picaresque tall tale, part sardonic criticism of our injustice to the Indians; but the satire, lyricism, and anger do not blend successfully and are often poor in themselves. Disjointed as it is, the film has some fine moments, and a few nice performances, especially from Chief Dan George D. Hoffman, in the lead, is like the movie: sometimes very good, sometimes quite unconvincing. 1/4, RKO 59 II.

Lumiere–A film that offers us Jeanne Moreau as scenarist, director, and star disappoints us to a greater or lesser degree on all counts. It's impossible to have watched Moreau's development from a band singer, through a light comedienne, into a leading dramatic actress of stage and screen without having admired her fervently. It is, therefore, sad, to see this angel of eroticism grow middle-aged before our eyes, in the role she plays of Sarah, an actress who is passionately loved by at least two young men. Beekman.

Marathon Man–John Schlesinger's tale of espionage and double agents, where the C.I.A. is as villainous as the big-time ex-Nazi (Laurence Olivier) now based in South America, has as its hero a little Jewish schlemiel (Dustin Hoffman) who, after he has been kicked and tormented too much, asserts himself and destroys all his torturers. 8th St Cinema; Loews Triplex.

The Marquise of O...–Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. 68th St. Playhouse.

Mikey and Nicky–In Elaine May's current debacle, this gifted comic artist has chosen to make something impossible: a film about two horrid fellows alternatingly abusing or greasily cajoling each other (and equally repulsive either way) when not getting into fights with other men or, for a little variety, maltreating the hapless women in their lives. It does not begin to work. The only way to describe it is as a celluloid death wish, a desperate challenge to the audience to dare like anything about the film. Little Carnegie.

Moses and Aaron–The dullest filmmaker, not only in Germany but in the whole world, may very well be Jean-Marie Straub, the Alsatian cineaste, whose attempt at making a film out of Schonberg's opera ends with equal damage to dramatic and cinematic art. He has put the performers of the recent Michael Gielen recording of the opera into an empty amphitheater and shot a pseudo-performance, making this opera on film the ultimate impossibility. 1/4, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Monkey Hustle–Yaphet Kotto, Rudy Ray Moore, Rosalind Cash, and Kirk Calloway, in a film, directed by Arthur Marks, about life in a teeming inner-city. RKO Cinerama I; RKO 86th St I.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Sutton; Paramount.

Nickelodeon–There are also other ways, of course, for a film director to self-destruct, and Peter Bogdanovich's is to make the crudest, stupidest unfunniest farce of this or any year, with two hours' worth of laughs guaranteed to stick in the craw if they do not sink to the pit of the stomach. Ostensibly it all has to do with early filmmaking and the brutal warfare waged by the one big movie company against all the little ones; but it's only an excuse for Bogdanovich to tack every joke he has cribbed onto the subject of moviemaking. Columbia I & II.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest–Milos Forman's film is faithful to the general outline and adequate to the trappings of Ken Kesey's novel, but misses its essence. A state insane asylum provides the locale for a basic conflict between the Establishment and the counter-culture, and another between two sexual antagonists: one who enforces sterile, orderly chastity, and the other who makes of his jovially, randy, unremitting masculinity a priapic force meant to have a liberating, life-enhancing effect. 2:30 p.m. 1/4, Museum of Modern Art.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again–Distinctly superior to its predecessor, The Return of the Pink Panther, this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, and Lesley-Anne Down. Forum, Eastside, Trans-Lux 85th; Symphony, Greenwich; Loews Triplex.

The Pink Telephone–The story of a provincial conservative French businessman who falls in love with a Parisian call girl. With Mireille Darc, Michel Lonsdale, and Pierre Mondy. Directed by Edouard Molinaro. Fine Arts.

Pipe Dreams–Gladys Knight makes her movie debut with the Pips singing in the background in this romantic adventure of a woman following her bush-pilot husband to the northern outpost of the Alaskan pipeline; directed by Stephen Verna. RKO 86 Twin II; RKO Cinerama II; Apollo.

Une Partie de Plaisir–Paul Gegauff's film about what happens to the quasi marriage of a male chauvinist when, at the gander's prompting, the goose helps herself to some sauciness, is partly trivial, partly unbelievable. The people are too bad, too good, or too stupid to be true, and neither plot nor dialogue comes to the rescue. Thru 1/4, Thalia.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Cinema II; Murray Hill.

Seven Beauties–This film establishes the already remarkable Lina Wertmuller as a major filmmaker. A film about life and death, love and hate—all the great subjects, in brilliant color (both figuratively and literally thanks to Delli Colli's great photography) but also with rare delicacy. Memorable performances by Giancarlo Giannini, Shirley Stoler, and others. This is a comedy to make you cry, a tragedy to make you think. See it! From 1/5, Gramercy.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze the cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Thru 1/16, Plaza.

The Shaggy D.A.–Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tim Conway star in a sequel to The Shaggy Dog, Walt Disney 1959 comedy about a teen-ager who becomes a part-time Canine. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Rivoli; Festival.

Silver Streak–A comedy adventure set aboard a luxury train, directed by Arthur Hiller, and starring Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, Richard Pryor, Patrick McGoohan, and Scatman Crothers. Loews Tower East.

The Slap–Claude Pinoteau's film, starring Isabelle Adjani, and dealing with the conflicts of rebellious adolescence between a 51-year-old schoolteacher and his 18-year-old daughter, has a certain liveliness in its tempo that is quite attractive, though it does rather wear you out. In 98 minutes you are whisked through comic and dramatic climaxes, reversals, and anti-climaxes, to say nothing of vehicular motion and fast editing, which all would be perfectly justified if only the film had much of anything else to show. Thru 1/4, Thalia.

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella–Bryan Forbes's new film is good enough to make the brightest child laugh heartily, but even a cagey adult will find himself smiling out loud. And there is a feast of performances—by Michael Hordern, Margaret Lockwood, Annette Crosbie, Christopher Gable, Edith Evans, Gemma Craven, and Richard Chamberlain. Radio City Music Hall.

A Star Is Born–This third version of the film, with Barbra Streisand in what seems to both the female and male leads, is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. Baronet; Ziegfeld.

Special Section–Director Costa-Gavras and writer Jorge Semprun return to their *Z* mode, trying to graft suspense and black humor onto a record of true and appalling political machinations. For bringing this to public attention, hats off to the filmmakers; but the basic idea remains sick. You cannot tell a story that concerns a few individuals with such fatal intimacy in terms of so large a canvas that picks up and drops people with alienating casualness. 1/14, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Taxi Driver–Another undisciplined film by Martin Scorsese, this time about a maladjusted loner who drives a taxi by night and gets crazier by the day. The film tries to be too many things, a study in psychopathology, a documentary about hacking, a political parable, two separate aborted love stories, a love and hate letter to New York City, and manages to flub most of them if not all. Insecure direction, but mostly good performances, particularly by Robert De Niro and Jodie Foster. And one dreadful one by Cybill Shepherd. Also pretentious cinematography and a bombastic score. Some good atmosphere, but even that is overdone. 1/5-11, Olympia.

Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others–Directed by Claude Sautet, film about three older men, and the son of a dead fourth, is worth seeing for its performances. Yves Montand is in peak form; Michel Piccoli keeps his characteristic edge of sinisterness well in hand; Serge Reggiani is on target in the most difficult of the principal roles; and yound Gerard Depardieu continues to demonstrate this easygoing versatility. Most winning among the women are Stephane Audran, and Marie Dubois, who has a marvelous way of suggesting the lower-class intentions that lurk beneath an upward-mobile complacency. 1/5-11, Thalia.

Voyage of the Damned–Film is numbingly earnest in its intentions and crushingly dull in its execution, which is a pity for several reasons. Based on a shattering historical event with serious present-day implications, in handling so many characters, there is scant opportunity for developing any of them. Here characterizations are reduced to formulas and platitudes, a shorthand that is the very antithesis of living art. With Faye Dunaway, Max van Sydow, Oskar Werner, Jose Ferrer, Orson Welles, James Mason, Malcolm McDonald, and a zillion others. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine; 34th St E.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Apollo, 253 W 125 (749-1800). *Pipe Dreams.*

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *The Front.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Star Is Born.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Lumiere.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 1/4, *Le Corbeau; La Prisonniere.* 1/5, *Quality Street; The Little Minister.* 1/6, *The Go-Between; The Hireling.* 1/7, *The Decameron; Immoral Tales.* 1/8, *Heat; Lonesome Cowboys.* 1/9, *Romeo and Juliet* (Nureyev & Fonteyn); *Plisetskaya Dances.* 1/10, *Grapes of Wrath; Young Mr. Lincoln.* 1/11, *The Brig; The War Game.* 1/12, *A Brief Vacation; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.* 1/13, *Two or Three Things I Know About Her; Tout Va Bien.* 1/14, *And Now For Something Completely Different; Bedazzled.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 1/4, *The Chronicles of Anna Magdelena Bach; Moses and Aaron.* 1/5, *Suspicion; Arsenic and Old Lace.* 1/6, *Mourning Becomes Electra.* 1/7, *Red Dust; Mogambo.* 1/8, *The Decameron; Immoral Tales.* 1/9, *Queen Christina; The Abdication.* 1/10, *French Provincial; Une Simple Histoire.* 1/11, *The Thief of Bagdad; The Three Musketeers.* 1/12, *The Talk of the Town; Once Upon a Time.* 1/13, *The Long Voyage Home; Summer Holiday.* 1/14, *Special Section; State of Siege.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *The Last Tycoon.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Rocky.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway at 66th (877-4040). To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). To be announced.

Columbia I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Nickleodeon.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Bound for Glory.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (582-1795). *The Enforcer.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). To be announced.

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *Marathon Man.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Rocky.*

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th (675-0935). 1/4-11, to be announced. Fridays at midnight, *Gums,* starring Brother Theodore. Saturdays at midnight, *The Harder They Come.* If you're over 62 you can go to the Elgin any time for a quarter.

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Across the Great Divide.*

Embassy 49th, at Bdway (582-4066). *Marathon Man.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000; Chloe in the Afternoon.*

Festival, 57th St & Fifth Ave (581-2323). *The Shaggy D.A.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Pink Telephone.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 1/4, *Carrie.* From 1/5, *Seven Beauties.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Guild, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ave (PL 7-2406). *Across the Great Divide.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Mikey and Nicky.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Voyage of the Damned.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *Voyage of the Damned.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *King Kong.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *King Kong.* II. *Rocky.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Silver Streak.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.* II. *The Enforcer.* III. *Marathon Man.*

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Rocky.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078). 1/4, noon, *The Light Fantastic;* 2:30, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest;* 6 p.m. *What's Happening?* 1/6, 2:30, *Road to Rio;* 6 p.m. Animated Films (Japanese); 8:30, Animated Films II (Japanese). 1/7, 2:30, Animated Films I & II; 6 p.m. *Road to Rio.* 1/8, Noon, *The Three Caballeros;* 2:30, Animated Films I; 5 p.m. Animated Films II. 1/9, noon, *Movie Crazy;* 2:30, *The Three Caballeros;* 5 p.m. *Fine Manners* and *Kiki.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *The Front.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 1/4, *In Search of Noah's Ark.* 1/5-11, *The Front; Taxi Driver.*

Paramount, 61st & Bdway (247-5070). *Network.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 1/16, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* From 1/17, *Pumping Iron.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. Thru 1/11, *The Starlets.* II. *The Thief of Paris.* III. IV. *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in The Year 2000; Chloe in the Afternoon.* Thru 1/4, *Blood of a Poet; The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.* From 1/5, *Edvard Munch.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th & 6th Ave (246-4600). *The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 1/4, *David Copperfield.* 1/5-8, *Camille; Gaslight.* 1/9,10, *Travels with My Aunt; Sylvia Scarlett.* 1/11,12, *Heller in Pink Tights.* 1/13-15, *Adam's Rib; A Bill of Divorcement.* 1/16-18, *Two-Faced Woman; The Philadelphia Story.*

Rivoli, 49th St & Bdway *The Shaggy D.A.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. *Monkey Hustle.* II. *Pipe Dreams.*

RKO 59th St I & II, nr 2nd Ave (688-1717). I. *The Enforcer.* II. 1/4, *Little Big Man; Soldier Blue.* 1/6-8, *Casablanca; Play It Again Sam.* 1/9,10, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter; Charlie.* 1/11,12, *Five Easy Pieces; Carnal Knowledge.* 1/13-15, *The Producers; Start the Revolution Without Me.* 1/16,17, *Funny Face; On a Clear Day.* 1/18,19, *Strawdogs; Wild Bunch.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Pipe Dreams.* II. *The Monkey Hustle.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). to be announced.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-1955). Thru 1/6, *Bingo Long and the Travelling All-Stars; Janis.* From 1/7, *Two-Minute Warning.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Marquise of O.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Network.*

Symphony, Bdway nr 95th (AC 2-6600). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 1/4, *Partie de Plaisir; The Slap.* 1/5-11, *Vincent, Francois, Paul and The Others; Delusions of Grandeur.*

Theater St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 1/3,4, *To Each His Own; The Heiress.* 1/5,6, *To Catch a Thief; Foreign Correspondent.* 1/7,8, *When Worlds Collide; The War of the Worlds.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Voyage of the Damned.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *All This and World War II.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Enforcer.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *The Enforcer.*

Ziegfeld, 54th betw 6th & 7th (765-7600). *A Star Is Born.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

Most theaters honor "Ammex" and "Diners Club" credit cards, and some accept reservations by telephone.

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, January 4

Ipi-Tombi–A black African musical, conceived and composed by Bertha Egnos, with lyrics by Gail Lakier, mixes traditional and modern rhythms. It's about a village boy who fails to make good in the big city. Previews now prior to a 1/12 opening. Harkness, Bdway at 63rd (581-6000).

Something Old, Something New–Molly Picon and Hans Conried costar in a new comedy by Henry Denker about two senior citizens living together who must cope with several problems before they can get married. Directed by Robert Livingston. Previews now. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

The Trip Back Down–John Cullum stars in a new play by John Bishop about a racing car driver. With Jill Andre, Anthony Call, and Arlen Dean Snyder. Directed by Terry Schreiber. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Tuesday, January 11

SEX AND POLITICS

And that's what Tom Stoppard's double-bill **Dirty Linen** and **New-Found-Land** are all about. Here we see a smug **Remak Ramsay** whom we'll see, along with Francis Bethencourt, Cecilia Hart and a few others. Directed by Ed Berman, the comedy opens tonight at the Golden Theater, 252 W 45th Street (246-6740).

CURRENT

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long, Josephine Premice, and Vivian Reed. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes, Barbara Barrie and George Grizzard look as foolish as they are made to sound. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Comedians–Trevor Griffiths's uneven but often brilliant dissection of the place of laughter in today's world of debased standards. There are gags here to please the crowd, but they explode like smoke-bombs. Mike Nichols's direction is wonderfully taut and understated, and a splendid all-male cast, notably Jonathan Pryce as a funnyman filled with hatred, provides some spectacular theater even when the play loses its way, as it occasionally does. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Zero Mostel stars in a revival of the musical, with Thelma Lee, Ruth Jaroslow, Paul Lipson, Christopher Callan. Book by Joseph Stein; music by Jerry Bock; lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Guys and Dolls–Damon Runyon's Broadway lingo has been translated by Billy Wilson into black jive, with results more joyous than anyone might have dreamed possible. This is one of the best of all recent musical revivals, and Frank Loesser's flawless score makes 25 years sound like overnight. The cast — led by Ernestine Jackson, an absolute charmer, as Sarah; Norma Donaldson as a wonderfully brassy Adelaide; James Randolph and Robert Guillaume as the top gamblers — hasn't a weak member. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2 & 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Broadway, Bdway at 53rd (247-7992).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

My Fair Lady–Jerry Adler's direction tends to draw heavy lines under the best-loved moments, but he cannot obliterate this memento of popular musical theater's brightest creation. Christine Andreas's Eliza sounds better than it looks, but Ian Richardson is a flinty Higgins, and George Rose a roistering Doolittle. Tues thru Sat; evenings at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Night of the Iguana–Not Tennessee Williams's best play, but also not as dull and flat as made out in this generally misguided revival. As the tormented, defrocked preacher, Richard Chamberlain is all juvenile redneck, given to gargling his best lines; as the object of his seedy love-games, Sylvia Miles comes on like a defrocked thug. Joseph Hardy's direction cannot cover these inadequacies, and the drab lighting by H. R. Poindexter further drains the play of much of its rudimentary poetry. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway, nr 8th Ave (581-0720).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen. Mon, Tues, Wed at 8; Fri at 7:30 & 10. Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 7:30. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Mon, Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412).

Porgy and Bess–All these years people have said that Gershwin's huge, sprawling folk-poem suffered most from its operatic pretensions. Now comes the Houston Grand Opera Company to give that legend the lie; with a production that honors, probably for the first time anywhere, the soaring genius behind the work as originally conceived. The production has that mixture of respect and vitality that is rare both in theater and opera house. A triumph, in short. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (PL 7-7064).

The Robber Bridegroom–Eudora Welty's folk-fable turned into a country-music jamboree by Alfred Uhry (words) and Robert Waldman (music). The show has a certain seedy, kicky charm, but the songs aren't much in themselves and Gerald Freedman's direction tends to drive some of the jokes into the ground. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti,* and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle,* it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone.* As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes post-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Ugh. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Three-Penny Opera–Echt Brecht, this splendid, imaginative staging (by Richard Foreman) restores the cutting edge of the play that was blunted in the famous off-Broadway version. Stanley Silverman's musical direction accomplishes similar results for Weill's marvelous music, and a large cast honors this act of resurrection as the wonder it truly is. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 1/23/77 at Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Are Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Nicki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

AN OLD FAVORITE

Gale Sondergaard, who together with Robert Pastene and Jan Farrand, have the starring roles in a revival of Henrik Ibsen's **John Gabriel Borkman,** which deals with an old man's protest against his failing powers and the conflict between two sisters who have a life-long battle for his love. Plays thru February 13th, at Roundabout/ Stage One, 333 W 23rd St (924-7160).

The Brownsville Raid–Douglas Turner Ward stars in a play by Charles Fuller which takes place on a U.S. army post in that Texas town in 1906, when, it was reported, a troop of black career soldiers raided the town. Directed by Israel Hicks, it's a tenth anniversary Negro Ensemble Company production. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3:30 & 8:30; Sun 2:30 & 7. Thru 1/30, Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

NEW ERIC BLAU MUSICAL

Elly Stone stars (as she did in Blau's *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well in Paris* long-runner) in **The Cockeyed Tiger,** with action here taking place in an old celebrated nightclub at Broome and Houston Streets in New York City. Choreography is by Gemze de Lappe, and music by Nicholas Meyers. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (473-9481).

David Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations,* two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Wed, Thurs, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Emma Instigated Me–Rochelle Owens's new play about Emma Goldman, the most notorious woman of her day, here portrayed by Diane Kagan. $2.50. 1/4-9, at 8 p.m. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838). Amex honored

God's Trombones–A gospel rock and dance revival of James Weldon Johnson's classical work, adapted and directed by Tad Truesdale, choreographed by John E. Parks. Thru 1/16. $4. La Mama Experimental Theater Club, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Israel Horovitz Repertory–People's Theater Ensemble offers Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx* and *It's Called the Sugarplum,* Thurs and Sat at 8 p.m. and *Morning* and *Rats,* Fri at 8 p.m., 18th St Plyhouse, 145 W 18th (242-3900).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Ionesco's *Rhinoceros,* Pinter's *The Caretaker.* P.B. Shelley's *The Cenci.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

The Long Black Block–Roger Furman's Harlem classic of the late 1960s, with music composed by Jackie McLean. New Heritage Repertory Theater, 43 E 125th, at Madison (876-3272).

Mango Plus Fan Equals Happiness–Stephen Shea's new contemporary work for one performer and two simultaneous video tracks. 1/5-9 at 10 p.m. 1/10-12 at 8 p.m. 1/8,9 at 5 p.m. $2.50. Basement Space, American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Marco Polo Sings a Solo–John Guare's new comedy, directed by Mel Shapiro, with Joel Grey, Anne Jackson, Larry Bryggman, Jim Jansen, Madeline Kahn, Sarandon, and Sigourney Weaver. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

M'liss or Gold in Them Thar Hills–A musical valentine to the Old West, based on the Bret Harte Story, directed by Robert Dahdah. Tues thru Thurs at 7:30, Sat and Sun at 3 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7:30. $5.50 (Children $3). O'Lunney's, 915 Second Ave (242-3900).

Nightclub Cantata–An entertainment conceived, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (GR 5-5122).

No Exit–Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Rose Lynch. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

The Pleasure of Honesty–Luigi Pirandello's comedy, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thurs thru Sat, thru 2/5, at 8. $2.50. NYC Rep, 437 W 46th (JU 6-3700).

The Rehearsal or Love's Reward–Jean Anouilh's bittersweet farce, in a ghastly revival that merely says that Roundabout's producer, Gene Feist, has a wife, Elizabeth Owens, who thinks she can act. A good supporting cast has nothing to support, and Anthony Stimac's last-minute directing stint is something like trying to fix a carburetor by changing a tire. *Very* tired, in fact. Thru 1/16. Roundabout Stage II, 307 W 23rd (924-7160).

Soho Repertory–*Merchant of Venice,* Jerry Engelbach's *Dracula.* Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Strindberg Repertory–The Hudson Guild Theater presents, *The Stronger* and *The Creditors,* Tues, Thurs & Sat at 8; Sat mat at 3; and *The Stronger* and *Miss Julie,* Wed, Fri & Sun at 8; Sun mat at 3. $2.50. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

A Tribute to Lili Lamont–Well-observed, harrowing drama by Arthur Whitney about an aging derelict of a former film star and the mental midgets who constitute her five-member fan club. Leueen MacGrath's incandescence as Lamont is wonderfully employed by Marshall W. Mason's expert direction. Circle Repertory, 99 7th Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Twelfth Night–Shakespeare's comedy, presented by the Peter Quince Company, directed by Michael Bergmann. With Jeffrey Ware, Martha Meade, Lynn Harper, Jason Lee, Jay Goldenberg. Tues thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. $3.50 & $4.50. Bert Wheeler Theater, 250 W 43rd (Carter Hotel, betw Bdway & 8th). 289-2508 for reservations.

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galbway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

Women Behind Bars–Divine stars in the role of the prison matron in Tom Eyen's spoof of all those 1930's prison movies. With Fanne Fox. Loathsome. Tues-Thurs, 8; Fri, 9; Sat, 8 & 10:30; Sun, 3 & 8. Truck and Warehouse Theater, 79 E 4th St (777-0140).

The Yellow Wallpaper–A play about a women's descent into madness, written by Gloria Albee, directed by Nancy Rhodes. Thurs thru Sat at 8:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th (749-4864).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Backstage–318 W 45th. Gene Foote, a perennial Broadway gypsy, now turns to song, at 8:15 on 1/9, then continues 1/11-16 (581-8447).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Dinner, guest variety turns emceed by comic Lenny Schultz, and the Untouchables. Amateur hour Monday night (794-1906).

Cecil–161 E 54th. Elegant disco serving food in a European country garden. And there's a fireplace lounge for cocktails and backgammon. Roberta Sherwood entertains twice nightly. Dancing from 10 p.m. (688-[illegible]88).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 10; Sat at 8, 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque. Tuesdays thru Saturdays, entertainment. Thru 1/8, Sweet Inspiration, a group of five girl vocalists. From 1/11, the Ken Hamilton Show. Also, three shows nightly in the lounge from 9 p.m. (PL 5-6010).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Excellent restaurant, and Mon thru Fri, there's The Tommy Furtado plays Mon thru Sat & the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun & Mon. nights. Singer-pianist Glen Covington & his trio thru 1/29, nightly except Sun (838-8384).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Neal Wolf at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. "Porcupine," a revue, in the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11 (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Playroom: *Oops!* a new cabaret revue, complete with strobe lights, sequins and feathers, and an underwater ballet. In the Living Room: Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini here Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th Floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view, and 1/3-15, Comedian Corbet Monica, with singer Bunny Parker (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Sy Oliver leads the band for dancing. Tues, Wed, Thurs, from 7 p.m. Fri & Sat, from 8 p.m. & Sun from 6 p.m. (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Mon to Thurs, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on Fri & Sat (MU 8-3365).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Pleasant dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Tre Amici–1294 3rd Ave (bet 74th & 75th). A handsome place and Italian food; Charles DeForest plays his favorites at the keyboard (535-3416).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing once again, to the music of Tony Terini's Trio, Mon thru Fri, from 7 p.m. to midnight.

Carlyle–Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe Carlyle:** Bobby Short's here at the piano singing his heart out, all the way thru 1/8/77 **Bemelmans Bar:** The great jazz pianist Marian McPartland entertains nightly, except Sunday.

Drake, Park at 56th (421-0900). **Shepheard's:** Dinner and disco dancing. A group called Glen Bailey and Circus, at 9, 11 p.m. & 1:15 a.m. nightly except Sunday, thru 1/8. **After Ten:** pianist-song stylist Don Tabor on stage from 10 to 1:30 a.m.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Metamorphosis**—A discotheque with dancing seven nights a week from 8 p.m. **Mirage**—Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Ave at 61st (TE 8-8000). **Cafe:** The Rene Martel plays Tues thru Sat; Sun & Mon, pianist Steve Weltner.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's**— Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment by the Shelle Adams Trio, nightly, except Sunday.

Sherry Netherland–5th Ave at 59th (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** A noisy environment, with pianist Earl Rose playing pop, classical, and jazz tunes Mon thru Fri, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Stanhope Hotel, 5th Ave & 81st (288-5800): Pianist George Feyer plays everything from Viennese schmaltz to sophisticated show tunes and pop, sings everything from Porter and Coward to his own political parodies. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 1 a.m.

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On his debut Columbia album, flutist Hubert Laws has drawn upon all of his vast musical experience to create a contemporary classic—a startling, original version of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet." And only a musician with Hubert's credentials could even have attempted it.

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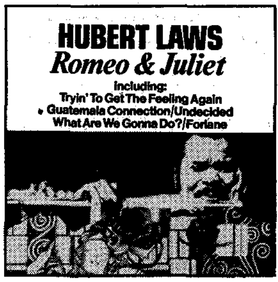
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Alfredo's Settebello–10th St & 7th Ave. Known for its divine cuisine, restaurant, also, at 11 p.m. Tues thru Sun, Jane White, with a festival of love songs. Closed Mondays (675-4630).

Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. 1/4-8, Rev. Frank Wright, tenor; James Blood Ulmer, guitar; Benny Nilson, bass; Rashied Ali, drums. 1/11-15, 18-22, Rashied Ali Quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster leads a big band with a fierce rhythm section and several adept soloists. (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 W. Bdway. 1/4-9, Hal Hackady & Larry Grossman. 1/11-16, Arthur Siegal, Tues thru Sun (473-9367).

Barbarann–349 W 46th. Theatrical Restaurant, with Michael O'Haughey and Ann Ault in a new song and dance act, 1/4-9, at 11:30 p.m. (541-6150).

Bijou–400 E 57th St. Attractive restaurant, with Dickson Hughes at the piano with songs from 5:30 on (421-0410).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Barry Harris, the eminent modern pianist whose blend of Powellian lyricism and energy, with Monk's rhythmic and dynamic subtleties makes for a mesmeric evening, is here every Sunday. The rest of the week is given to Cedar Walton and a bassist who refine standards and originals with clear vision and fortitude (228-6440).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th St. Wed thru Sat, Thru 1/15 at 9:30 & 11:30, the triumphant return of singer-comedienne-actress Marcia Lewis (765-7848).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming place, open hearth fire, good food. Musicians Jerry Greenberg and Andy Cahill do the standards, including a Gershwin medley, Tues thru Sat nights (673-5720).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Helen Humes, a wonderful singer with an enlightening repertoire of first class standards and blues numbers, is back thru the new year, with the incomparable Ellis Larkins on piano and Major Holley on bass. She is warm, cheering, and occasionally inspiring, and not to be missed. 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sun, 8 to 1 a.m. pianist Sammy Price, king of boogie-woogie. Sat and Sun, noon to 5, jazz pianist Chuck Folds (OR 4-4450).

Court Street–1544 Second (betw 81st & 82nd). Lively discotheque with a live disc jockey; there's a Tunisian chef, and the action starts at 10 p.m. Decor is charming, and there's a dining porch (535-3394).

Crawdaddy–45th and Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant, with Sammy Price, a master of boogie woogie (a school of music frequently parodied by pianists incapable of making it soar), plays for diners and is then joined by his musical friends; Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11 p.m. (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 1/4, Scott Hamilton, tenor sax. 1/9, The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn Quintet. (265-8277).

Flanagan's–1215 First, at 65th. Michael Owens plays folk, rock and guitar with a dash of Irish country music at this large room. James Kean accompanies him on the accordion. Tues thru Sat from 9 until 2 a.m. (472-0300).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Jane Mullaney; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos—Brooks Kerr's Trio with drummer Sonny Greer and saxist Russ Procope; singer Alicia Sherman, Wed thru Sun. Al Haig Trio (guitarist Chuck Wayne and bassist Jamil Nasser), Mon & Tues. Gene Roland Trio with singer Lynn Crane, Mon thru Sat, 4 to 8. Warren Chiasson Trio Sun from 5:30 to 9:30 (371-2220).

Harley Street–547 Second Ave, at 30th. Restaurant-club with entertainment Fri & Sat from 9 to 3 a.m. Thru 1/15, Warren Chiasson on vibes, with Chuck Wayne on guitar, and Earl May on bass (685-9659).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, in his seventh year at the club, and playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Jim Smith's Village Corner–Bleecker, at LaGuardia Music from 9:30 to 3 a.m. Wed, Armen Donelian, pianist. Thurs thru Tues, pianist Lance Hayward. Sundays singer Jane Valentine entertains (473-9762).

Max's Kansas City–213 Park Ave So. 1/4, The Planets. 1/5, Day Old Bread; The Fuse. 1/6, Uncle Son; The Cramps. 1/7, Dead Boys; Sirius Trixon and the Motor City Bad Boys. 1/8, Mink Deville. 1/9, Reggae Night. Showtimes at 10 and midnight (777-7871).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Pianist Dick Hyman presents the 1930s sounds and music of the little bands, with bassist Milt Hinton, clarinetist Pee Wee Irwin, saxophonist Bob Wilbur, and drummer Bob Rosengarden, Tues thru Sat, starting around 9:15. Woody Allen continues with his jam sessions on Mondays (785-2272).

O. Henry's–345 Sixth Ave. Village steakhouse, with Tiffany lamps, sawdust on the floor, and a clam bar. Fri and Sat, there are Aldo Bruschi, Jo Mirasola and Carlos Santana from 9 p.m. (CH 2-2000).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave, betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Other End–149 Bleecker. Tom Paxton, a refreshingly lyrical folksinger-songwriter, was a looming figure in the folk revival of the mid 60s. He got lost when rock 'n roll was discovered to be blowin' in the wind; perhaps he can be heard again now (673-7030).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. On Mondays, Dave Matthews leads a 12 piece band; on Tuesdays, reedman Eddie Daniels brings in his ensemble. Wednesdays and Thursdays are given to the nonet lead by the brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz, who once played a considerable role in someone else's nonet. On Friday and Saturdays, guitarist Joe Puma is joined by various soloists (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So, at Bleecker. On Sunday afternoons, pianist Hal Galper leads a vigorous quintet. Monday and Tuesday evenings are regularly assigned to the virtuosic guitarist Jack Wilkins (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Stormin' Norman and Suzy have returned to the room where they have acquired a following. Suzy is a funny, racy, slightly atavistic cross between Texas Guinan and a contemporary folkie, but Stormin' Norman would be better rechristened Vaguely Competent Norman; she deserves a better band. Shows at 10 and midnight (541-5460).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, the Swing-to-Bop Quintet. Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni band with Earle Warren (666-8750).

Children

Bill Baird Marionette Theater, 59 Barrow St. (989-7060). *Davy Jones's Locker,* 1/8-9 at 12:30 & 3:30.

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Children's Theater, Flushing Town Hall Performing Arts Center, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111). A weekly series of activities and entertainment, Sat at 1, Sun at 1.

Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Wilbur the Christmas Mouse,* 1/8-9 at 1:30; *Santa Claus and the Magic Bell,* 1/8-9 at 3.

Edmonds Puppets, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 1/9 at 1 & 3.

Family Matinee Theater, 466 Grand St. (766-9334). *Presenting the Pettifords,* 1/8-9 at 3.

Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, Pier 15 of South St. Seaport (744-8636). *The Shy Fox & Roots,* 1/9 at 1:30 & 3.

Penny Jones & Co., 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *Mother Goose Tales* & *The Three Bears,* (puppets), 1/8-9 at 1:30.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.

Meri Mini Players, Hotel Opera, Broadway at 76th St. (221-7235). *Three Tales at a Time,* 1/8 at 12:30 & 2:30.

Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Pumpernickel Players, Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929). *Rapunzel,* dance theater, 1/9 at 2.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (534-6363). *Raven's Dance,* Sun at 2:30 & 4.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* (musical), Sat & Sun at 1 & 3.

We Three, The Little Synagogue, 27 E 20th St. (255-0469). *A Visit From Santa Claus,* 1/9 at 2.

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Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, BAM Opera House (636-4100). The engagement runs thru 1/9. Call box office for times.

Tuesday, January 4

Mary Jaccoma, cello, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

Community Festival, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.

Alice Dutcher, mezzo-soprano/**Max Walmer,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Wednesday, January 5

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Peter Serkin, piano. Works of Haydn, Beethoven & Takemitsu, at 8:30.

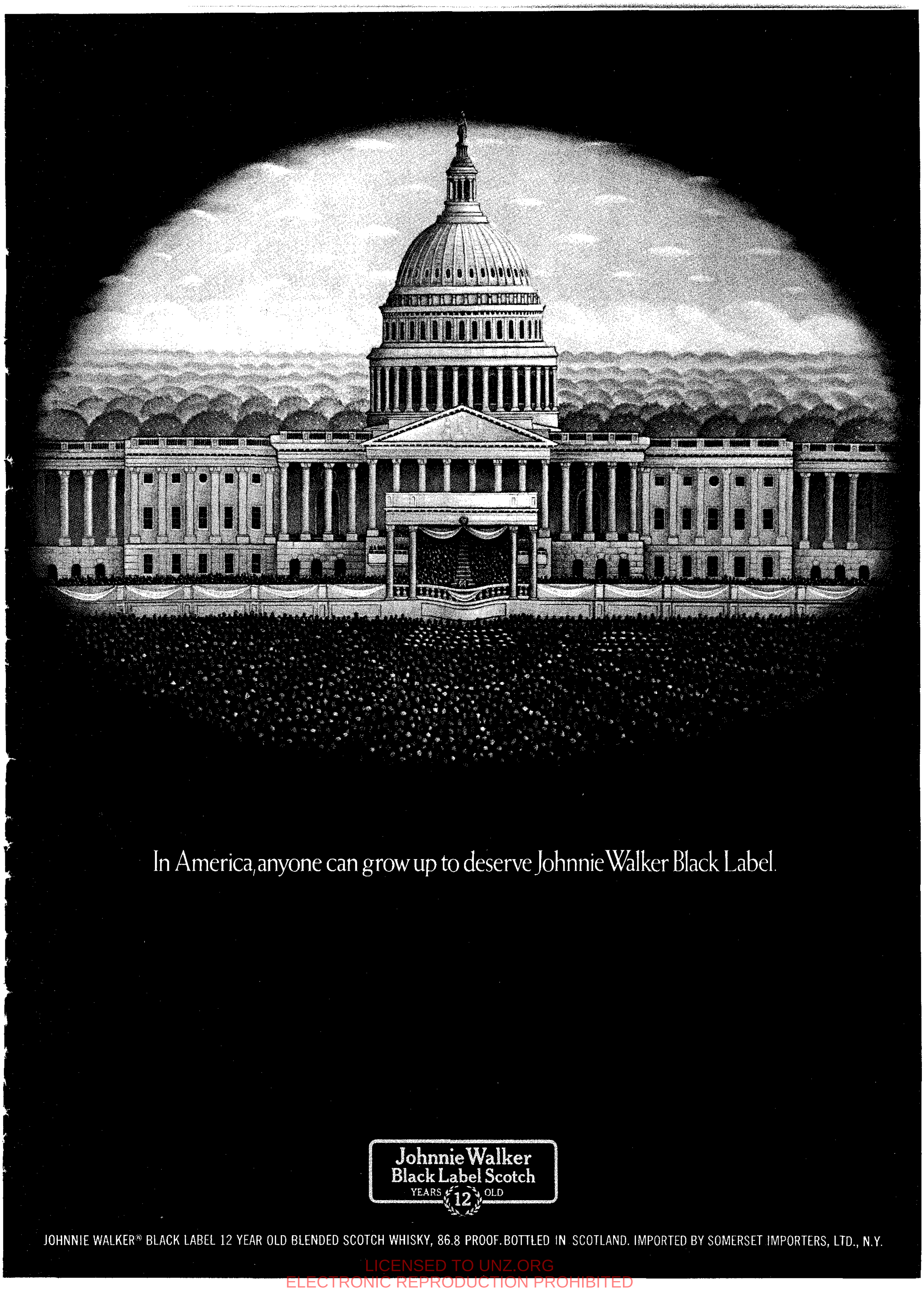
Concert Royal, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Jibaro Country Music, Town Hall, at 8.

Clarion Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Philip Setzer, violin, Whitney Museum Downtown, 55 Water St., at 12:30.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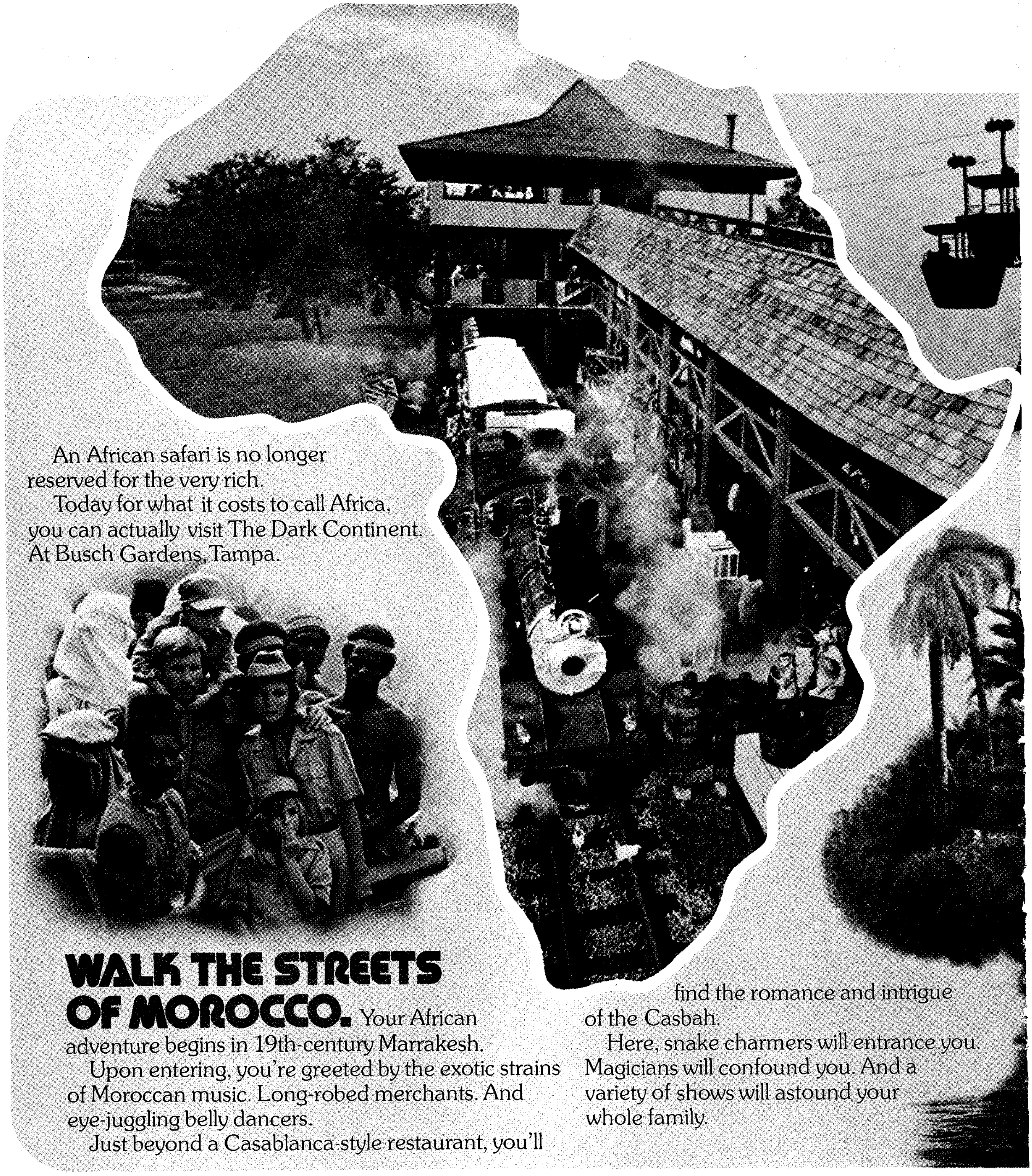

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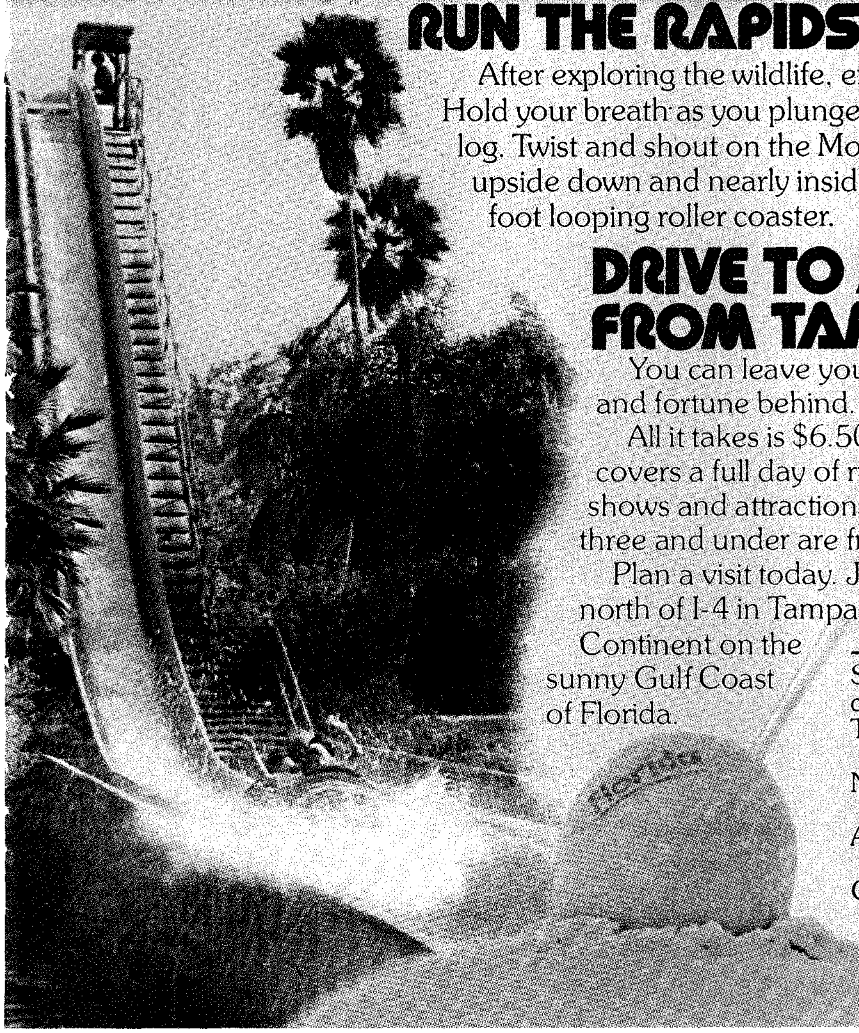

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NEW WEST MAGAZINE

Thursday, January 6

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 1/5, at 8:30.
Paul Gallo, clarinet, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 7.
Boehm Quintette, Christ & St. Stephen's Church, Broadway at 69th St., at 8.

Friday, January 7

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 1/5, at 2.
Karen Shaw, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
May Cuckson, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Boehm Quintette, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St., at 8.

Saturday, January 8

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 1/5, at 8:30.
The Crusaders, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Harp Ensemble, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Jan de Gaetani, mezzo-soprano, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Cherub Acapella Singers of New Jersey, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Bill Vanaver & Linda Drapkin, folk music, WBAI's Studio C, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0880), at 9.
Young Artists in Concert, Laurelton Room of Wellington Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (586-7228), at 7:30.
Harley Washington, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
McLain Family Band, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (427-1488), at 8:30.
Michael Ponti, piano, Queens College Colden Center, at 8:30.

Sunday, January 9

Opera Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Jack Davison, bass baritone, Town Hall, at 5.
Eastern Union, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St., at 1.
Joseph Kohler, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Kun-Woo Paik, piano, The Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700), at 4.
Ian Shapinsky, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Veda Zuponcic, piano, NY Historical Soceity, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), at 2:30.
Joung Ja Kim, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
John Browning, piano, Brooklyn College Whitman Hall, at 3.

Monday, January 10

GIANTS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

The Brooklyn Philharmonia, under conductor David Amram, has scheduled its fifteenth consecutive season of free schooltime concerts in the BAM Opera House. The concerts will be given at 10:30 & 12:30 each day, from January 10 through January 14, and feature the works of Stravinsky, Hindemith, Prokofiev, Bernstein, and Britten (636-4100).

Theatrical/Musical Experience, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
New York Cornet & Sackbut Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Composers String Quartet, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.
Carol Henry & Sheila Jordan, Medicine Show Theater Ensemble Co., 45 E 20th St. (289-1874), at 6.

Tuesday, January 11

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 1/5, at 7:30.

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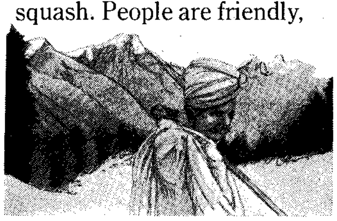

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Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; James Levine conducts, with Norman Carol, violin. Works of Berlioz, Brahms & Barber, at 8.

Gregg Smith Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Paul Gallo, clarinet, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

William Grubb, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Juilliard Theater, at 8:30.

Princeton Ensemble, Guggenheim Museum, at 8.

Opera

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SUPERB SOPRANO

Soprano **Grace Melzia Bumbry** sings the title role in the Metropolitan Opera's production of Puccini's *Tosca* on Friday, January 7 at 8. The cast also features Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi. The conductor is Santi; the director is Schenk; and the designers are Heinrich and Reppa (580-9830).

Tues, 1/4 at 8: **Salome** with Bumbry, Ericson, Ulfung, Sarabia. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Rennert; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Wed, 1/5 at 8: **The Magic Flute** with Valente, Gruberova, Burrows, Gramm. Conductor: Conlon; director: Rennert; designer: Chagall. Thurs, 1/6 at 8: **Lucia di Lammermoor** with Sills, Gedda, Edwards, Macurdy. *Conductor: Woitach; director: Wallman; designer:* Colonnello. Fri, 1/7 at 8: **Tosca** (See box). Sat, 1/8 at 2: **Faust** with Meier, Forst, Burrows, Carlson. Conductor: Prêtre; director: Barrult; designers: Dupont & D'Auriac. Sat, 1/8 at 8: **The Magic Flute** (Same cast as 1/5). Mon, 1/10 at 8: **Faust** (Same cast as 1/8). Tues, 1/11 at 8: **Lucia di Lammermoor** (Same cast as 1/6).

OTHER

Bronx Opera Co., Bronx High School of Science, 75 W 205th St. (733-2100). *La Traviata,* 1/7-8 at 8.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Naughty Marietta,* 1/5 at 2 & 8:30, 1/6-7 at 8:30, 1/8 at 4 & 8:30, 1/9 at 4.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. *Cavalleria Rusticana* & *Pagliacci,* 1/9 at 2:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).

Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

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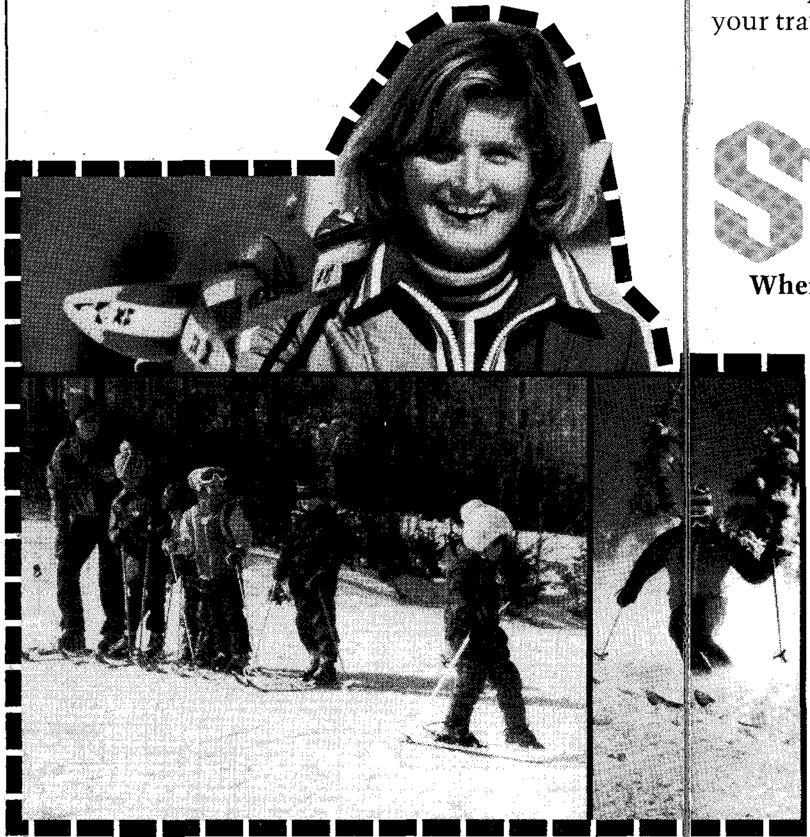

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OTHER

Claudia Gitelman & Alice Teirstein, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (924-0077), 1/5-7 at 8.

Riverside Theater Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929). Winnipeg, 1/5-7 at 8; 1/8 at 2 & 8; 1/9 at 2.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Richard Anuszkiewicz**–Over 30 paintings in this retrospective, thru 1/8. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Paul Cadmus–A large satirical subway scene in acrylic plus the Seven Deadly Sins, thru 1/22. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

***William Christenberry**–Sculpture and photos of the South with an emphasis on architecture and grave sites, thru *1/8. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).*

Sorel Etrog/Larry Rivers–Sculpture/Works with paper, plus new editions by Grooms and lithos by Kokoschka, 1/8-2/5. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

Sonia Gechtoff–Abstract pencil and paint drawings, thru 1/7. Cortella, 41 E 57th (832-2355).

Rube Goldberg–Inventions and cartoons, 1/7-2/5. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Manuel Hughes/Bruce Monteith–Paintings and works on paper/Wooden constructions of corridors, doorways, thru 1/6. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

Jerry McMillan–Works on paper and sculpture, thru 1/8. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Michael Mazur–20 years of works-on-paper including recent lush jungle scenes of Georgia, 1/8-2/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Paul Mogensen–Works, 1/4-22. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Vincent Moore/Tony Schneider–Gouaches and watercolors/Sculpture, 1/8-2/2. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630). Mon-Sat 10:30-5:30.

***Richard Muller**(1874-1954)–Graphics by the spokesman of the *Neue Sachlichkeit,* 1/4-22. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Lucas Samaras**–Photo-transformations, thru 1/8. Pace, 32 E 57th (421-3292).

***Tim Scott**–Large steel sculpture made in Bennington this summer, 1/8-27. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Michael Steiner–Cast bronze plates molded together, thru 1/5. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (752-0124).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Elizabeth Bart–Collages, 1/5-2/5. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

William Beckman/Cara Croninger–Recent paintings, thru 1/5. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).

Juan Calzadilla–Surrealist drawings with caustic humor, thru 1/28. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Jean Cott/Wolfgang Roth–Recent watercolors/Ink drawings by this stage designer, 1/4-22. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Lyonel Feininger**(1871-1956)–Watercolors and drawings, thru 1/29. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Dian R. Friedman–Painted drawings and frescoes, 1/5-22. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (249-2155).

Emil Friedman–pen and ink drawings on canvas and linen, 1/4-22. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920).

***Leon Hartl**(1889-1973)–Quiet, muted still-lifes, thru 1/15. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Addie Herder–Collage constructions, 1/5-2/15. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

Henry Hoenigan–Impressionistic landscapes, thru 1/8. ML, 58 E 79th (472-0333).

Gillian Jagger–"Africa", thru 2/4. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Asger Jorn–Etchings, woodcuts, and lithos, thru 1/15. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

David Macaulay–Drawings of great moments in architecture, thru 1/7. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

Rodger Mack–Bronze or nickle-bronze sculpture with some outdoor pieces, 1/8-29. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

Robert Nickle–Collages of paper and found pieces of material, thru 1/8. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (RE4-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

***Tom Shannon**–Influence between bodies such as a hemisphere, blocks, color particles capturing the astronomical, thru 1/8. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050).

Vincent Smith–Oils and drawings of Africa, 1/4-28. Larcada, 23 E 67th (249-4561).

Charles Wells–*Figurative sculpture, drawings and etchings,* thru 1/8. FAR, 746 Mad Ave (734-7287).

SoHo

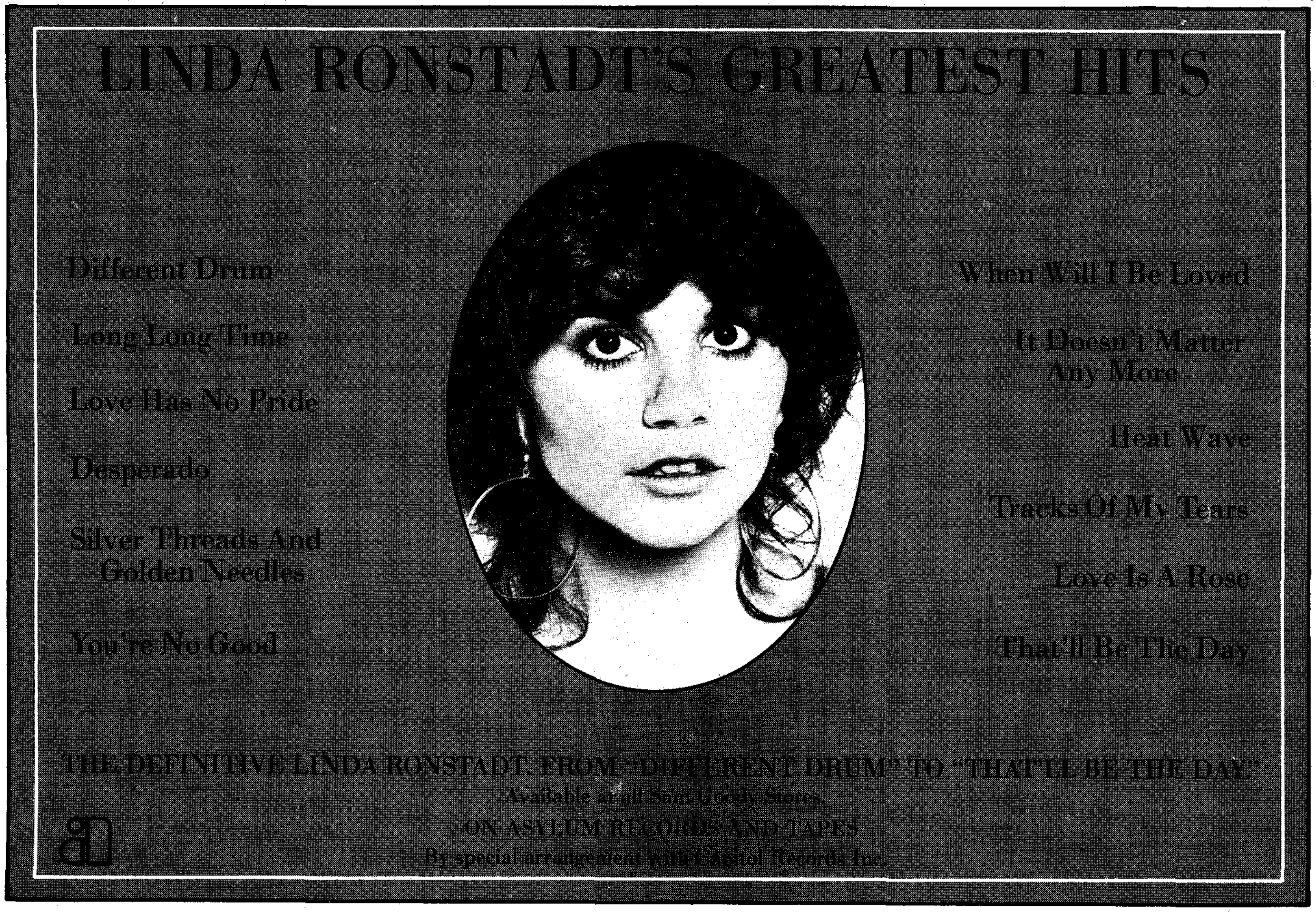
Jack Beck–Animals, weathervanes, gates, and grills, thru 1/8. Unicorn, 120 Spring (226-0919).

***Natvar Bhavsar**–Abstractions of dry pigment spread on layers of wet medium, 1/4-2/12. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Tom Boutis**–Direct and quiet studies of the Square, 1/8-27. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Baldo Diodato–Drawings and paintings, thru 1/11. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

John Dobereiner–All white 3-D canvases, 1/4-23. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).



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Solomon Ethe–Recent paintings, 1/4-29. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

Tina Girouard–Systemitized stencil works, thru 1/8. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

***Eunice Golden**–A collage of film and sound about self-awareness, thru 1/5. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

Shirley Gorelick–Realist paintings dealing with the figure in greenery, 1/8-2/2. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

Art Green–Complex image paintings about paradox and contradiction, thru 1/8. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Mary Grigoriadis**–Geometric forms thickly painted in oil on raw linen, thru 1/5. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Michael Hayden**–Geometric neon and argon gas-filled tube sculpture, thru 1/31. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

***Marion Lerner Levine**–Everyday objects in unusual contexts, 1/7-26. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Richard Long–New sculpture, thru 1/12. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Gordon Moore–Pale surface abstractions delineated by tense lines, 1/8-2/8. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Robert Sievert–Urban and country landscapes, 1/7-27. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

Boaz Vaadia–Stone, hide, hair and fur sculpture, thru 1/6. Hundred Acres, 456 W Bdwy (533-2250).

OTHER

Ramón De Aymerich–Sensuous, smooth, bronze and marble sculpture, thru 1/10. Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Igael Tumarkin–Three large-scale corten steel and reflective glass sculptures, thru 1/31. Fordham, 113 W 60th (956-3775).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Emmerich**–41 E 57th (752-0124). Gold and other precious materials from Greece, Rome and Pre-Columbian America, thru 1/5.

***Frumkin**–50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30. Works done 10 years ago by members including realist works by Beal, Leslie, Midgette, and Pearlstein, 1/4-28.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Cassatt, Hassam, Kensett, Moran, others, 1/10-22.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Kinetic paintings, sculpture, graphics by Agam, Carreaga, Cruz-Diez, Soto, others, thru 1/29.

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). European masters of the Picasso generation, thru 1/15.

René–6 W 57th (765-1330). Graphics by Agam, Damian, Soto, Vasarely, Yvaral, others, thru 1/8.

Viridian–24 W 57th (245-2882). Members work, thru 1/31.

WomenArt–41 W 57th (421-2420). Paintings, sculpture, and mixed-media by women, thru 1/14.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Ceremonial staffs representing authority and strength from Baule, Yoruba, thru 1/31.

***Artweave**–924 Mad at 73rd (794-0384). Weavings from various cultures of Pre-Columbian Peru, thru 1/22.

***BlumHelman**–13 E 75th (249-5350). Storage jars from Ancient Japanese kilns, thru 1/15.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Chinese folk art in American collections from the early 15th to the early 20th century, thru 1/30.

***Committee to Save Grand Central**–59 E 43rd (586-4761). Mon-Fri 10-6. Art Deco architecture in the West Bronx, thru 3/1.

***Elkon**–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Paintings and sculpture introduced here during the 60's including Avedisian, Bush, Dzubas, Witkin, others, 1/8-2/2.

Harlow–1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6. French graphic art from 1890 to 1930, plus early 19th century photos by Bisson Freres, Carjat, Nadar, others, 1/5-29.

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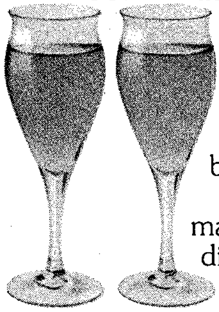

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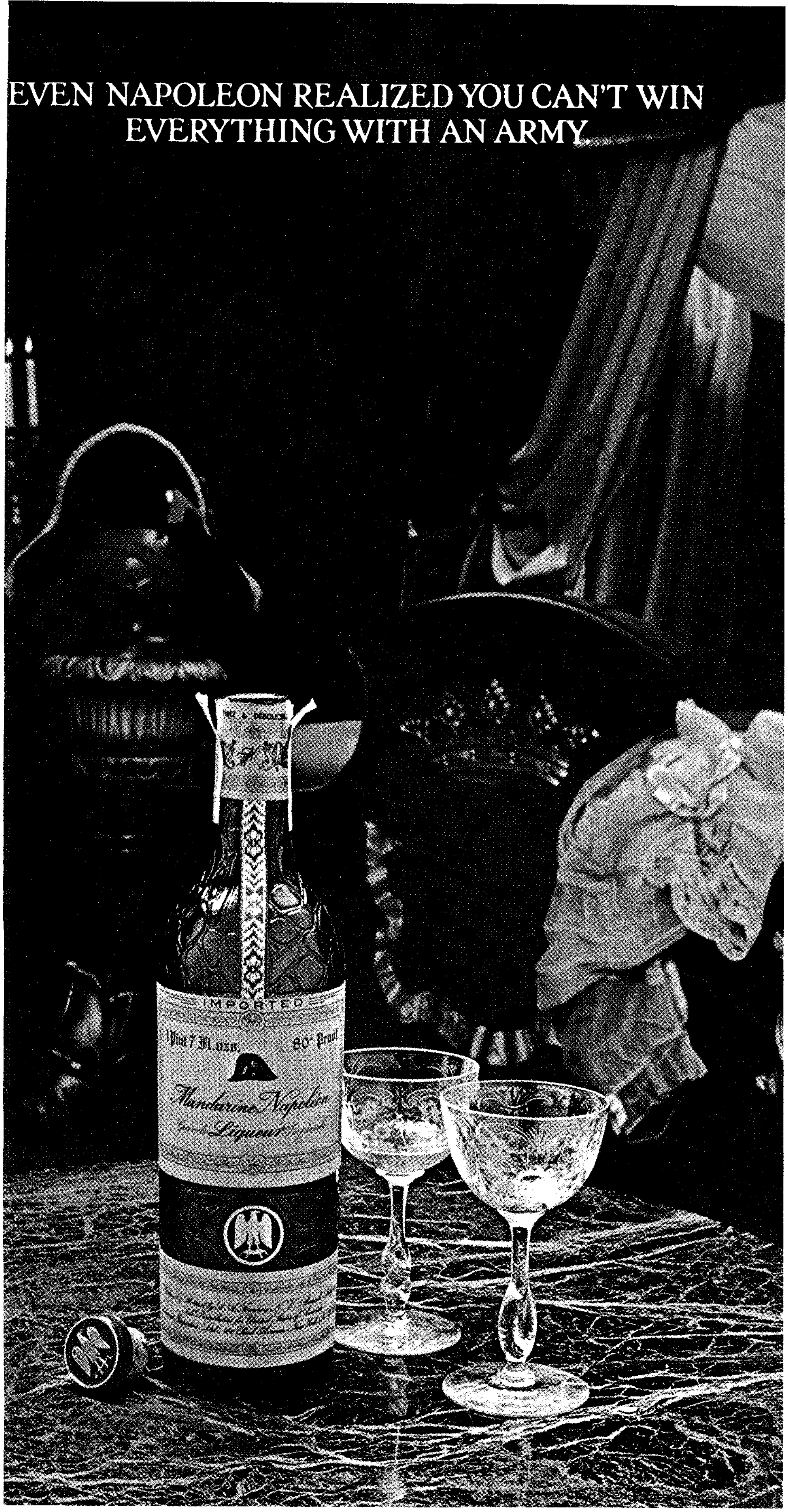

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Jackson–32 E 69th (988-1800). Collages on paper by Bultman, lucite sculpture by Byng, 1975 abstractions by Jenkins, fiberglass, bronze and marble sculpture by Pomodoro, and Pond's sports series, 1/7-29.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad at 78th (472-0211). Tues-Sat 12-5:30. Cartoons, illustrations, and watercolors by Addams, Arno, Booth, Petty, Saxon, Tobey, others, thru 1/29.

Noyes, Van Cline–1018 Mad Ave (628-5402). American paintings from Bayne's 19th century Hudson River to Henri's bold portraits, thru 1/15.

SoHo

A.I.R.–97 Wooster (966-0799). Christopher, Feinberg, Johnson and Snitzer, 1/8-2/2.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Lesser known works from 1963 including string constructions by D'Aquila, collages by Picard, others, 1/8-2/26.

***14 Sculptors**–75 Thompson (966-5790). Works in stone, wood, plastic metals, mixed-media and drawings by members, thru 1/5.

***Green Mountain**–135 Greene (674-2390). A survey of new figurative painting in New York shown simultaneously in 5 galleries: Green Mountain; Bowery, 135 Greene; First St, 118 Prince; Prince St, 106 Prince; Soho Center, 114 Prince, thru 1/6.

Kitchen Center–484 Broome (925-3615). Tues-Sat 1-6. Video from Interplanetary Space made up of images from NASA probes, thru 1/8.

Landmark–469 Broome (966-1173). Works by members, thru 1/6.

***Ward-Nasse**–131 Prince (925-6951). Surreal collages by Baker, ironic environmental ceramic sculpture by Cote, fantasies in acrylic, ink and watercolor on canvas by Smith, and multiple canvases that mirror each other by Spelman, 1/8-27.

WIA–435 Broome (966-5894). Tues-Sun 2-5. Psychological surrealism by Daniel, a monumental Joan of Arc by Goldsmith, paintings by Rubel and abstractions by Suffrin, thru 1/12.

OTHER

Associated American Artists–663 5th Ave (PL5-4211). Portraits of Yeats, Pound, Brecht by printmakers Chatetz and Coughlin, thru 1/22.

Bromm–114 Franklin (431-3927). Tues-Sat 3-6. Works by Coates, Kirili, others, thru 1/7.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Aztec stone sculpture from the last few 100 years before the Spanish conquest of Mexico, thru 1/30.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Wash. Sq E (598-3479). Tues-Fri 10-5, Thurs 10-8:30, Sat 1-5. Bronze sculpture by the Iranian Parviz Tanavoli plus Pre-Islamic to 20th century locks of Iran from the artists' collection, thru 1/12.

Guiness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing Meadows (699-9400). Architectural heritage of Queens from the 17th century to the 20th, thru 3/1.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center (244-4127).

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sat 1-6. Works-on-paper, thru 1/5.

***Pratt Graphics**–831 Bdwy (OR4-0603). Daily 10-6, Sat 1-5. Illuminated manuscripts inspired by peasant art of Southwest Germany, Alsace, Switzerland by immigrants to the USA from 1745-1855, thru 1/8.

***Primitive Artisan**–225 5th Ave (532-9180). Jasmine and Bread's collection of IKAT silks plus Roman glass, Coptic fragments, other, 1/9-14.

Photography

***Ilse Bing/Cole Weston**–Paris in the 30s, the USA in the 40s and 50s/Early black-and-white images of an abandoned house, door details, plus recent color work, thru 1/8. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Valerie Brown–Recent works, thru 1/7. Harkness House, 4 E 75th (249-3500).

***Harry Callahan/Aaron Siskind**–Dye-transfer color prints/*Places* from 1966-1975, thru 1/8. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Merce Cunningham–Photos and notes on dance, 1/7-29. Solway, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Baron Adolf de Meyer/Lewis W. Hine**–English High Society in the 20s/Child labor in the US in the early 1900s, thru 1/29. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Alan Dennis–Color dye transfer land escapes, thru 1/29. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Janie Eisenberg**–Images of Power in NYC, thru 1/15. Crossroads, 2639 Bdwy at 100th (850-6650). Daily 12-12.

***Robert Goldsmith**–Microscopic petrographs or a study of abstract art, thru 1/31. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri-Sat 3-10.

***Soho/Stieglist**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Nudes by Burton, Death Valley dunes by Campbell, signatures by Reese, others; plus fantastic landscapes, car wrecks by Deak, thru 2/1.

Bert Stern–Hollywood Stars from the mid 50s to the late 60s, thru 1/29. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *The New Hall of Minerals and Gems. Oh Christmas Tree:* the Museum's 25-foot high, origami-decorated Christmas tree.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Acquisition Priorities: Aspects of Postwar Painting in America:* An exhibition of paintings by 31 artists active during the period in which America became the leading center of artistic activity in the western world; thru 1/16. An exhibition of 17 works (1903-30) by Piet Mondrian; thru 1/16.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. Retrospective of the works of Dennis Stock and Mike Disfarmer; Calotype Landscapes by Glenn Richmond. All shows 1/7 thru 3/13.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Annual Baroque Christmas Tree & Creche Display;* thru 1/23. *Cloisters Christmas Display:* Lifesize polychrome sculptures from 15th century Austria of the Virgin and Child; thru 1/9. *Two Worlds of Andrew Wyeth: Kuerners and Olsons:* The exhibition presents Wyeth's exploration of the land, buildings, and people of Karl Kuerner's farm in Pennsylvania and Christina Olson's house in Maine; thru 2/6. *Roman Artists of the 17th Centruy: Drawings and Prints;* thru 1/16. *Daniel Chester French: An American Sculptor:* The first major retrospective of work by the creator of the Lincoln Memorial and the Concord Minute Man; thru 1/9. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition of 200 years (1709-1909) of Russian costumes; thru August.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *European Drawings From the Fitzwilliam Museum:* 120 master drawings from the 16th thru the 19th centuries; *Ancient Near-Eastern Treasures;* thru 2/13.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *Harry Callaghan:* A retrospective demonstrating Callaghan's unique contribution to contemporary photography; thru 2/8. *Matisse/Gaudi: Ecclesiastical Designs:* Chasubles and stained glass by Matisse, architectural models and furniture by Gaudi; thru 1/9. *European Master Paintings From the Swiss Collections: Post-Impressionism to World War II.*

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Calder's Universe:* A retrospective exhibition of the works of America's foremost sculptor; thru 2/6. *American Master Drawings & Watercolors:* Works on paper from Colonial times to the present; thru 1/23. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3. *Surface, Edge, and Color:* Works by Held, Martin, Kelly, Noland, Poons, and Stella; thru 1/12.

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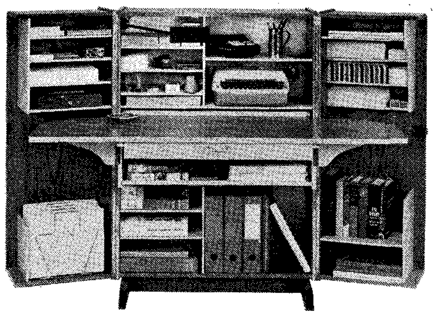

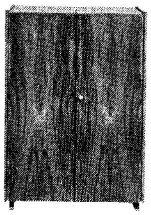

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The Power Game:

This Year They're Doing It With Mirrors

By Ken Auletta

"...With the audience changed from investors to voters, the actors in our fiscal drama are now preoccupied with appearances..."

A blanket of gloom descended on city and state officials last November 19. On that day the state court of appeals struck down as unconstitutional the central prop of the city's hastily constructed three-year fiscal plan—the moratorium on the payment of nearly $1 billion in short-term notes. Fearing panic, officers of the Municipal Assistance Corporation cautioned one and all to remain calm.

Touring Israel in the company of fellow mayors, Abe Beame was calm, until the bad news reached him by phone. Should he cancel the rest of his stay in Israel? State officials said the court decision granted the city time to devise an alternate plan, and it would take days for the staffs to sort out the options. Instead, they urged that the mayor's press office issue a news release announcing, "The mayor is keeping in touch with the situation." The mayor was becalmed.

Or so state officials thought. Later that afternoon the mayor's press office announced that the 70-year-old Beame was rushing home, flying all night. He would summon everyone to meet at Gracie Mansion. The mayor was taking personal charge. Why the sudden change of plan? Howard Rubenstein, Beame's public-relations counselor and friend, bitterly recalling the previous year, when the mayor did his disappearing act, had also spoken with Beame. He beseeched his friend to "worry" about the public-relations impact of remaining overseas during this latest crisis.

Today, all of the actors in the city's unending fiscal drama worry about public relations. The cast of characters engaged in the power game has shifted little, with the notable exception of a new president. What has really changed in the last twelve months is that as we approach a mayoral and gubernatorial election the audience has changed from investors to voters. The holders of power have become preoccupied with appearances, with mirrors. It wasn't that way in the first year and a half of crisis. Sacrifice was the order of the day. Beame went first, sacrificing himself. Followed by Governor Carey, who sacrificed state money and an arm's-length relationship with the city. The banks swallowed, and stretched some loans. The unions dangerously strained their pensions and gave up roughly 60,000 city jobs. The public was robbed of more in taxes, and the poor of more city services.

Now, each of the principal actors has a record to defend, investments to protect, elections to hurdle. City, state, banking, and labor constables who govern this town join hands in a new community of interest. And because individual survival, not just bankruptcy, is now at stake, their interest is in telling us how much better things are. Beame, who is a source of private embarrassment, is publicly praised. The banks, who still charge unconscionable interest rates, are praised. The unions, who have still not sacrificed most of their stifling pension or work rules, are praised. Bankers are terrified of lawsuits; union leaders of their members; Beame and Carey of not getting reelected.

"They are perfect bedfellows," observes Municipal Assistance Corporation treasurer Donna Shalala. "A political system that doesn't like sharp change and a conservative financial community that doesn't like sharp change. The people who get hurt are

"...New York becomes Oz, and the mayor, portraying Dorothy, oars over the rainbow and sings, 'We've turned the corner'..."

city residents and workers." This new community of interest, she believes, has brought the city "back into the old politics of accommodation," of politics as usual, of incremental change.

The largest accommodation is sometimes with truth. New York becomes the city of Oz. Fairy tales replace grim statistics. Everyone uses mirrors. The mayor, portraying dreamy Dorothy, soars over the rainbow and sings, "We've turned the corner." Ignoring the city's visible physical deterioration, First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti rhapsodizes, "In my evaluation, there has been no serious impairment of the delivery of services."

The first reaction of state MAC officials to the moratorium decision was to plead for federal assistance to meet noteholder demands. Upon a signal from President-elect Carter to his representative, Orin Kramer, these officials switched mirrors. One day later Governor Carey and MAC chairman Rohatyn, determined that the city appear to be climbing out of its own hole, sternly proclaimed they would not ask Carter for aid.

For the mirrors to work, it's essential that the press serve as more cheerleader than checker. With their own economic future on the line, the press is now, in the words of Association for a Better New York president Lewis Rudin, "trying to be helpful."

In addition to utilizing the press, city and state officials have utilized some other old tricks. In the past, city officers would falsely claim the budget was balanced, and borrow; today, officials honestly claim the budget is unbalanced, and borrow. As in the good old days, they are less than forthcoming about the true costs, or about the bill they are bequeathing to another generation of New Yorkers.

Asked to calculate the interest costs incurred since MAC was formed in June, 1975, a spokesman for the city comptroller called back and said their arithmetic totaled $2 billion—just for interest—through 1995. "This does not include," he cautioned, "the interest costs of whatever means are decided upon to take care of the moratorium notes. It could easily be another $400-million." Nor does it include future stretch-outs. Every time you "save" the city by stretching a bond, you also stretch the interest costs.

"We're just buying time," laments state UDC Chairman Richard Ravitch, a prospective mayoral candidate. "Hopefully, there will be federal assistance. But we're just digging ourselves deeper and deeper in the hole. The problem with increasing our debt is that our tax base is shrinking."

"We may be sliding into bankruptcy by not being willing to admit the jig is up," says an officer of the watchdog Citizens Budget Commission. "The city has to admit it is not able to get through the problems we have now without federal intervention." Yet the city will not get federal intervention until it convinces Washington it is doing everything it can to clean its own house. We are not. Nor do we have a prayer of coaxing greater public, bank, and union sacrifice unless the full truth is told. Ask yourself why none of the participants blows the whistle when the banks demand higher interest rates in return for bond stretch-outs. Is the $2.8 billion we spend each year for education justified by the education our kids receive? Why does it cost, by some estimates, three times more for the city to collect garbage than it does for private carters, and why isn't anything done about it? What has really been done about Medicaid ripoffs? Why do we cut our youngest, best workers rather than bloated pension benefits? Why hasn't Beame cut those politically connected members of his personal staff who have little to do?

The answer is not bankruptcy. Not because of what it would do to our cash flow or credit, but because of what it would do to people's heads. Bankruptcy is like a declaration of death. In part this is because so much effort and attention has been vested in avoiding it. But there is another alternative between what we are doing and bankruptcy. Our leaders can tell the full truth. They can demand more sacrifices, particularly those that reduce expenditures without reducing services. And then we can tell the truth to the feds: We can't do it alone.

Interview state and city officials in the privacy of their offices, without their mirrors, without quoting them by name, and they often paint a bleak picture. Says a city official who attends Control Board meetings, "I'm not really sure there is a future for the city. There is such a total sickness in the politics of the city. We're like Britain. The way we dealt with the budget problem—across-the-board cuts—was stupid. Yet the politics of our town is so sick that rational solutions become impossible. . . . There is very little concern for the common good. When you talk privately to them, very few politicians defend our rent-control or civil-service or welfare or health-care or education system—and yet we can't do anything about it."

It sounds like Vietnam, where all the bombing, interdiction, and counterinsurgency efforts—like stretch-outs and layoffs and tax increases—didn't work. "In Vietnam we were applying a military solution to a political problem," responds Deputy City Comptroller Steve Clifford. "Now in New York City we may be attempting to apply a financial solution to a political problem."

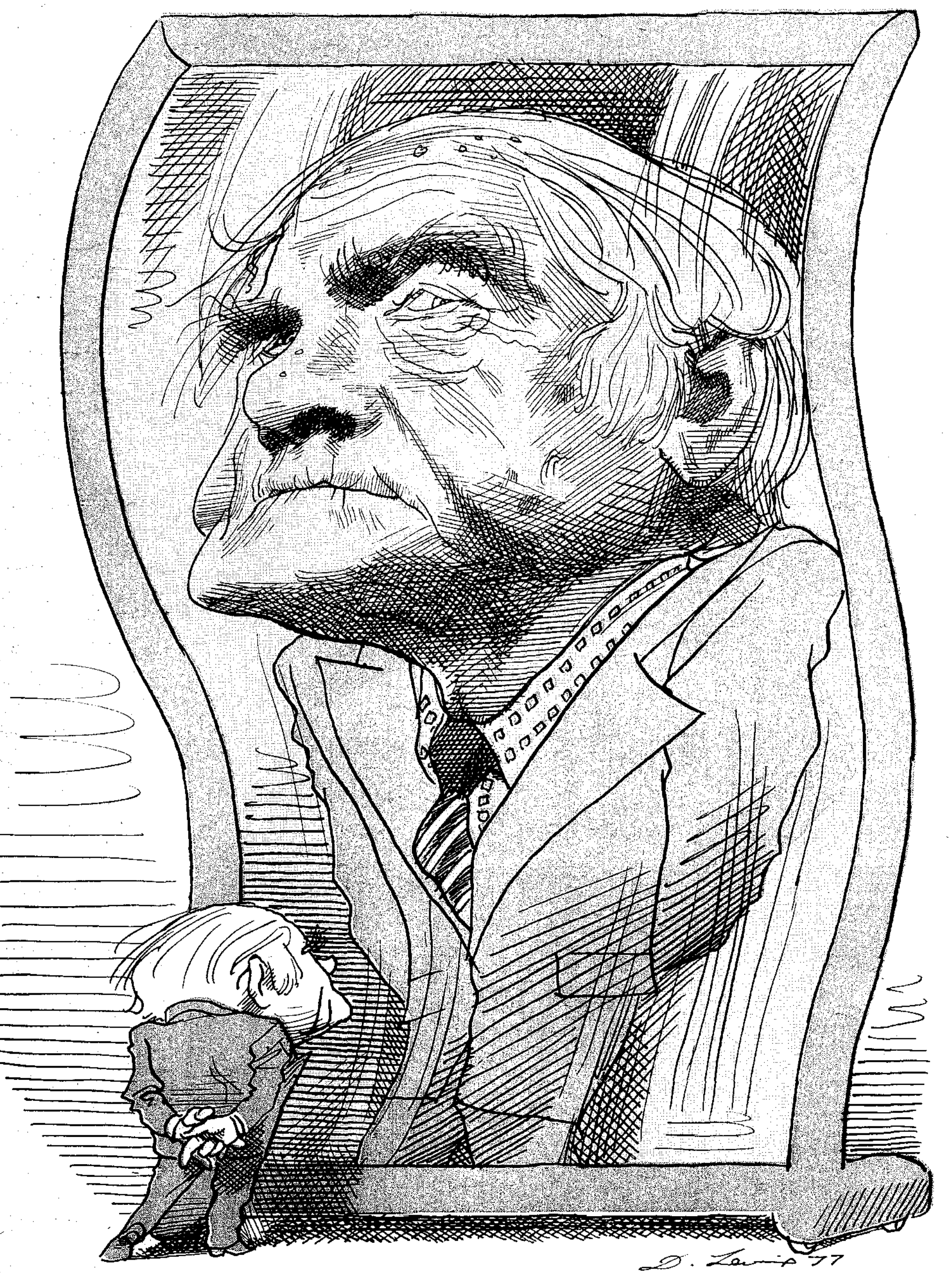
Despite the jarring two-year crisis, too little has changed. Who, then, has power in New York? It depends on how power is defined. Obviously, government and bank and union officials are only part of the power equation. In many ways the MAC is less important than the variety of entertainment and cultural attractions this city offers. How do you measure the value of a bustling new restaurant in Central Park? The victory of Northside residents in keeping their firehouse open? People's optimism?

But, in my definition of power, the central question this year, as last, is the fiscal and economic survival of New York City. In that context, over the last twelve months and into the next twelve, the following individuals and institutions can be identified. They possess power to avert bankruptcy, to make this a better place to live, to help determine the next mayor, to tell the public the full truth, to create hope.

These men symbolize both power and the limits of democratic government. In the process of accommodation, they are moving too slowly. Perhaps in a democratic government there is no other way. In their classic 1960 book, *Governing New York City*, Sayre and Kaufman feared the city could be strangled by a multitude of interest groups. Today we are assisted—and perhaps strangled—by just a few.

Howard Rubenstein, The Wizard of Mirrors

Battle ribbons dot the walls of Howard Rubenstein's thirty-first-floor office, with its panoramic view of Central Park and the Hudson River. Rows of photographs, most of them signed, march across his wall: General Douglas MacArthur, Truman, Eleanor Roosevelt, JFK, RFK, LBJ, HHH, Wagner, Lindsay, Rockefeller, Malcolm Wil-



son, Carey, Beame, Carter. There are Republicans and Democrats. Liberals and conservatives. An unlikely collection for a mild-mannered 44-year-old Brooklyn-born publicist whose proudest achievement is graduating first in his class from St. John's Law School.

But not so unlikely for a friendly man who declares, "My attitude in politics is to create a lot of relationships, a lot of bridges. Oddly enough, that's why I'm friendly with such improbable people as Jay Goldin, Mario Cuomo, Ed Koch, the governor. I've even kept on civil terms with Herman Badillo. If I don't like a person, I won't say unkind things about them."

Howard Rubenstein is not, literally, the most powerful person in New York. But he is a convenient symbol of the increased power of public relations, the growing use of mirrors. He is merely the foremost hidden persuader, foremost of that burgeoning group—Paul Buiar, Marty Steadman, Sidney Baron, John Scanlon, Frank Borsky, Bill Ruder, Herb Farber, Marilyn Stewart, Richard Aurelio—who often are as much lobbyist as publicist.

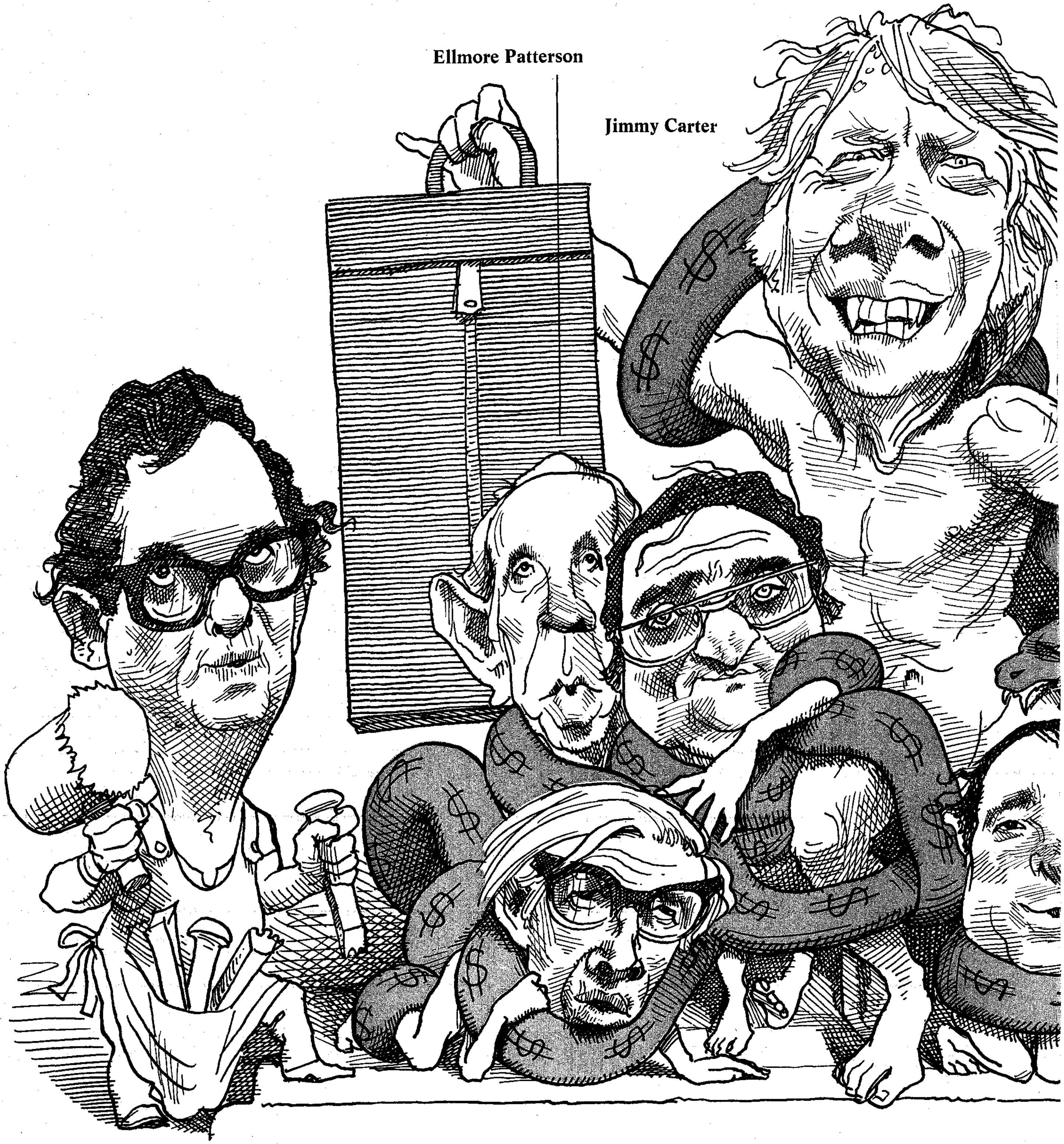
These are the new political fixers. "The closest adviser to the mayor is Rubenstein," exclaims a Carter aide. "He can make decisions without checking with the mayor." Indeed. When William Vanden Heuvel, Carter's man in New York, wanted to reach out to Abe Beame, he invited Rubenstein to breakfast with Carter last March. Beame was then committed to Senator Henry Jackson's candidacy. When Jackson fizzled, the mayor reached out to Carter through Rubenstein. They conducted a Gracie Mansion summit meeting on May 12. The mayor discussed urban problems. After a decent interval, Carter leaned forward to ask for Beame's endorsement. The mayor was silent. The five Carter and Beame aides fidgeted uncomfortably. Suddenly a voice rang out: "Mr. Governor, you've got the mayor's endorsement." The voice belonged to Howard Rubenstein. On the morning of May 26, with 24 of the 30 state primaries already behind them, Beame endorsed Carter. It was really quite late, but aided by Rubenstein's skillful P.R., the press played it as if Beame had been first.

"The perception of Beame as a strong leader," Rubenstein says of his friend, "started with his early endorsement of Carter." Last year, Rubenstein concedes, "I don't think he knew how to handle the public information on the problem." This year he says Beame "is more concerned with public relations and public understanding of what he's doing." The line between P.R. and politics, good politics and good government, image and reality, is often a blur. Because the mayor is perceived as more energetic, closer to Carter, more determined, he becomes all of those things.

Rubenstein's pervasive influence pops up in unsuspected ways. In November, Gracie Mansion was the setting of a benefit luncheon for the Bee Gees, a rock group. Abe and Mary Beame, whose taste runs to fox-trots, hosted Andy Warhol, James Taylor, Carly Simon, and a glittering collection of society stars. It was wonderful publicity for stodgy Abe Beame. The Bee Gees happen to be clients of Rubenstein's.

But the tale doesn't end there. Proceeds from the luncheon were earmarked for the Police Athletic League. The president of that charity is Robert Morgenthau, Manhattan D.A. The mayor was to forward the check to Morgenthau, but first he wanted to talk to Rubenstein. The press was then exploding with front-page stories of Morgenthau's investigation of the mayor's son, Buddy, for 1973 Beame campaign contributions. There were damaging rumors that the trail would lead to Beame. The mayor and Rubenstein worried about appearances. So Rubenstein called one of Morgenthau's friends, Investigations Commissioner Nicholas Scoppetta, and inquired if he would ask Morgenthau how to handle the check. Morgenthau, according to Rubenstein, assured Scoppetta there was no need for concern. The mayor was not a target of the investigation, and why didn't Rubenstein phone directly? Rubenstein did, asking this time whether the D.A. would say publicly the mayor was not under investigation. No problem. Shortly thereafter, at a crowded City Hall ceremony, Abe Beame handed Bob Morgenthau a check and Bob Morgenthau handed the press his judgment

Illustrated by David Levine

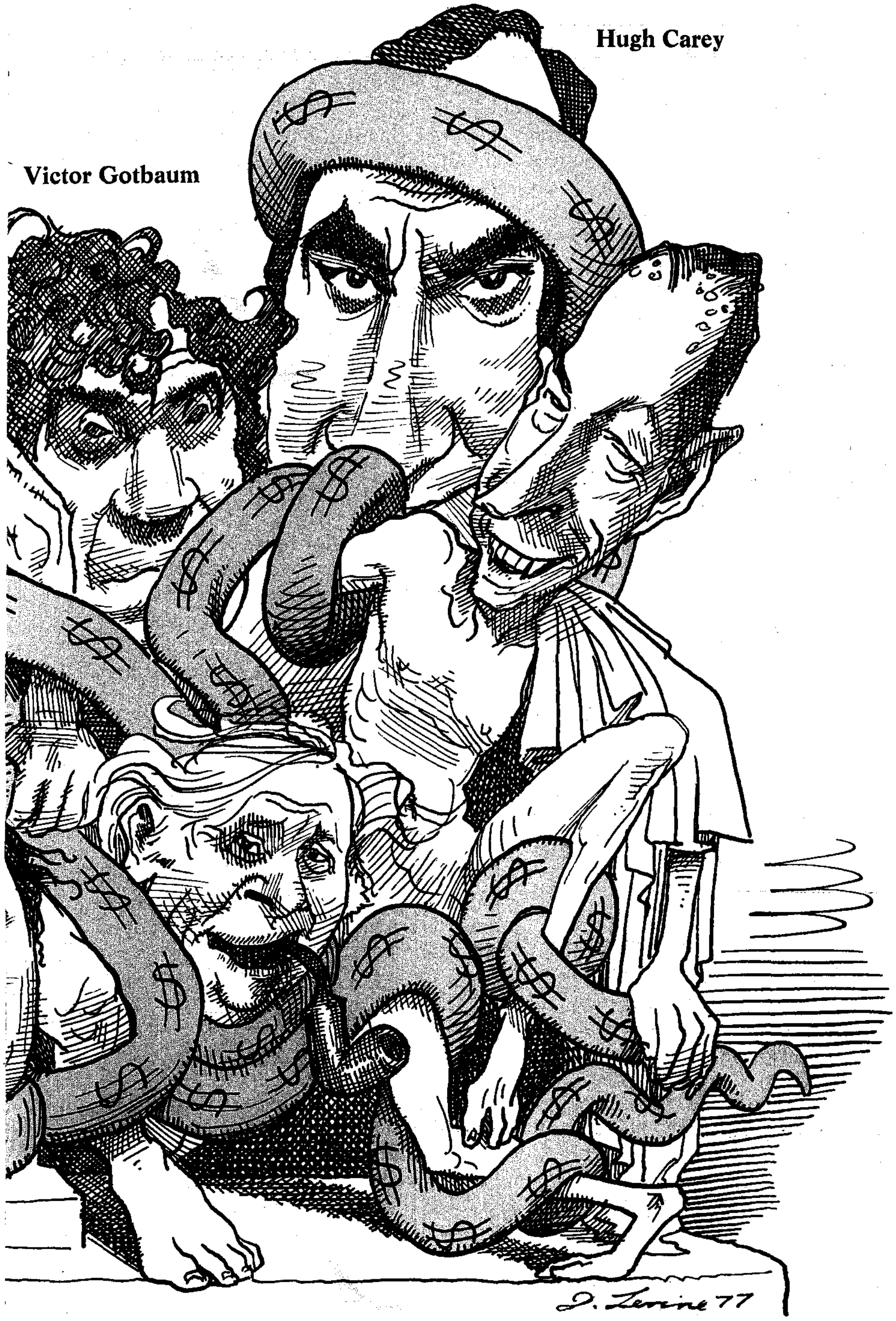


that Abe Beame was clean.

Rubenstein admits to spending "maybe half my time" working with Beame. The mayor does not pay him, but there are other compensations. A goodly number of Rubenstein's 85 or so clients retained him after Beame became mayor, including: candidate Jimmy Carter, Macy's, the New York Jets, Madison Square Garden (briefly, during the period the city was secretly dickering to buy it), the Housing and Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, developer Donald Trump, McDonald's, the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau (briefly), Bus Stop Shelters, HIP Doctors (recommended by labor consultant Jack Bigel), most of the twelve major teaching hospitals in the city, Channel 13, and Phoenix and Odyssey houses.

Even before Beame was mayor, Rubenstein was recognized as one of the city's premier publicists. For years he has represented the Association for a Better New York, the sanitation union, Harry Helmsley, the Real Estate Board of New York, the Rent Stabilization Association, the Metropolitan Fair Rent Committee, the Associated Builders and Owners of New York, Tishman Realty, the New York Convention Center Corporation, Starrett City, and the Greater New York Conference on Soviet Jewry.

What if one of his clients wished to attack his friend Beame for supporting



rent control or cutting city moneys? "I won't initiate any attack on Beame," comes the compromised reply. "If it's their thinking and they initiate it, I'll put it out. It's got to be ethical." One shouldn't destroy bridges.

Jimmy Carter, the Good Witch

Like the good witch in *The Wizard of Oz,* Jimmy Carter often talks in riddles. Unlike Jerry Ford, he says he plans to provide more federal aid to New York City. If he does, he will exercise more power over this city's future than anyone else. The president is the most powerful person with regard to the city, argues John Zuccotti, because he sets "economic policy. The single most difficult problem to deal with in my office is the economy of the city, and it's one that we have the least leverage over."

The federal government also has leverage over whether to guarantee city or MAC bonds; over whether to stretch the time the city has to cut its budget or repay its loans; over whether the cost of welfare is federalized; over whether aid programs take into account the Northeast's roughly 20 percent higher cost of living. Carter, if he chooses, can appear to favor the candidacy of his friend Beame.

The feds can also pressure the city to do more. "Bill Simon was a presence at our labor negotiations last June," remembers Rohatyn. "He said they would not renew the federal loan program unless there was a reasonable labor settlement. Senator Proxmire was also a presence." Proxmire remains one.

Not to be forgotten in any federal power equation is the simmering Securities and Exchange Commission investigation of past New York City finances. If chief enforcement officer Stanley Sporkin decides to recommend to the five commissioners that fraud charges be pressed against past and present city and banking officials, the panic of '29 will seem like a tea party in comparison.

Abe Beame, Dorothy in the Land of Oz

Next to Carter's election, the most significant shift in power in the past year involved Abe Beame. In 1975, the governor considered removing him. Members of Congress, watching him loiter through their halls, felt sorry for him. Beame felt, and acted, like a fool. Much has changed in a year.

"Beame is in a strong position," complains one of Carey's closest advisers. "The only person who can take him on is the governor, and he won't." The profusion of would-be mayoral candidates assists Beame, dividing his opposition. The power of incumbency, particularly of an incumbent with a friend in the White House and the appearance of new vigor, helps. "I hear about business and real-estate guys who have private reservations about Beame," says one exasperated mayoral kingmaker, "and he invites them to Gracie Mansion to watch election returns. The question is, are there enough significant other people who are not caught in that net? . . . The Establishment doesn't know how to take over."

The two members of the Establishment who might know how, Carey and Rohatyn, are too cautious. Unless an organized effort is mounted to persuade Beame not to run, but to join behind another candidate instead—or if the public has a longer memory than most journalists or politicians give them credit for—Beame, unbelievably, is favored to serve until he is 75.

"... Crisis participants implicitly treat the press as an accomplice, a fellow booster, a mirror to reflect an improved city..."

Hugh Carey, Who Doesn't Want to Be Mayor

Hugh Carey wanted to be mayor—in 1969. In 1974, he was elected governor. The following year, confronted with Beame's abdication of responsibility, he served as acting mayor. Now, because he has begun to distance himself from the city, Carey has slipped some on the power graph. He has also slipped because he is operating without a state party chairman, and because he foolishly leaked the name of Mario Cuomo as the new chairman before Cuomo agreed to do it. When Cuomo refused, Carey was left with egg on his face, as he was when he toyed with Carter over a presidential endorsement last May.

But Carey's clout as chairman of the Control Board is substantial. His control over the state budget, and the city's share of state aid, remains. As does the respect he earned in Congress last year.

In addition to his government power, Carey retains considerable political power. Besides being able to endorse a Beame challenger, as chairman of the Control Board he can embarrass the mayor at will. He can also try to persuade his close ally, the Liberal party, to endorse a Beame opponent. The governor also has the power to open or shut the state patronage tap, and veto or approve changes in the mayoral primary law.

Felix Rohatyn, Mr. Fixit

If Abe Beame was the plumber and Hugh Carey the foreman, then the architect of the city's teetering fiscal edifice has been Felix Rohatyn. The quality that stands out about him, says former Control Board colleague William Ellinghaus, is "his tenaciousness and ability to never say die. I've never seen Felix believe there was an issue we couldn't fix, couldn't raise money for, couldn't solve."

In discussing Rohatyn most people single out his brains. But another secret of his power springs from his relationships. "I have reasonably good relations with the people around the table, including the mayor," Rohatyn says of himself. Disparate people praise him. Senate Republican Majority Leader Warren Anderson calls him "a combination of good contacts—he's bright, and other people listen to him." Jack Bigel, who claims to be a socialist, calls the financier "our esteemed colleague." The city and state's emissary to the banks is Felix. He dines with Carey and used to make investment-banking deals for Treasury Secretary–designate Michael Blumenthal. "His ability to influence events is greater than last year," thinks John Zuccotti. "He is now respected by all parties." Translated: Rohatyn has made his peace with Beame.

He didn't have to make peace with the city's powerful press lords. "Felix will call and make some point," says a fellow participant, "and then I will read the same point in the next morning's *Times* editorial." Rohatyn collects friends the way some people collect guns. The owners or editors of the *Times*, *News*, *Post*, *New York* Magazine, and the *Village Voice* are part of his collection. So, too, are many of the reporters covering the crisis.

Because he is so talented—one of the few participants conversant with all the arcane mysteries of fiscal lore, and certainly the most quotable—journalists flock to him. Because he receives no remuneration for his civic labors and claims no personal political ambitions, he has achieved that rare elevated posture where he may act like a politician and be treated like a statesman.

Bigel-Baum, The Labor Twins

Labor consultant Jack Bigel and municipal employees' union president Victor Gotbaum don't *look* like bankers, but they are. Municipal-union pension funds, most of which they control, now have a total of $2.2 billion invested in city and MAC securities—$700 million more than the banks do.

Bigel and Gotbaum have the power to say yes to further investment. They also have the power to say no to changes in city work rules, productivity practices, and civil-service reform.

If you ask Bigel who in labor has power, he names Gotbaum, Matthew Guinan of the Transit Workers, Barry Feinstein of the Teamsters Local 237, and John DeLury of the Sanitation Workers. They are all Bigel's clients. Because he is labor's brains, its official observer to the Control Board, many participants believe he is the single most powerful labor leader.

But this is an election year, and Gotbaum, as chief of the largest and one of the most politically active unions, retains the option of throwing his powerful support behind a mayoral candidate, while Bigel must work behind the scenes. Unlike teachers' union president Al Shanker—preoccupied by national labor responsibilities and division within his own union—Gotbaum's local power base is secure. With his help, the semblance of a labor-business coalition could form behind the candidacy of Gotbaum's friend businessman Richard Ravitch.

John Zuccotti, the Real Mayor

Usually a deputy mayor serves as a lightning rod, diverting criticism from the mayor. It doesn't work that way now. Beame serves as the lightning rod, receiving blame while Zuccotti receives credit for most city reforms. "Zuccotti is very well thought of in Albany" is the pointed comment of Senate Republican Leader Anderson.

Zuccotti has been given credit for bringing to the city some first-class managers. The embarrassing prods from the Control Board have largely ceased because a deputy mayor has been installed who acts as a permanent prod to Beame.

But Zuccotti also needs some prodding. "He's a Beame in sheep's clothing" is the assessment of one MAC official. Even Zuccotti's detractors, however, are usually thankful he occupies the office next door to the mayor's.

Steve Berger, The Wicked Witch

You can tell Steve Berger, the Control Board's executive director, is powerful because many city officials pointedly leave him off their suggested power lists. "He's not a person who wields power for an objective," bitches one ranking city official. "He's a chess player." Besides, the official goes on, Berger draws his power from the state and from Carey's secretary, David Burke. (The same official, of course, also cited Rohatyn and Bigel as powers.)

Berger's power stems from his aggressive personality. Berger has held up approval of the teachers' union contract for more than a year, prodded city officials to take tentative steps to bring the Health and Hospitals Corporation under greater fiscal control, threatened to monitor the inflated promises of mayoral candidates. Because humility is not one of his virtues, he has collected many enemies. Some observers think he won't last long. "The politics of accommodation," says Shalala, "means that all have to move together rather than strike out on their own. No one can run ahead of anyone else. That's Berger's problem."

Berger does not always run ahead alone. "The private members of the Control Board are the most out front," explains Ellinghaus of the three business members. "Politicians don't like to push things. The staff relies on the private members being the sons of bitches."

Patterson-Wriston, The Banking Duo

The death of the banks is greatly exaggerated. John Zuccotti has an acute appreciation of their power: "We need their cooperation in terms of the financial future of the city. We need them for the acquisition of our securities and for their acquiescence in stretching our bonds. They are also vital to the city's economic future because if they don't give loans the city doesn't grow."

As they did last year, two bankers emerge in a dead heat as most powerful: Ellmore Patterson, chairman of Morgan Guaranty, and Walter Wriston, chairman of Citicorp. "The banks have the power to say no," states a high state budget official. "Patterson is one banker who tried to use his power most positively. Within the Banking Clearinghouse, Patterson proposes and Wriston disposes." A key official with the state Banking Department agrees: "If not for Patterson and his involvement in the state's spring borrowing last year," he says, "I'm not sure it would have got done. Patterson heads the class bank of the world. . . . He is dedicated to making things work, not taking positions."

It is because Wriston takes positions that others see him as the preeminent banker. "Wriston knows more what he wants," argues an official with the Citizens Budget Commission. "And he runs a better operation." Between the two, Jack Bigel says, "Wriston is probably on top. First National City has more clout because it's a bigger bank."

Sulzberger-O'Neill, The Press Lords

There is new energy in New York journalism. The *Post*, which suffered under Dorothy Schiff's petulant, penny-pinching rule, has a new owner, Rupert Murdoch. If he chooses to transform that paper into a serious afternoon daily, rather than a seamy X-rated imitation of his other screeches, Murdoch can become a major force in this town.

Meanwhile, most of the press has been busy being nice to New York, and its officials. The press, observes Deputy Mayor Stanley Friedman, "beats up on us less." It also beats up less on crime statistics. A year ago the press was judged important because it was critical that it get the facts right. This year many of the crisis participants implicitly treat the press as an accomplice, a fellow booster, a mirror to reflect an improved city.

The chief booster (and power) at the *Times* is publisher Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger. Not only has he aggressively committed his paper to expansion, but, dissatisfied with the "liberal" drift of the paper's editorials, he beheaded his cousin, editorial-page editor John Oakes. To replace Oakes, Sulzberger chose former Sunday editor Max Frankel. Says one *Times*man who has talked with Frankel, "You can be sure the *Times* won't advocate raising taxes again for ten years." No page mirrors the importance of the press like the front page. And excluding the *Daily News*'s DROP DEAD headline, the *Times*'s front page is most potent. "The *Times* is the scorecard," says Deputy Comptroller Clifford. "That's how you score the game."

The *Daily News* is still not the New York *Times*. But Punch Sulzberger is not Mike O'Neill."I hear O'Neill's name more and more," says state Budget Director Peter Goldmark, describing the talk in government circles. Editorials in the *News*, notes Rohatyn, spurred Governor Carey to focus on the importance of galvanizing the Northeast Governors Conference.

O'Neill is so personally charming and so omnipresent, he is viewed almost as a participant. When the city came up with a first draft of its long-awaited economic-development plan, one of the first people John Zuccotti sent it to for comment was the *News* editor. "Mike O'Neill had expressed his interest to me, so I sent it to him," explained Zuccotti. O'Neill explained it this way: "They solicited our views . . . since we had prodded them." The *News* did okay, printing the plan first. But the city didn't do badly. The day after the city released its plan, the lead editorial in the *News* enthused that it was not "one of those fancy, frilly dream schemes, but a no-nonsense, nuts-and-bolts program. . . ."

There is little question that in years past a mindlessly negative press did harm to New York, reinforcing stereotypes of the city as a wicked modern-day Gomorrah. But this year maybe the press has thought more of its investment than its readers. "If everybody's in agreement," astutely observes Donna Shalala, "it's hard to tell any other kind of story." ▬

Honorable Mention on the Power List

Warren Anderson: The Republican Senate leader can say *nyet* to many state moves.

David Burke: Carey's secretary must say *da*.

The Liberal party: All mirrors, but they control a ballot line.

Arthur Richenthal: Representing noteholders, the Queens attorney must approve a moratorium settlement.

Stanley Steingut: The Assembly speaker is closer to Beame than to Carey.

David Garth: He works with TV mirrors, and mayoral candidates are pleading for him to take their money. Has Carey's ear.

Nelson Rockefeller: A mere shadow of his former self, but don't ignore his ability to raise money.

Percy Sutton: After Carter, black may be back. He is the city's foremost black pol. Scrambles the field if he runs for mayor.

The Conservative party: Could fashion a Conservative-Republican fusion candidate.

Michael Blumenthal: The secretary of the treasury-designate will perform a key city role for Carter.

Roy Goodman: Democrats always have to worry he may gain the Liberal and Republican mayoral nods.

The Court of Appeals: It nixed the moratorium. What's next?

Kevin Cahill: Carey talks to his cousin Cahill perhaps more than to anyone else.

Dick Shinn: Beame listens to him on management reform.

Ken Axelson: Respected by all sides on the Control Board.

Andy Young: Will he talk, and will Carter listen?

Anthony Scotto: The longshoremen's leader delivers and is close to Beame and Carey.

Don Manes: Queens borough president, is also close to Carey and Beame. —K.A.

The Coming Baby Boom

By Linda Wolfe

"...A baby boom seems inconceivable right now but demographers and social scientists say a fever of fertility will shortly be sweeping the nation and pregnancy will once again become chic..."

One day last month an editorial assistant at a venerable New York publishing house brought her four-month-old baby into the office and caused an elaborate work stoppage. I was told the story by a man who sits at the desk next to the young mother. According to him, every female editor, publicist, and editorial assistant on the company's two floors stopped by to have a look at the baby and then lingered, picking it up, pecking at it, patting its cheeks, probing its plastic panties. The man who told me about the incident said, "They hung around all morning. Every woman in the place. Some of them were the very ones I've been dating, the very ones who have been telling me that I'm not to get serious, that they *know* what they want and it's only one-nighters and none of the marriage-and-family business. But there they all were, bending over this damn baby in its Guatemalan sling, gawking at it and gossiping about it as if it were a celebrity. Or a new triumph of technology."

This kind of scene has been occurring all over the city lately as babies, once plentiful and therefore boring, become more and more scarce, and therefore intriguing. But the meaning of such scenes is causing great controversy among demographers and social scientists.

One group asserts that no matter how women fuss over the occasional baby they see, they will never again turn to having children in the numbers they used to. Another group insists that they will, and soon. A fever of fertility, they say, will shortly be sweeping the nation and pregnancy will once again become chic. A generation ago, during the height of the post–World War II baby boom, women were producing an average of 3.5 babies apiece. Then the figure began to descend, reaching in 1972 the rate of 2.08. Since 1972 it has continued to plummet, dipping as low this year as 1.8. But, say those who are bullish on babies, by 1980 family size will be up again and by the mid-1980s women will once again be producing babies in volume. Around that time women will be having close to three babies apiece, and by the start of the next decade they will be averaging even more than three, thus giving us another colossal baby boom.

At first it seems difficult to believe. If anything, we are right now deep in the throes of a baby bust. All over the countrv federal hospital administrators are urging obstetrical units to close—and doing it not merely to save money but because the people working in many such units are on the verge of becoming dangerously out of practice. We are becoming a nation of the elderly: Gerber's baby foods has had to diversify; in Washington, D.C., this fall, an event unique in the nation's history was announced—the number of abortions performed in the capital had matched the number of births. Yet no matter, say the baby-boom theorists, the boom is coming. Indeed, it is the very fact and depth of the bust that is going to produce the boom. One will beget the other, they assert; every thesis contains its antithesis; every social swing in one direction impels a pendulum rush backward.

To understand the boom theory, one must first appreciate the depths of the bust. Fertility has been falling all over America, in all classes, among all ethnic groups. There have been dramatic declines in the birthrates of black, Puerto Rican, and Mexican women, and reductions during some years of the seventies among welfare women. But among middle-class women, fertility seems almost to have dried up.

Most of us are dimly aware of this. We find ourselves staring when we see a pregnant woman on a bus, and we may think to ourselves that no one we know seems to be having babies anymore. Of course, this is merely an impression. But social scientists who monitor statistics confirm our impressions. They know some facts we don't and one of the facts they know is enough to give something of a jolt to the nervous system, a present shock more tingling and disquieting to the brain than any amount of future shock. The fact is: Among some groups of educated women, fewer than 1 percent of potential childbearers are having babies.

Vintage Years for People: How Lucky Was Your Cohort?

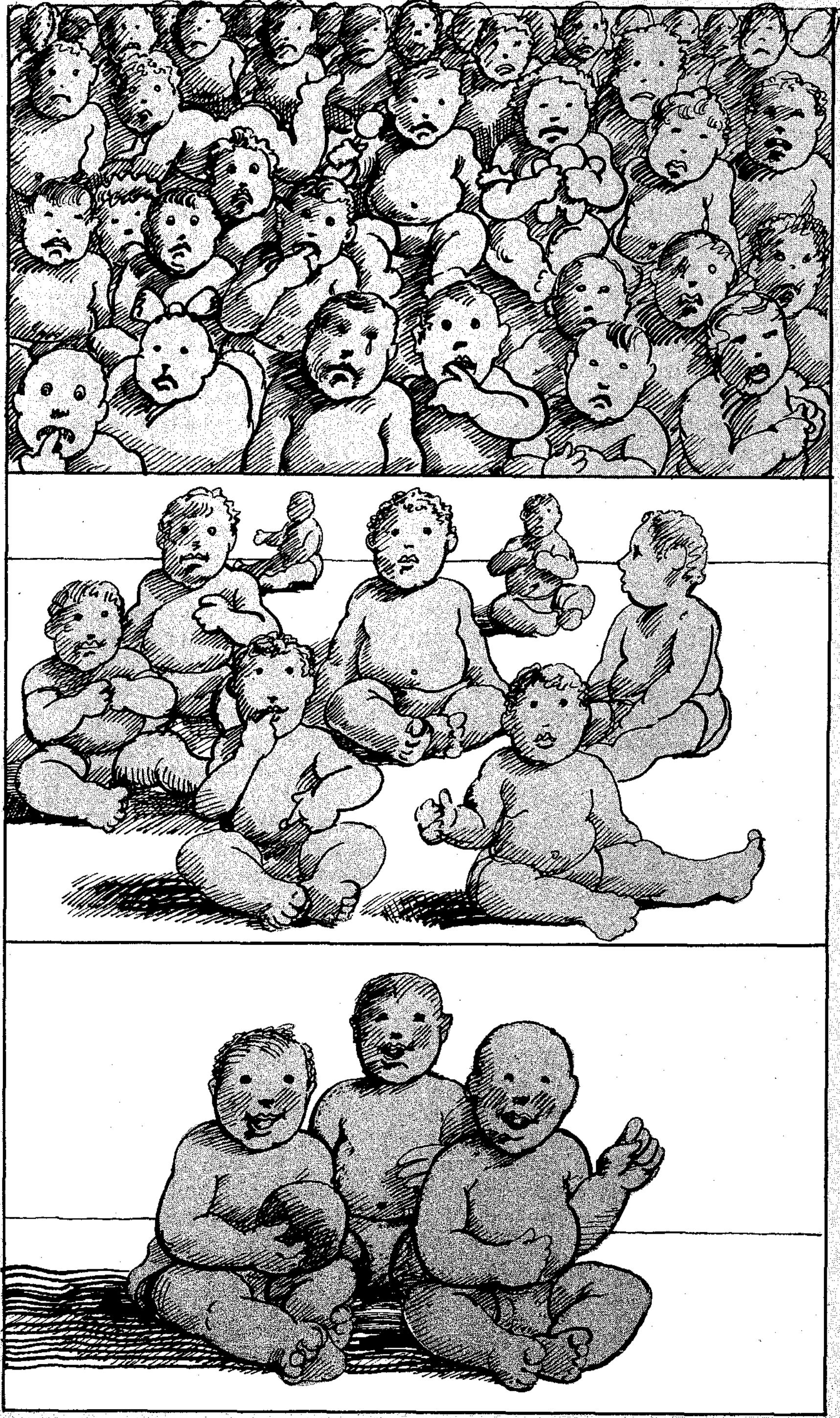
Most people tend to think of demography as an abstract, impersonal subject. But actually it is of great personal significance. It can help us determine not only which careers we would be wise to pursue, but it can even, like a branch of psychology, help us understand our personalities and abilities to adjust to society. If we are born into a year in which many others are born, chances are that we will live and age competitively and always feel somewhat tense, wary, and unsuccessful. If we are born into a year when few people are born, opportunities will seem to shine and we will feel not just economically but psychologically secure. The chart below lists U.S. births from 1910 to 1976. The years in which births were relatively low can be said to have been vintage years for people. They are indicated by asterisks—one asterisk for the vintage year in each grouping of five years; two asterisks for the best year within each grouping of two decades. If you were one of the cohort born in a starred year, you should, according to some demographers, be more self-confident and optimistic than people you know who were born in the nonvintage years.

—L.W.

Live Births in the U.S., 1910—1976

*Best year (fewest births) within each span of five years.
**Best year (fewest births) within each span of two decades.

Year	Total Births	Year	Total Births
1910*	**2,777,000**	**1945***	**2,858,000**
1911	2,809,000	1946	3,411,000
1912	2,940,000	1947	3,817,000
1913	2,869,000	1948	3,637,000
1914	2,966,000	1949	3,649,000
1915	2,965,000	**1950***	**3,632,000**
1916	2,964,000	1951	3,820,000
1917	2,944,000	1952	3,909,000
1918	2,948,000	1953	3,959,000
1919*	**2,740,000**	1954	4,071,000
1920	2,950,000	**1955***	**4,097,000**
1921	3,055,000	1956	4,210,000
1922*	**2,882,000**	1957	4,300,000
1923	2,910,000	1958	4,246,000
1924	2,979,000	1959	4,286,000
1925	2,909,000	1960	4,257,000
1926	2,839,000	1961	4,268,000
1927	2,802,000	1962	4,167,000
1928	2,674,000	1963	4,098,000
1929*	**2,582,000****	**1964***	**4,027,000**
1930	2,618,000	1965	3,760,000
1931	2,506,000	1966	3,606,000
1932	2,440,000	1967	3,520,000
1933*	**2,307,000****	**1968***	**3,501,000****
1934	2,396,000	1969	3,600,000
1935	2,377,000	1970	3,731,000
1936*	**2,355,000**	1971	3,556,000
1937	2,413,000	1972	3,258,000
1938	2,496,000	**1973***	**3,137,000**
1939	2,466,000	1974	3,166,000
1940*	**2,559,000**	1975	3,193,000
1941	2,703,000	1976	3,128,000
1942	2,989,000		
1943	3,104,000		
1944	2,939,000		



Illustrated by Tom Lulevitch

"...Fertility will start to rise around 1980, with women again having an average of more than three children each in the 1990s..."

The figure turned up this year in an obscure, little-circulated book entitled *A College in Dispersion: Women of Bryn Mawr 1896–1975*. There, buried in the back among the endless tables of Bryn Mawr women's career choices, college satisfaction, and foreign languages read and spoken, was a startling piece of information: There had been only three babies born to the 70 percent of Bryn Mawr women who had graduated from the college between 1971 and 1975 and had participated in the poll. In 1971, when close to 70 percent of Bryn Mawr graduates from the classes of 1966–1970 had been polled about *their* baby production, a total of more than 70 babies had been racked up. In a five-year period, the baby production of recent Bryn Mawr graduates had gone from over 10 percent to under 1 percent.

The baby bust has, of course, affected all segments of American society and it has been in progress since 1957, the year that is considered the official climax of the post–World War II baby boom. From that date forward, family size began to shrink, as did the national birthrate, which fell from 25.3 in 1957 to 17.5 in 1968 to 14.8 in 1975. Thus, given the precedents, one might predict that the future of babies in America is dim, that American women will simply continue in the direction already established and have ever fewer and fewer children. But according to the boom theorists, this is far from what is going to happen. Demographer Richard Easterlin, professor of economics at the University of Pennsylvania and father of today's most accepted baby-boom theory, says, "The trend is now going to reverse itself."

Easterlin's theory is based on the importance of the size of a cohort—the number of people born in any particular year—to earning power and consequently to the wish to procreate. His is, of course, an economic theory—but not one that draws the usual simple ratio of "good times equals more babies and bad times equals fewer." In the Easterlin theory, people do not have babies or avoid having them because times are good or bad. They have them or avoid having them because of how well off they feel in either good or bad times. And the subjective feeling depends on one essential: the number of people in their cohort.

Easterlin speculates, "One of the factors that seem to have been important in the last baby boom was the relative number of young people in the labor market. In the forties and fifties, there were relatively few of them and they were thus relatively well off. These people then had lots of children—the baby-boom cohorts—so that in the sixties and seventies there was a relative glut of young people on the market and they've had a somewhat rough time. They had fewer children than their parents had had, and now some of their children—the first of the post-baby-boom cohorts—will soon be entering the labor market. And when they do, there are going to be relatively few of them and they are going to find themselves relatively well off, and thus the baby trend is going to swing upward again."

At the University of Michigan, economist and demographer Ronald Lee subscribes to the Easterlin theory. Lee explains, "Children born into a small cohort are bound to feel, when they mature, that there are economic opportunities for them, even if there has not been a sudden surge forward in the economy. The reason for this is that our society always has a number of low-end-of-the-totem spots that must be filled, can only be filled, by those just entering the work world. Small cohorts need not compete for these positions the way large ones must, and thus they feel secure." (See chart of vintage cohort birth years on page 39.)

But Lee goes Easterlin one step farther. Stressing early childhood and sounding as much like a psychologist as an economist, Lee says, "It isn't the economics of one's maturity that determines whether or not one will have a large or a small family, but the way in which the economics of one's maturity differs from one's childhood expectations. Depression children expected the worst but when they grew up they discovered they were better off than they had expected to be and thus they had lots of babies. Their children grew up in affluent times and expected the best—yet when so many of them descended on the work world, they did poorly. As a result, they had few babies. Now their children, expecting hard times, are about to look for work—and are about to discover that, by virtue of their small numbers, things aren't so bad after all."

So certain is Lee of the boom around the corner that he has even dated it and predicted its dimension. "Fertility will start to rise around 1980, will increase steadily through the mid-1980s, and in the nineties it will peak, with women once again having an average of more than three children apiece."

Can the baby-boom theorists be correct? It would seem that more than economics is involved in an increase in family size, that for a boom of such magnitude to occur, we would have to experience a cataclysmic change in social attitudes. And such a change seems inconceivable right now, when the urge of most American women is to work rather than to rear. Motherhood has not only decreased but it has also declined in status—so much so that while only a few years ago mothers who went to work complained that they were viewed as social pariahs, women who today stay at home with children and do not work beef that it is *they* who are constantly denigrated. Even those women who have combined child-rearing with careers feel that motherhood has low status; to speak of their jobs over lunch or at a party is acceptable, they say; to speak of their children is to ask to be snubbed. Regina Karp, a former schoolteacher who retired from work in order to devote her full energies to her two young children, gives an example of how the snub is administered. Karp met Shirley MacLaine at a party and offered some opinions on child care in China. MacLaine asked Karp her occupation; learning it was full-time mother, the actress said, "What do *you* know?"

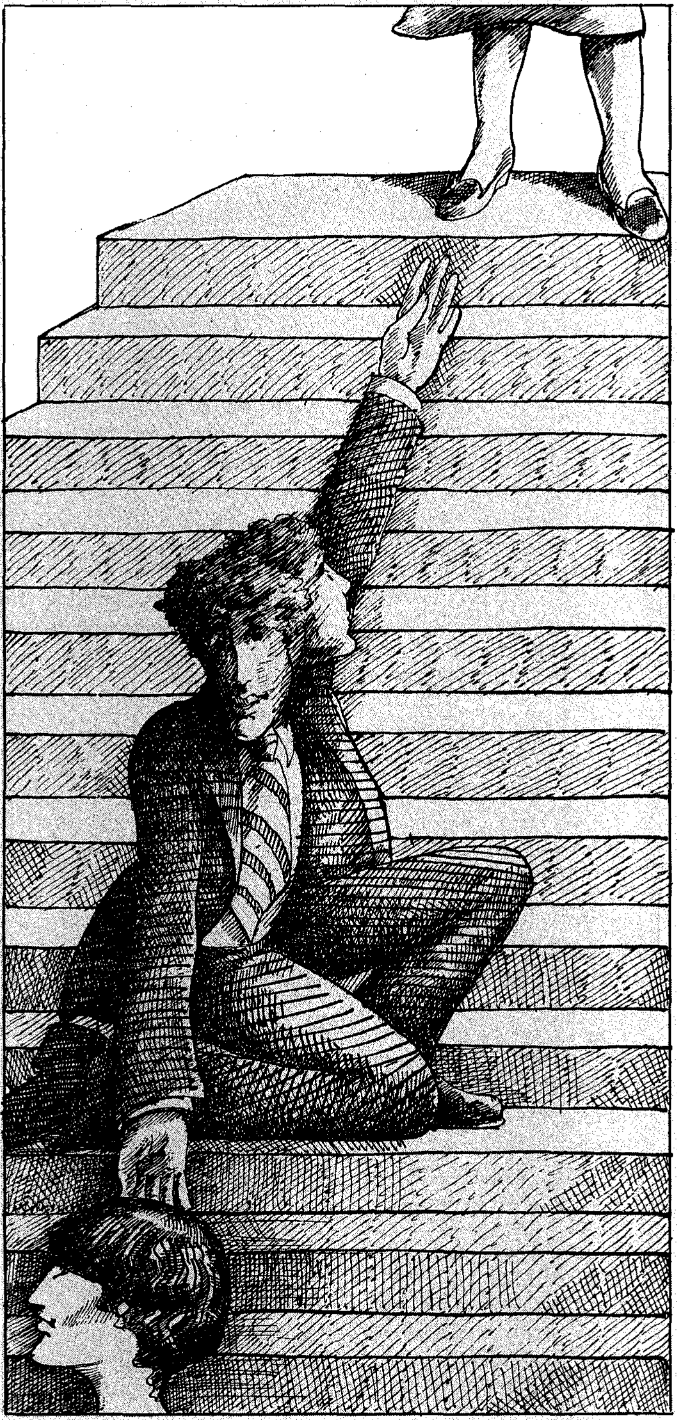
Under the circumstances, with motherhood no longer appearing altogether respectable, it is difficult to imagine the monumental shift in values that a baby boom would require. Yet there *was* such a shift in values in the 1960s, a change in the climate of opinion concerning maternity that seemed, in its own time, even more unlikely. That shift required the acceptance not only of birth control and careers for women but of abortion as well. Nevertheless, that shift occurred, and when it did, it coincided with the baby bust. And now, according to boom theorists who are oriented toward social philosophy rather than economics, we are in for a new shift that will coincide with the coming boom. Basing their opinions on analyses of social trends as well as population figures, demographers June Sklar of the University of California at Berkeley and Beth Berkov of the California State Department of Health have also begun predicting that "the decline in the nation's birthrate is coming to a halt and an upturn is in the making." Sklar and Berkov made this pronouncement in 1975 after observing that despite legalized abortion and no rise in the marriage rate, fertility had gone up in California in 1974. The two demographers attributed the rise in the California birthrate to an increase in babies among married and previously childless women who were now having the children they had earlier chosen not to have. Then the demographers predicted a national-birthrate rise, citing recent surveys of American women which revealed aversions to childlessness and even to the one-child family. Although "the proportion of young married women who are childless is now very high," Sklar and Berkov wrote, "there is evidence that very few of them wish to remain childless."

Certainly there is such evidence even among the Bryn Mawr childless. "I'm looking forward to having children. Maybe even lots of them," said Marian Scheuer, lawyer, class of '70. "I want babies," said Roslyn Schloss, administrative assistant, class of '70. "But I'd rather find a father for them first."

If these women and others like them—those who have decided not so much to avoid babies altogether as to delay them until their careers are established—were now to begin to produce their postponed offspring, it is certainly possible that they could bring about a mini-run on dying day-care centers and neglected nursery schools. But they could not, in and of themselves, produce a national baby boom. That could result only if women who are just now getting out of college or into the work force also begin to have children—only, in other words, if postponement itself goes out of fashion. Yet on this point too, Sklar and Berkov made a boom forecast. It is possible, they said, that women just now entering their early twenties may "not continue the present pattern of postponing marriage and childbearing." It has happened before, they said, that attitudes toward marriage and childbearing changed suddenly, and they predicted that such swings "may well occur again."

Still, if the swing comes, it is not likely to be a swing back to former attitudes. Women are unlikely ever again to turn to motherhood as an occupation satisfactory in and of itself, or as a conventional, hidebound aspiration. If a baby boom comes, it will stem from values altogether different from those that prompted the past boom. These new values are already becoming manifest.

One young mother from Antioch College told me, "I'm viewed as unconventional now that I've had my baby. I married a man I thought was rather boring at first, but decided that having a



The Sexual-Chase Ratio

If the baby bust should continue, we can expect widespread social as well as economic changes. Amitai Etzioni of Columbia University predicts, for one thing, that we will undergo "an extreme flip-flop in the chase ratio." His pronouncement is based on the still common tendency of men to seek their sexual partners among women who are younger than themselves. But since there has been a general decline in births since 1957 (and thus fewer women), men have of late had to reach down into even smaller pools of young females in order to find partners. Etzioni maintains that if the bust continues we may at last see the older-man/younger-woman dyad give up the ghost, since men will be forced, by virtue of the numbers, to seek partners among their own age-mates or even to reach upward into the pools of older women. In the long term, however, if the baby *boom* theorists prove to be right, the more conventional sexual dispensation will prevail. —L. W.

"...'There is no aphrodisiac in the world as powerful as the absence of babies,' says political-science professor Andrew Hacker..."

family sounded fascinating. I expected my friends to scoff but actually they think I've done something original, even quaint. Everyone likes to sit around and watch me nurse the baby or change diapers—some of my friends have never seen these things done before—and now I'm considered the class bohemian."

Faith Greenfield-Lewis, linguist, Bryn Mawr '70, one of the 1966–1970 baby-postponers but now a brand-new mother, reports that, for her, having a baby was exotic if not bohemian. She decided to give birth after going to Africa with her husband and absorbing there a whole new set of attitudes. "We went to Mali," Lewis explains. "My husband was studying the Bambara. We lived with them and I made friends with the women. I discovered that to them having children made you liberated. They used to say, 'When you have a baby, then you can *travel.*' They meant it both literally and figuratively. When they have babies, they go places, go trading in the other villages. And they are not allowed to do that before they have given birth. But they also meant travel in the sense of *develop.* I learned how important a baby could be to my development as a person by going to Africa."

Amitai Etzioni, professor of sociology at Columbia University, says, "I can see babies becoming popular again. But they'll be that way because of some back-to-nature urge that so many young women experience today."

Most of us tend to feel more than a little disconcerted at the prospect of a baby boom, and fear that population expansion is ecologically unsound. This notion, promulgated by the Club of Rome and other prestigious organizations, has come to seem gospel among lay people, but some social scientists have begun to doubt its validity. Etzioni says, "The idea of limiting population growth began as propaganda for countries like India, and the only reason the word was spread here too was that the proponents of limited growth were afraid to be accused of elitism. But it's clear now that we don't need to limit population growth in the United States. We can easily continue expanding. Have you ever flown to Washington or driven to Boston? The growth-limiters keep saying our country is overcrowded, particularly here in the Northeast, but if you've kept your eyes open on the routes to Washington or Boston you can see that there are miles and miles of open space. Believing we're overcrowded, believing we have to stop expanding, is what I consider an extreme case of sheepishly accepting what's printed in a newspaper instead of accepting the evidence in front of one's own eyes."

Of course, proponents of baby reduction aren't all social planners with eyes on the future. Some are simply everyday hedonists, people preoccupied with a pleasurable present, those who feel the quality of current life is enhanced by the absence of babies. And in some respects they seem right. We have, as a nation, enjoyed the baby bust, have found it liberating, even sexy. Two national surveys of sexual frequency conducted in recent years both revealed that as population shrank there was a copulation explosion.

One study, executed by Princeton's Office of Population Research but funded by the federal government, is jokingly referred to by demographers as the GNL—the Gross National Love index. In 1970 the GNL revealed that there had been a 14 percent increase in marital lovemaking across the nation in the years since 1965; the 1975 figures are not yet available, but they are expected to show a continuation of the trend. The other study, funded by the Playboy Foundation, found not only a monumental increase in coital frequency in 1972 when compared to Kinsey's two-decades-earlier data, but also a "major and historic" increase in oral sex. Andrew Hacker, professor of political science at Queens College and author of *The New Yorkers,* a demographic study of our city, says, "There is no aphrodisiac in the world as powerful as the absence of babies."

But some people have suffered as a result of the bust. Teachers, children's-book publishers, and others who sell baby products have obviously suffered, but so too have learning-disability psychologists and life-insurance salespeople. Eventually, according to some social scientists, the bust will make us all suffer economically. Etzioni asks, "What does it mean to have ever fewer children and ever more old persons proportionately? It means more people who need services and fewer people able to work. It means a lot of wheelchairs and few baby carriages, and it means the rest of us having to foot the bill for more and more people in nursing homes and hospitals."

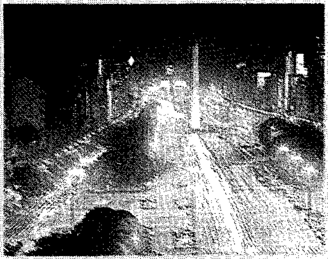
Hacker says, "Babies are a liability. A drag. And the notion that people will ever stop viewing them that way is ridiculous."

Still, according to Hacker, there are serious dangers ahead when the baby bust causes the inevitable tilt in the ratio of working, productive, taxpaying individuals to retired individuals. "How many of us, age 35 to 45, will have to carry how many retired people on our backs? Take a person 80 to 85. Think how much it costs to keep that person alive—and I'm not even talking about when he gets sick and has to have elaborate modern medicine. I'm talking just about his ordinary daily life. Who pays for it? We do, with the money we pay out for Social Security. It doesn't go into our own little private accounts, but goes to pay for the currently retired, since the money they paid in has already been spent. Okay. When you and I are up to age 85, it will be people age 35 who are supporting us, but since there are going to be so few of them—given the current birthrates—and so many of us, they are going to have to pay fantastic amounts!"

There is also the fear that a society with many aged and few young people will be lacking in innovation. A young society is a creative one; an old one is a conservative one. Scientific and technological achievements are the province of the young, maintaining standards is the province of the old. A French writer has characterized a baby-bust society as a silent world, one in which there will be "old people ruminating over old ideas in old houses." Thus, while the thought of a baby boom is distressing to many of us, it is possible to take some comfort in it.

Of course, no one knows for sure if the boom is really going to come or if the bust is simply going to deepen. As Charles F. Westoff, associate director of Princeton's Office of Population Research, says, "There's only one sure thing about predicting population trends and that is that whichever you predict, you're probably going to be wrong." Nevertheless, financial advisers and furriers, college presidents and congressmen, publishers and perambulator manufacturers are all nervously studying the end-of-the-year demographic figures and attempting to make sound forecasts. And perhaps all of us would be wise to do so, since it is inevitable that one way or the other, whether 1977 marks the burrowing in of the bust or the burgeoning forth of the boom, we are headed for major social changes as the population trend finally makes itself clear. ■

South America, this is the season.



You always wondered if you could afford to. Now you can't afford not to. Because we've put South America – the whole sprawling, magnetic continent – within reach of your budget. And your schedule.

In South America, this is the season. While the Northern hemisphere bundles up for winter, cosmopolitan Buenos Aires swings into spring and summer. Rio steps out for Carnival. And delicious Caracas lazes beside the warm Caribbean.

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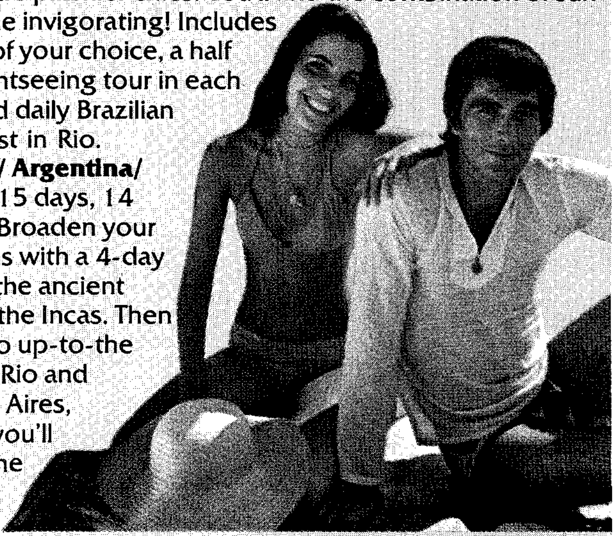

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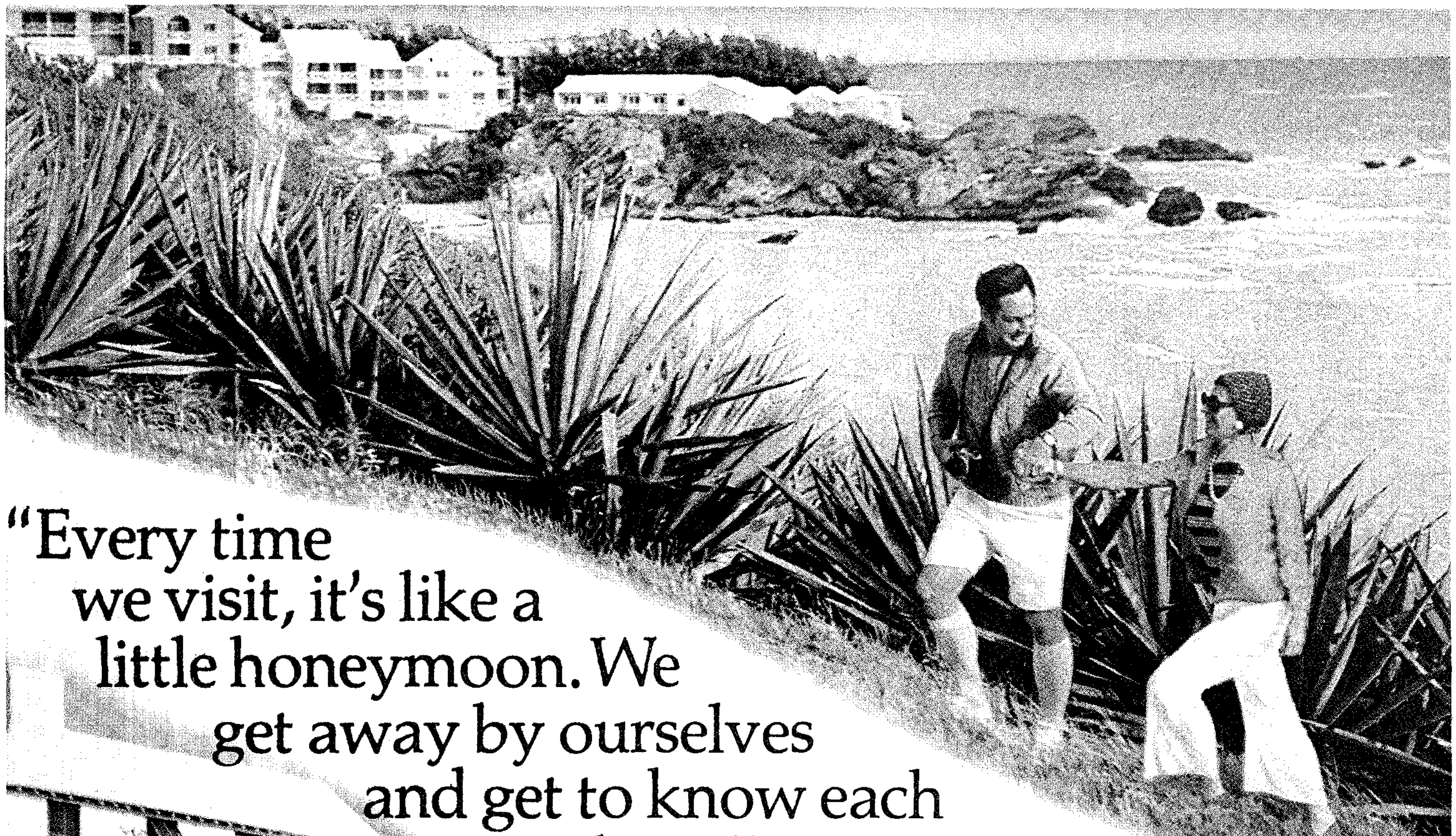

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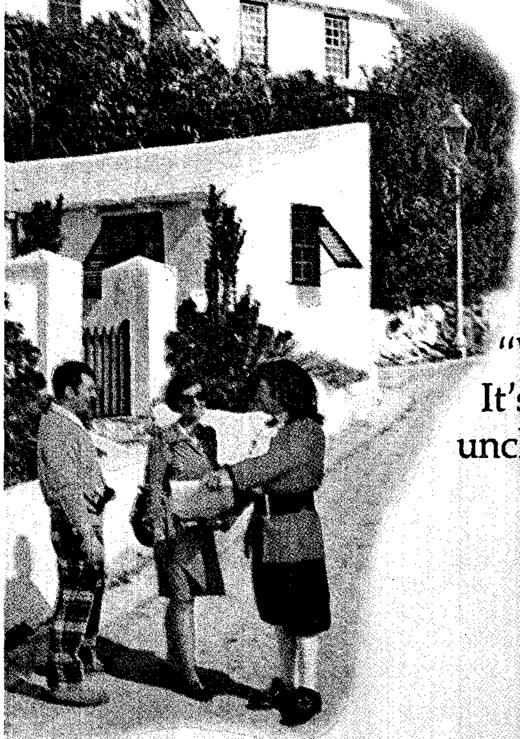

"It's so lovely and quiet here. You never tire of coming back and back and back."

"We spent a day at St. George's. It's so quaint. An enchanting, unchanging place."

"We met some schoolchildren and they were just like old friends. So well mannered."

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Tom Stoppard, Nonstop

Word Games With a Hit Playwright

By Jon Bradshaw

"...'I want to demonstrate that I can make serious points by flinging a custard pie around the stage for a couple of hours'..."

Tom Stoppard, the author of Dirty Linen *(previews of which begin at the John Golden Theater January 4), is also the author of* Jumpers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, *and* Travesties. *The latter two plays won Tony awards. The following conversations took place in England recently.*

The Quality Inn is an inferior hostelry in the upper reaches of Regent Street. Two men entered the inn and took a booth toward the back. The taller man, a playwright, carried a large leather bag. For reasons which later escaped him, the shorter man, a journalist, assumed it was filled with plays; he had been drinking seriously since noon and his perceptions were not what they had been before lunch. The playwright wore a blue imitation-leather suit, purple shoes emblazoned with red stars, and a black-and-white striped scarf into which was knitted in red the word *travesties.* The journalist was certain of that. He drank his tea. The tea was rank and bagged. Lifting his hand, he summoned a waiter.

"May I have a drink?" he said.

"Only if you have something to eat."

"I don't want anything to eat."

"Suppose *I* have something to eat," said the playwright. "Can he have something to drink?"

"No, it's against the rules."

"Suppose I have something to drink," said the journalist. "Can *he* have something to eat?"

"I don't understand," said the waiter.

The journalist pushed the tea bag through the murky tea.

"Well, where shall we begin?"

"Why don't I give you a prepared statement?" the playwright said. "Actually, I'm quite prepared for interviews. I'm always interviewing myself. Or at least I used to. I don't have to interview myself anymore because people come and do it for me." He grinned. "Mind you, they don't do it as well as I do.

"I must tell you," he continued. "There's something you should know right away. I'll say *anything* to an interviewer, but somewhere in the middle of the piece, there ought to be a warning, like on cigarette packets. A warning which states: This profile is in the middle truth range. Don't inhale. And that's the point, since a profile shows just *one* side of somebody . . . a very good term for this particular *kind* of journalism."

"And which side did you intend to show?"

"The outside. That's what I like about interviews. Now, I suppose you'll want some sort of background. The facts. The wheres and whens?"

"Yes, I suppose. But don't exaggerate."

"Oh, I'm very good at giving boring interviews," he said. "I can say, yes, my name is Tom Stoppard and, yes, I'm 39 and, yes, I left school at seventeen and joined the *Western Daily Press* as a junior reporter in 1954 and joined the Bristol *Evening World* in 1958 and, yes, I began to write *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* in 1964. I'm very good at that. No problem. Wait while I get some cigarettes and I'll tell you some more."

He walked off to the back of the restaurant. The facts, to dispense with them immediately, were more than a little surprising. He was born in Czechoslovakia in 1937. Both his parents were Czech. He had an older brother. Shortly before the outbreak of World War II, the four of them were sent to Singapore, quite the wrong place to go since shortly after, the Japanese invaded it. The Stoppards were evacuated to India. Stoppard's father remained behind and died in Japanese captivity.

They spent the rest of the war in India—in Calcutta and in Darjeeling, where Stoppard attended an American multiracial school. In late 1945 his mother married an Englishman serving in the British Army who early in 1946 brought them to England. "My stepfather's name was Stoppard," the playwright said, returning to the booth. "My father's name was Straussler, like the composer with *ler* at the end." He smiled. "As you see, Tomas Straussler sits before you."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, I'm afraid that's it. I have never starved, never lived in a garret, and I've never had TB."

The playwright ordered another cup of tea. "When I left school," he said, "I wanted to be a great journalist. My first ambition was to be lying on the floor of an African airport while machine-gun bullets zoomed over my typewriter. But I wasn't much use as a re-

". . .'You see, ultimately, before being carried out feet first, I would like to have done a bit of absolutely everything'. . ."

porter. I felt I didn't have the right to ask people questions. I always thought they'd throw the teapot at me or call the police. For me, it was like knocking at the door, wearing your reporter's peaked cap, and saying: 'Hello, I'm from journalism. I've come to inspect you. Take off your clothes and lie down.'

"But I wasn't much good at it and I never got to Fleet Street. Early on in my career, I had an interview with Mr. Charles Wintour, the editor of the *Evening Standard.* At one point, Mr. Wintour asked me if I were interested in politics. Thinking all journalists should be interested in politics, I told him I was. He then asked me who the current home secretary was. Of course, I had no idea who the current home secretary was, And, in any event, it was an unfair question. I'd only admitted to an interest in politics. I hadn't claimed I was *obsessed* with the subject.

"But I'm through with all that now. I gave up journalism and became a playwright."

"But you have no objections to seeing journalists who have come to inspect *you?"*

"No, but I'm wary of them. Do you see what I'm saying?" The playwright paused to light a cigarette. "I feel I should preface this with an epigram, which is: 'Nothing is more studied than a repeated spontaneity.' And on that note I'll repeat what I said to you the other day. You see, the unstated supposition to any interviewing situation is that I know the answers to the questions you're asking. And there are certain kinds of questions to which I do indeed know the answers. If you ask me how tall I am, I'll say six foot one and tomorrow if you ask me again I'll say the same thing . . . unless, of course, I've grown. But if you ask me what I think of Virginia Woolf, then the answer would have a different *status.*"

"What *do* you think of Virginia Woolf?"

"Well, in my opinion, Virginia Woolf was the tallest woman writer of the twenties."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, yes. My information is that Katherine Mansfield was only four foot eleven and Edith Sitwell was only five foot three. But Virginia Woolf was six foot eight, a fact not commonly known." The playwright laughed. "Actually, life would be very simple if writers *were* judged by measurable criteria. Now as a matter of fact, I don't know if I'm six foot one, because I haven't measured myself lately. But then I would be being merely inaccurate, which is a different kind of a mistake. Do you see? I often give a frivolous answer to a serious question, which is a kind of a lie. I don't lie about my age or the number of bathrooms in my house, but if you ask me whether I write comedy because I am too insecure to make a serious statement, well, that's a complex question and rather than getting into it, it's much easier to say yes. One doesn't tell lies. I now have a repertoire of plausible answers which evade the whole truth. It just goes wrong. The truth slips away and becomes something you probably won't mean tomorrow."

"You could, of course, have a prepared statement and when a newshound knocked at the door you could slide it out to him," said the journalist.

"Yes, or it would be very funny to have the answers written on cards and do tricks. You could say to the interviewer, 'Now listen, take a card, any card. Okay? Don't tell me what it is. Okay? Now ask me a question. Right. Now, look at the card. Got it?' "

The two men paid the bill and left the restaurant. "You know, if every card said 'maybe,' you could get away with that," the playwright said.

The large stone Victorian house is situated near a busy traffic circle in Buckinghamshire. Tom Stoppard has lived here for four years with his wife and four children. During the week there are a nanny and a secretary in attendance. As the two men entered, little shrieks of welcome emanated from down the hall and the four children came rushing in. The journalist was introduced and the two men retired to another room.

"This is really a parlor sort of room, which I very rarely use," said the playwright. He seemed concerned. "I can put you into a more interesting room if you like."

Observing a bar in the corner, the journalist assured him the room was more than adequate—grand, even, in its way. Barnaby, the seven-year-old, came in.

"Daddy," he said, "when is Mr. Bradshaw leaving?"

"I suppose just as soon as we can get rid of him," his father said.

"Get *rid* of him?" said Barnaby.

Since the two men were going to a performance of *Dirty Linen,* an early dinner was served in the spacious kitchen. Miriam, the playwright's wife, served spaghetti. (Miriam, a doctor, author, and business executive, has become something of a British-television personality answering questions on popular medicine.) Everyone ate together at a large round table. Having set out the food and wine, Miriam sat down and said, "Tom, Mr. Bradshaw's not asked a question for some time."

"He's going to ask the questions later," said the playwright. "First he's collecting the incriminating domestic evidence."

Looking up from his plate, Barnaby watched his father eat spaghetti. "Daddy, why do you twist your fork like that?" he said.

"Because if you kept the fork still and twisted yourself," said the playwright, "you'd get dizzy and fall into the spaghetti."

After dinner the two men drove up to London. During the trip the playwright recalled the success of his first play. "In 1965 I began work on a novel called *Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon,"* he said. "I just couldn't write it. Time passed and I finally started it two days before it was due. I worked out that if I wrote 30,000 words a day, I could still get it done in time." It was about this time that he also began work on *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead.* "I believed my reputation would be made by the novel. I believed the play would be of little consequence. They both appeared in the same week in August of 1966. I remember taking the train back to London from Edinburgh, where *Rosencrantz* had opened at the Edinburgh Festival. I looked through the pages of the *Observer.* There was no mention of the book. But there was a photograph of me with a caption which said: 'The most brilliant dramatic debut since Arden.' And I thought to myself, 'I didn't know Arden had written novels.' But, of course they were referring to the play. When I went to bed that night I remember thinking that some monstrous hoax had been perpetrated on me. The novel, on the other hand, did very badly. It sold about 688 copies and I'm told it did very well in Venezuela. I'm very big in Caracas, you know."

"In Caracas?"

"Well, not exactly *in* Caracas. Near Caracas."

It began to rain and slowing down, the playwright turned on the windshield wipers. "I became a playwright," he said, "almost as the result of a historical accident. I began writing during

Playwright Stoppard: *Musing in his striped* Travesties *scarf.*

"...'In my own work, the distinction between style and substance is never quite as clear as an academic might wish it to be'..."

a period when young writers in England wanted to be playwrights. In the late fifties, the playwright was the hottest thing in town. It's true. I promise you. Pinter, Osborne, Arden, and Wesker were the four hoarse men of the new apocalypse. Now, that's a truthful answer, in a limited way, as to why I write plays."

"And the rest of it?"

"Well, when I seriously consider why it is that I write plays, it has nothing to do with the social history of England or with what other people were writing around 1958. I'd rather write for the stage than television, for instance, because in a theater one has the full attention of one's audience, whereas while watching television one tends to glance at the newspaper, to talk, or to answer the telephone. I'm not terribly keen on having my plays performed in that sort of situation. And I'm not terribly attracted to writing novels because their impact is dispersed over the time it takes someone to read them. And could I trust my readers to lock the doors and take the telephone off the hook? I could not. There is also the fact that I like theaters as places. So one begins to see that my plausible answer turns out to be very much like a lie.

"*Rosencrantz* came about in a curious way. I was riding back from one of the commercial television stations with my agent, where I had failed to convince them that I was *the* person to write an *Armchair Theater*. We were talking about a production of *Hamlet* at the Old Vic. He said there was a play to be written about Rosencrantz and Guildenstern after they got to England. What happened to them once they got there? I was attracted to it immediately.

"The play had no substance beyond its own terms, beyond its apparent situation. It was about two courtiers in a Danish castle. Two nonentities surrounded by intrigue, given very little information and much of that false. It had nothing to do with the condition of modern man or the decline of metaphysics. One wasn't thinking, 'Life is an anteroom in which one has to kill time.' Or I wasn't, at any rate. God help us, what a play that would have been." He paused to light a cigarette. "I think I've actually seen one or two of those plays," he said. "But *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* wasn't about that at all. It was about two blokes, right?

"But there you go. There's a deep suspicion among serious people of comic situations. The point is that good fun is merely frivolous. There was something I said the other day which bears repeating. The trouble is that I think I said it to you. Never mind. I think I used to have a redeeming streak of seriousness in my work and now I have a redeeming streak of frivolity. That's a neat way of putting it and I wouldn't say it represents the *precise* truth of the matter. But that *is* the tendency.

"I tend to see everything through a comic prism. *After Magritte*, for example, sprang from a friend's story about the morning he was shaving when he saw from the bathroom window his pet peacock leap over the garden hedge and make off down the road. Peacocks being rare birds, he dropped his razor and, barefoot and lathered, he pursued it, caught it, and returned with the peacock under his arm. Now, I tend to write plays about people who drive by in a car at that particular moment. They see a man in pajamas, bare feet, and shaving foam, carrying a peacock, for about a third of a second. They never see him again. They never quite understand what it is they've seen. They probably wouldn't even agree on what it was.

"You see, I know what I'm after. And it's like this. I'm stuck with the kind of plays I write. I'm stuck with the level I write on because I enjoy humor, I'm good at humor, and I enjoy it being performed and laughed at — ironic juxtapositions, all that sort of thing. And that's what I've got to do. Because if I decided to write a modern Greek tragedy in blank verse I'd just write rubbish. You see, I want to demonstrate that I can make serious points by flinging a custard pie around the stage for a couple of hours. In other words, I want to write plays that are just funny enough to do their jobs but not *too* funny to obscure them. My line at the moment would be to try to reduce weighty preoccupations about the way the world is going to an extended exchange of epigrams with a good first-act curtain."

"Your plays aren't peopled by what one would call *real* people. Why don't people interest you as much as words?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I mean you're wrong actually to put it in quite those terms. I'm not a lexicographer. I'm not interested in words as such, I'm interested in ideas. But there's no other way to express an idea except in words. It's a distinction worth making. I'm not being pedantic. I'm not James Thurber, who, if he couldn't get to sleep, thought up 93 words beginning with *pqu* or something. That's not it at all. Couldn't care less. Never do crosswords. Don't care."

The car crossed the Hammersmith cloverleaf and moved into central London. "It doesn't interest me in any way to create *characters*. In *Dirty Linen*, the Chairman is off the shelf and Miss Gotobed is off another shelf. She's not a *real* character. What interests me is getting a cliché and then betraying it. Miss Gotobed is a busty lady who triumphs in the play and she's sharper and brighter about a lot of things and that's fine but it doesn't mean she's a real character at all. In fact, it probably means that she's *less* real than anybody else.

"Incidentally, it's worth pointing out that you make it sound as though I belong to some rather exclusive little club who write plays which aren't about real people. Without making too much of it, it *appears* that my plays which aren't about real people go down well with enormous numbers of real people. Now you tell me why that is."

"Well, perhaps characters in a play are never *real*. Have you met anybody who's reminded you of Oedipus Rex lately?"

"Only my father. God, I should say immediately into this tape recorder that it's not true. I have a weakness for wisecracks which I don't sometimes have the tact to withhold. I always think that mere untruth is a very poor reason for restraint. Let me rephrase that. Accuracy is a high price to pay for truth. End of epigram." The playwright laughed and then in a solemn voice said: "This epigram has been brought to you by Hitachi.

"You know, the kind of joke I enjoy the most is a tautology. When I was at school we used to listen to the Goon show and I remember they were doing a sketch on colonial India and there was this joke. One of the Goons, Spike Milligan, I suppose, said, 'And then the monsoons came, and they couldn't have come at a worse time, bang in the middle of the rainy season.' Now, that to me is a perfect joke. My kind of joke is a snake in a funny hat eating its own tail. Tautologies, right? And for reasons which may be very uninteresting indeed, I'm very fond of them."

"You do speedwriting, I suppose?"

"Yes, if I'm given enough time."

"How long have you been a pedestrian?"

"Ever since I could walk."

"And how do you see yourself in the scheme of things?"

"Je suis, ergo sum."

"I *thought* so. It's a theme that runs throughout your work."

The two men walked hurriedly up Great Newport Street. It was still raining and they were late for *Dirty Linen.* "It's raining," the playwright said. "Let's duck into the nearest theater."

Entering the crowded theater, the playwright was recognized by several of the lingering astute and a flurry of whispers rose in his wake. The two men retreated to the upstairs bar.

"How many times have you seen *Dirty Linen?"* said the journalist.

"Twelve," said the playwright, "and it gets better every other time."

Moments later, the bell rang and the two men took their seats. The playwright took pen and paper from his leather bag in order to make notes on the performance. It was a habit of his to stop in from time to time to assure himself (and the actors) that matters were running smoothly. The houselights went down. The play began and one was soon immersed in jokes—tautologies and puns, wisecracks and japes, *non sequiturs,* absurd conceits and epigrams, followed about an hour later by the curtain and much applause. A man sitting two seats away turned to his wife and said, "Is that the *end?"* The two men returned to the bar.

"Dirty Linen sort of grew like Topsy, really," the playwright said. "Ed Berman, the director, would have been perfectly happy if I'd turned in a 25-minute sketch, which is all I'd intended to do because I didn't have any ideas and because I couldn't think of a sketch relating to his own particular needs, which were for a season of plays about America or something to do with America. I ended up using an idea I'd saved for some other occasion and that idea was to have a play about a committee of very high-powered people. I was thinking of the archbishop of Canterbury and the prime minister, the equivalent of Einstein, some guy doing nuclear physics, a theologian, a philosopher, and they were going to have this committee meeting on some topic worthy of their brain power and there was going to be this staggering bird, who was there to sharpen the pencils and pass the water carafe around and I was going to have her correcting them on points of theology and nuclear physics in a very bland sort of way.

"I hadn't developed the idea beyond that single notion of dislocating the category of dumb blondes, you see. Finally, out of despair—you know, the usual deadline trouble—I began writing that play in the form of a committee meeting to debate Ed Berman's application for British citizenship. Got sick of that, decided to hell with Berman's American problem, and just wrote *Dirty Linen.* And then, you see, because there is a God and he *does* look after writers, I realized that all I had to do was to have an adjournment, put in fifteen minutes about America, and I'd solved Berman's problem as well. And the whole thing is a nonsense, of course, little more than an extended joke."

"What are you doing next?"

"What next? Well, I've written a sort of play which involves six actors and a symphony orchestra. The setting is contemporary, political in its implications, to do with human rights, and the treatment is tragicomic. The idea, which was suggested by André Previn, appealed as much as anything to my incipient megalomania, I think. I just love the idea of having a hundred musicians in a play. And I'm very in awe of conductors. Apart from Evel Knievel, I think the conductor of a great orchestra is the most awesome figure on earth.

SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON

At home: *Stoppard and wife, Miriam.*

"You see, ultimately, before being carried out feet first, I would like to have done a bit of absolutely everything. Really, without any evidence of any talent in those other directions, I find it very hard to turn down offers to write an underwater ballet for dolphins or a play for a motorcyclist on the wall of death. That's why I did this thing with André Previn. No one ever asked me to write a play with a symphony orchestra before. Probably no one ever will again."

The theater was empty now but for a few of the actors who had come up to the bar to chat with the playwright and to have a drink before going home. "Are you bothered much with urgent requests from people seeking *meaning* in your work?" the journalist said.

"Not often, but often enough to be irritating," he said. "You see, plays are written to entertain, they're *theatrical.* I don't want to be disobliging or churlish to people who are invariably nice and are paying me a real compliment in asking academic questions about my plays. But I do insist on making the point that they aren't written to be studied and discussed. No plays are written to be studied and discussed any more than pictures are painted to be discussed. The lit-crit industry is now approaching the dimensions of ITT. It reminds me of a very good footnote to an edition of Goethe's letters. Goethe was saying something like 'And now, I fell in love for the first time.' And in the footnote, the editor said: 'Here, Goethe was mistaken. In 18 . . .'" He laughed. "You know?"

"What about the style of your work? You've been accused of being all style and no substance," said the journalist.

"Not quite. In my own work, I think if you took away the style, the gift for putting things in certain ways, if you took that away and rewrote everything so that it was pedestrian, but said the same thing, then you would have a residue of a certain number of things worth saying, but not worth listening to. I don't think I would say that of, say, Oscar Wilde. I think Wilde was *motivated* by style, which is a different thing. With Wilde, style was not merely the means, it *was* the end. In my own work the distinction between style and substance is never quite as clear as an academic might wish it to be. I'm not a writer who doesn't care what things mean and doesn't care if there isn't any meaning, but despite myself I *am* a kind of writer who doesn't give a fair crack of the whip to that meaning. The plays tend to give an impression of effervescence and style and wit for their own sake and thereby obscure what to me is the core of the toffee apple."

"The toffee apple?"

"A toffee apple, American readers, is a sort of hot dog, taken from Sanskrit. . . . *Tof* meaning hot and *Ap,* a sort of dog."

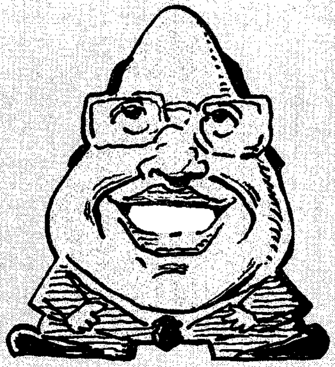
"Are you prepared to stand by that?"

"Well, I write fiction because it's a way of making statements I can disown. And I write plays because dialogue is the most respectable way of contradicting myself."

"Not bad," said the journalist. "May I quote you on that?"

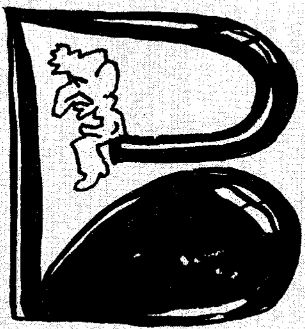
"There's no point in being quoted if one isn't going to be quotable," the playwright said. ■

POWER FAILURES OF 1976



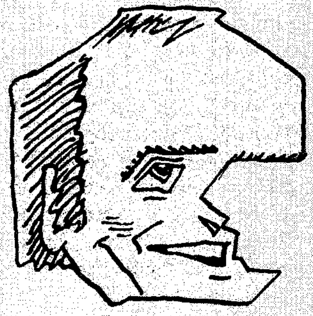
Robert Abrams

The Bronx is up, the battery's dead;
The fault, says Abrams, must lie with Con Ed.
He's hot on the subject, you gotta admit,
But his "Stop Con Ed" movie is not quite a hit.



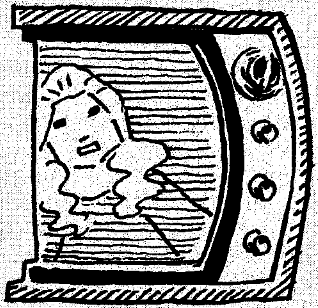
Leonard Bernstein

Oh, Lenny is aging, oh, Lenny is old;
His last Broadway opus got left in the cold.
A new pal he's seeking; he walked out on wife.
An artist, he tells us, must lead his own life.



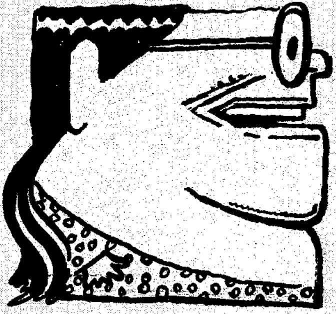
Dick Cavett

Dick Cavett, collector of Indian art,
Made a museum deal which wasn't too smart.
But who could say no to a man of such charm
Such sparkle, such culture . . . aw, gee,
what's the harm?



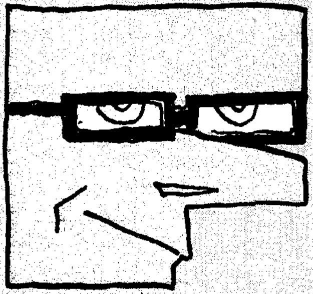
Barbaralee Diamonstein

Come talk on my talk show, I'll make you a star.
We've only ten viewers, 'cause that's all there are.
But it gets me to parties; I shake hands with God.
Oh, power, 'tis lovely; I'm classy, I'm mod.



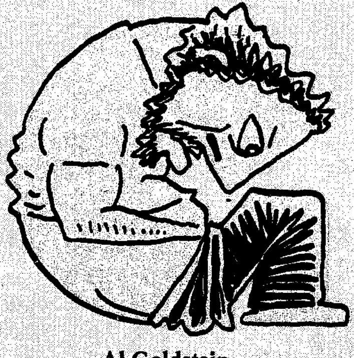
Elaine (Kaufman)

Elaine's, the place to drink and eat:
The crowd's elite, and so's the meat.
Elaine herself, 'tis sad to say,
Tells common people, "Go away."



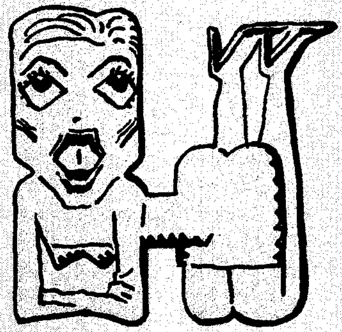
Jerry Finkelstein

Once he was liberal, now Rocky's his friend;
You never can tell just how Jerry will bend.
Now his old cronies are up on the shelf . . .
And all that's for sure is he's out for himself.



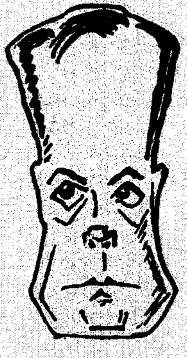
Al Goldstein

Al Goldstein's the name, and what could be dopier
Than singing the praise of New York's pornocopia?
Staunch friend of the topless, of movies true-blue,
He markets libido in a paper called *Screw*.



Margaux Hemingway

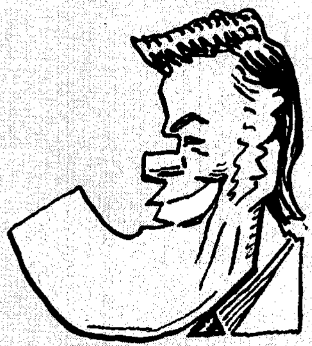
Marvelous Margaux, model *majeure*,
Lambent lady, *Lipstick*'s lure,
Nifty nebbish, knowledge nil,
Foolish female—we've had our fill.



Jay Iselin

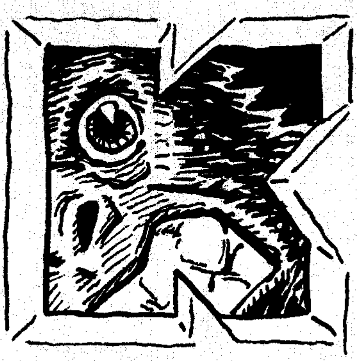
Oh, culture, 'tis of thee I sing,
With operas, plays, and everything.
Our TV's pure—so rarefied!
It costs a pile, but that's my pride.

Power may generate power, but it can also generate its share of shortages and outages. Herewith, an alphabet of New York's power failures of 1976, as visualized by our master of the power-brush, Robert Grossman, and versified by our resident doggerel bard, Alan Rich.



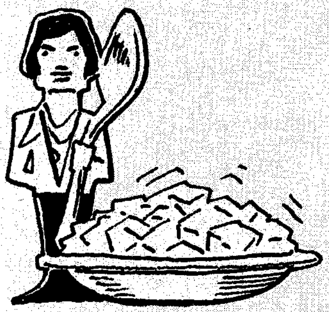
Jim Jensen

J is for Jensen, and jogging—
And Jim,
And jargon, and jaded, and joyless—
That's him!



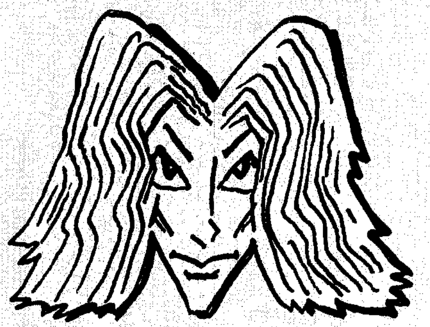
King Kong

King Kong's a dingdong who prowls the jungle wide.
The movies spent a fortune to find him a new bride.
But then he took a tumble from Port Authority.
The movie also took a fall, as anyone can see.



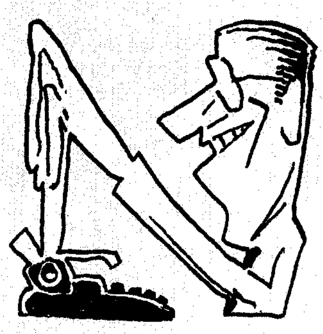
Peter Lemongello

Lemon Jell-O, filled with peaches,
Tried the trip from rags to riches.
His songs are sweet and sad and loud,
But get only raspberries from the crowd.



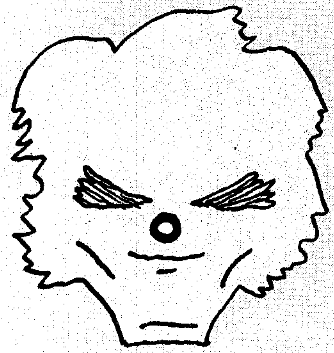
Sylvia Miles

Sylvia Miles, though fully stacked,
Cannot act.
Sylvia Miles, adept food-thrower,
Can't do more.



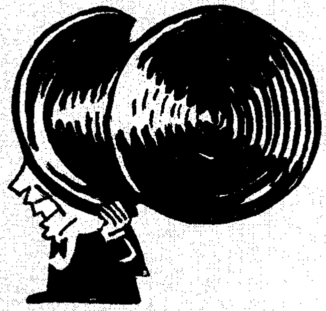
Gerald Nachman

With jerry-built jokes and nach-kneed quips,
A column writ by Nachman daily fairly drips.
The pity is his writing is seldom very clever,
Which means we can't quite praise his
Daily News endeavor.



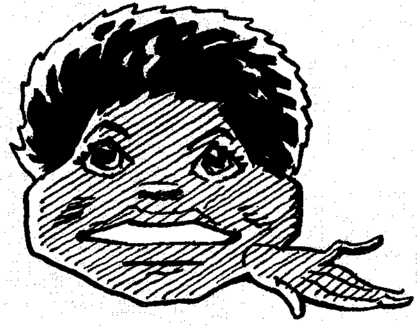
Paul O'Dwyer

Ohhh, O'Dwyer, the pride of the lib'ral democracy
Sits on his fanny in council bureaucracy.
Fudging on issues, a superman cloutless he.
Far more important O'Dwyer could doubtless be.



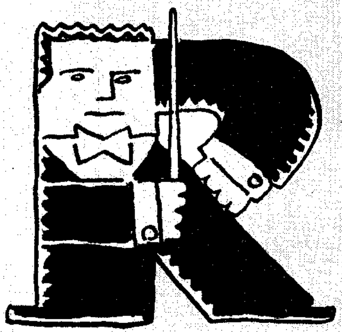
Bo Polk

Heigh-ho, glamorous me, says Bo,
And Suzy's column says 'tis so.
Headline-hunter, social lion,
What use, all this high flyin'?



Norma Quarles

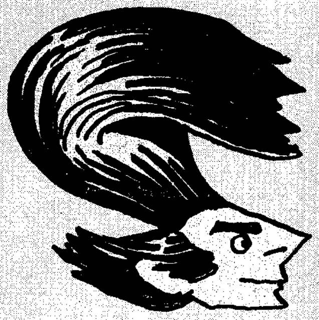
There's nothing wrong with your set, my dear . . .
That's Norma Quarles's voice you hear.
She reads the news with boring rasp;
Her throat we'd love just once to grasp.



Julius Rudel

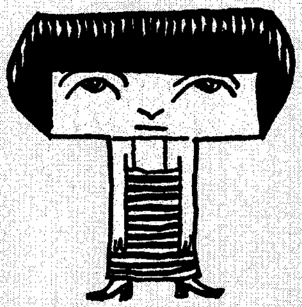
Once a spunky, struggling waif,
City Opera plays it safe.
Dreary chestnuts fill its stages;
Critics note this, Julius rages.

POWER FAILURES OF 1976



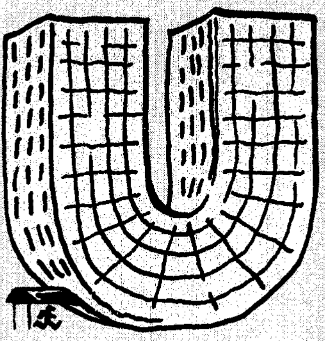
Andrew Stein

Ask not what makes Andy run;
Daddy's money powers son.
Dreams of glory, house of white—
Sound peculiar? Well, you're right!



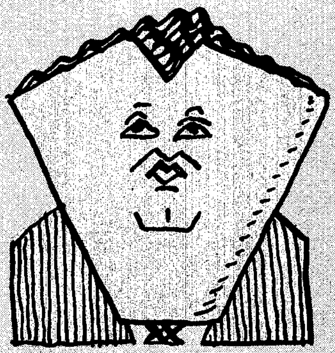
Twyla Tharp

Wiggle, waggle, twist that fanny—
Twirling Twyla's not too canny.
See one dance, you've seen them all.
Modernism casts its pall.



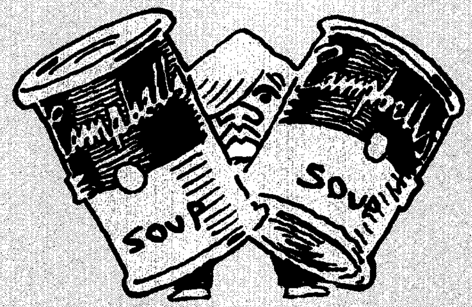
Harold Uris

Ticky-tacky, cutesy-poo—
What can Uris build for you?
Plastic boxes piled so high,
Aberrations in the sky.



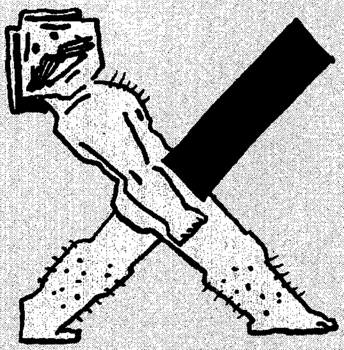
Ramon Velez

Velez of the council, friend of the poor,
More of a talker, less of a doer.
His people are starving and homeless, and damp;
What they need is a friend who's less of a scamp.



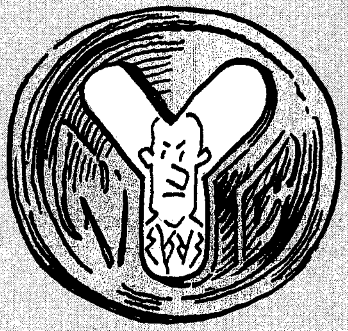
Andy Warhol

Andy, Andy, aging dandy,
How does your ego grow?
With critics meek, and gilded chic,
And pretty folk all in a row.



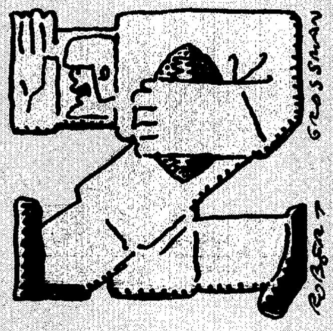
Harry Reems (Mr. X-rated)

Harry Reems is rated X
For movies redolent with sex.
He spends a lot of time in court.
(We hear his subject's rather short.)



David Yunich

It costs a lot to buy a token
For subways dark and damp and broken.
Says David Yunich, "Use more paint."
But that is what the trouble ain't.



Larry Zonka (yes, I know)

Zonka cannot spell his name.
He failed to bring the Giants fame.
The winning column numbered three,
Massacre at wounded knee. ■

Movies / John Simon

MAY, BOGDANOVICH, AND STREISAND: VARIETIES OF DEATH WISH

"... *Mikey and Nicky* never gives us the much needed exposition that would clue us in about who these characters really are..."

Reviewing the big year's-end movies is, I'm afraid, rather like compiling a list of the year's worst. Take, for starters, **Mikey and Nicky,** Elaine May's current debacle. This gifted comic artist has chosen to make something impossible: a film about two horrid fellows alternately abusing and greasily cajoling each other (and equally repulsive either way) when not getting into fights with other men or, for a little variety, maltreating the hapless women in their lives. Awful as this premise is, there is worse to come. One of these two old buddies may have a contract out on his life; the other is trying either to save or to finger him. Our sympathies are manipulated in such a way that we must keep switching allegiances: Now we are dragged into feeling pity for an utter louse, now we are forced to recoil at the creepiness of a dedicated friend.

The idea seems to be to show us the relativity of emotional truths in a world where good and bad have become Gordianly entangled; where even the decent, long-suffering women are also frumps or doormats whom the swinish men exploit by means of that drop of charm or pathos mixed in with their meanness. It does not begin to work. Not just because you cannot be simultaneously Damon Runyon and Dostoevski, but also because you can't make us care about people whose sweetness is virtually indistinguishable from their beastliness, so that the range of feelings with which we view their interminable, degrading squabbles extends only from distaste to boredom. Can you imagine two hours' worth of film about love, hate, and death among the cockroaches? And even that might be more interesting than this endless dawdling among people whose very souls are sweaty under their collars.

What truly sets one's teeth on edge, though, is that Miss May cannot forgo that cuteness which, when used aptly in zany, satirical comedy, adds an extra flavor to the zestful brew. Superimposed on this morose and morbid mess, however, it is unendurable—rather like a cloying perfume fighting a losing battle with an acrid body odor.

The buddy system: *John Cassavetes and Peter Falk in Elaine May's* Mikey and Nicky.

Now add to this technical analphabetism. Victor Kemper's always rather amateurish cinematography is further undercut by editing and continuity that are thoroughly shocking in a major film. Thus during one scene John Cassavetes is both shaven and glaringly unshaven; or fragments from the same bus ride will appear both before and after a long, maudlin cemetery sequence, with the fragments after it not even benefiting from an establishing shot of some sort. One becomes acutely aware of Miss May's endless, irresolute editing, of her unhealthy inability to be finished with something, to let go. On a more elementary level yet, the film never gives us the much needed exposition that would clue us in about who these characters really are, what their work is, and what Nicky has done or not done to incur his boss's lethal wrath.

As if that were not enough, there is also the acting. If you have felt that some of the Cassavetes films in which he, Peter Falk, and various others carried on ad infinitum improvising their modest brains out were the last gasp of drearily self-indulgent Method actors' exercises, you have another one coming. Here this non- or antitechnique is stretched out to even greater desolation, until it feels like being locked into the Actors Studio for a week—a fate worse than any hell, Dante's, Sartre's, and Hieronymus Bosch's included. The only way to describe *Mikey and Nicky* is as a celluloid death wish, a desperate challenge to the audience to dare like anything about the film. Like Miss May's writing and direction, the acting of Falk, Cassavetes, and the rest is not so much created as exuded or secreted, like some particularly nasty discharge. Two small but rotten performances are contributed by well-known acting teachers, Sanford Meisner and William Hickey. Altogether this is a film for audiences consisting solely of actors of the ingrown-toenail school of acting, of whom, though we have far too many, there cannot be enough to keep this dismal film running.

There are also other ways, of course, for a film director to self-destruct, and Peter Bogdanovich's is to make the crudest, stupidest, unfunniest farce of this or any year, with two hours' worth of laughs guaranteed to stick in the craw if they do not sink to the pit of the stomach. **Nickelodeon** may well

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contain every gag—good, bad, or horrible—that ever crawled, crashed, or sashayed onto the stage or screen since Aristophanes or Méliès, and slapped together with minimal imagination or scruple. I can foresee only two possible uses for the film. One is as a catalog of no longer usable gags, gimmicks, one-liners; if they are in this movie, they are in so advanced a stage of decomposition that they can't even be buried without the gravediggers being issued gas masks. The other is as a sanity test: Anyone who catches himself laughing at any of it at this late date should seriously consider committing himself to the nearest mental hospital even though in his case a cure is hardly to be hoped for.

Ostensibly it all has to do with early filmmaking and the brutish warfare waged by the one big movie company against all the little ones; but it is only an excuse for Bogdanovich to tack every joke he has cribbed onto the one subject that means anything to him: moviemaking. *Nickelodeon* might more appropriately be called *The Night of the Walking Dead Gags*, except that they do not walk—they merely put one pratfall before the other. There must be some 200 pratfalls, and there is nothing sadder than watching body after body falling through empty, laughterless space.

Amazingly, Bogdanovich is not even good with actors in this one; he can make the almost indestructible Brian Keith, playing one of those manic early producer-directors, come out not so much as an *hommage* as a *dommage*. What he does to destructible actors shouldn't happen to a dog—one of which is actually in the movie and manages to be—a rare thing among film dogs—bad.

There are a couple of points of interest. The first is that Bogdanovich manages to make even one of the great scenes from *Birth of a Nation* interpolated into *Nickelodeon* look like mud; the second is that, told that he would not be bankrolled if he yet again starred his untalented girl friend Cybill Shepherd, Bogdanovich was able to unearth another model, Jane Hitchcock, even less tolerable than the previous one. Long ago I predicted that Bogdanovich's feeble, mostly imitative endowment would run dry as soon as he ran out of ideas to steal from the treasure trove of old movies he had sedulously memorized; even I did not suspect, though, that he would be so obtuse and brazen as to resteal the same ones.

And then there is the most expensive and arrogant of these aberrations, the re-remake of **A Star Is Born** with Barbra Streisand in what seems to be

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> "...Horrors of every kind abound in *A Star Is Born*, not least in the dialogue..."

both the female and male leads. The first, 1937 version of the film was rather touching; the second, from 1954, though supererogatory and inferior, still had a nice scene or two. This third version is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. This time round it is the marriage of two rock stars—he declining, she rising—whose noisy disintegration is chronicled with condign oafishness. The oft rewritten script, attributed in its final version to John Gregory Dunne, Joan Didion, and Frank Pierson (the last of whom, nominally, also directed), cannot even begin to convey why the highly successful rock star John Norman Howard, played dimly by Kris Kristofferson, is going to pot—as well as poppers, coke, and suicide—beyond ascribing it all to some undefinable death wish we are meant to take for granted in these post-Joplin-Hendrix-Morrison days.

This is a crazy quilt of the work of countless scenarists and directors, not least (except in quality) of Barbra Streisand and her mate, Jon Peters. Plot elements, like all the non-Barbra characters, including even Kristofferson, surface and vanish without making much of an impression. But, oh, is there ever Barbra! During the filming, she complained that there weren't enough close-ups of her. Either she was mistaken then, or even more mistaken later, when she reedited the film to suit her enormous ego; it is full of enormous close-ups of a face that, even in medium-long shot, is an enormity.

O, for the gift of Rostand's Cyrano to evoke the vastness of that nose alone as it cleaves the giant screen from east to west, bisects it from north to south. It zigzags across our horizon like a bolt of fleshy lightning; it towers like a ziggurat made of meat. The hair is now something like the wig of the fop in a Restoration comedy; the speaking voice continues to sound like Rice Krispies if they could talk. And Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. If dialogue there is, it is that between a steamroller and the asphalt beneath it.

Whenever possible, she gets herself shot with a halo of backlights from head to foot; yet she insists on wearing the most ridiculous glad rags, especially on horseback, where she looks like a takeoff on Brando in his *Missouri Breaks* granny outfit. Her clothes, a screen credit states, came out of her closet; if so, I am dead against *Shmatte* Liberation. Horrors of every kind abound, not least in the dialogue, which has her, in a climactic scene, yelling at Kristofferson, "I've had it with you! You can trash your life, but you're not going to trash mine!" Another line, which actually gets repeated, runs, "Are you a figment of my imagination, or am I of yours?" Asked reverentially about something she is tinkering with on the piano, she blurts out modestly, "Oh, it's just a little piece I wrote—it's going to be a sonata when it grows up." Kris tells Barbra, "When you hook into an incredible marlin, that's what it felt like hearing you sing." Funny; it feels like that to me when I see her face.

Barbra's singing? Amid the growing obstreperousness there are still a few pleasing bars when she doesn't push too hard. Even it can become quite unbearable, though, as in that closing scene whose unintentional humor is the one reward for those who can stick it out to the end. Here, giving her first concert after her spouse's demise, Barbra does a conscious or unconscious audiovisual impersonation of Mick Jagger by way of a tribute to her late husband, to whom, while the audience lights funerary matches and she herself is yet again haloed from top to toe by Robert Surtees's backlighting, she sings: "Your eyes are like fingers/Touching my body,/Arousing me so. . . ."

It is a moment of exquisite absurdity that makes me marvel at the megalomania of the whole undertaking. Could even the people who accepted as valid the banal tribulations and factitious emotions of those overblown nonentities that seemed to make the screen even flatter than it is, fall for this piece of superbathos? Especially since the song, whether it is by Paul Williams, Kenny Ascher, Barbra herself, or one of several others who contributed to this seamlessly blending score, is as undistinguished as all the others.

And then I realize with a gasp that this Barbra Streisand is in fact beloved above all other female stars by our moviegoing audiences; that this hypertrophic ego and bloated countenance are things people shell out money for as for no other actress; that this progressively more belligerent caterwauling can sell anything—concerts, records, movies. And I feel as if our entire society were ready to flush itself down in something even worse than a collective death wish—a collective will to live in ugliness and self-debasement. ■

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Good News for Grantees: There's a Future at the Ford

Having been publicly condemned to early senility for financial disorders, the Ford Foundation is privately celebrating robust health and making plans to spend big but live forever. At its latest meeting, the Ford board resolved to keep pouring out a higher share of its assets each year than most foundations do, but ordered its financial chief, Roger Kennedy, to maintain its net worth at $2 billion in constant (1974) dollars so long as the economy endureth.

Kennedy, a former banker from St. Paul, took a press beating in the stock market's low two years ago. "The Ford Foundation learned well how to give its money away," declared the Boston *Globe,* "but its timing and choice of investments has been a savage failure." Academics and other grant-hungering groups around the world saw disaster in Ford's sharp cutback in giveaways. While Kennedy infought to trim outlays to match resources, critics claimed that the era of the big eleemosynaries had come to an end.

Ford's Kennedy: Well-stocked.

Ford did get hurt more than most university endowments because it was 80 percent into common stock, but it never plunged into glamour shares, the big losers. And by refusing to retreat into bonds, Kennedy got to ride the market back up: from a Ford low of $1.6-billion net in the 1974 bottom to $2.3 billion at the end of its fiscal year last month, while spending $400-million in two years. Because it cannot depend on alumni gifts to offset inflation (as universities do), Ford sticks to its common stock, still 80 percent, but spreads its human risks by using half a dozen different specialty shops to manage its portfolio. Its best performance, however, came in Ford's own house-run portfolio.

"We'll always look like bums when the market is down and like heroes when it's up," says Kennedy, "but what counts is a long-term policy that lets the foundation manage its grants in a responsible way." A workhorse adviser to Jimmy Carter's staff during the campaign, Kennedy has turned up on the short lists for several key federal jobs.

Fantasy of the Week: A Job for Kissinger in TV

But seriously, folks, have you heard the latest Henry Kissinger story? The newest scenario for Kissinger after January 20 goes like this: CBS board chairman William Paley, who was counted down but is obviously not out after the recent executive shake-up, wants Kissinger to come aboard as a super corporate troubleshooter for the network. The arrangement would be for him to work one or two days a week as a consultant. There's a lot of trouble to shoot, now that CBS is number three in the television-ratings game and has gone through a series of corporate shake-ups over the last few years. Presumably, the former secretary of state's skills in negotiating—plus his long-standing show-business interest—could help CBS get on track. One advantage for Kissinger would be that he could continue to live in Washington and work on his memoirs, while commuting to New York.

It's Batman (Pow!) vs. Ma Bell (Ring!)

Comic-book addicts across the country have been able for some weeks to call D.C. Hotline, a toll-free number which offers late-breaking news on the exploits of D.C. Comics heroes such as Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman. Now, for the first time, Gothamites too can tune in. For a free call try (800) 442-8108; and one thin dime will get you 757-9517 (the 800 numbers won't work in all telephone districts). You may think all this is comical, but D.C. fans are taking it so seriously that there's real concern about circuit overload on the phone system—the toll-free number outside New York State (800 223-7760) has averaged 13,000 calls a week.

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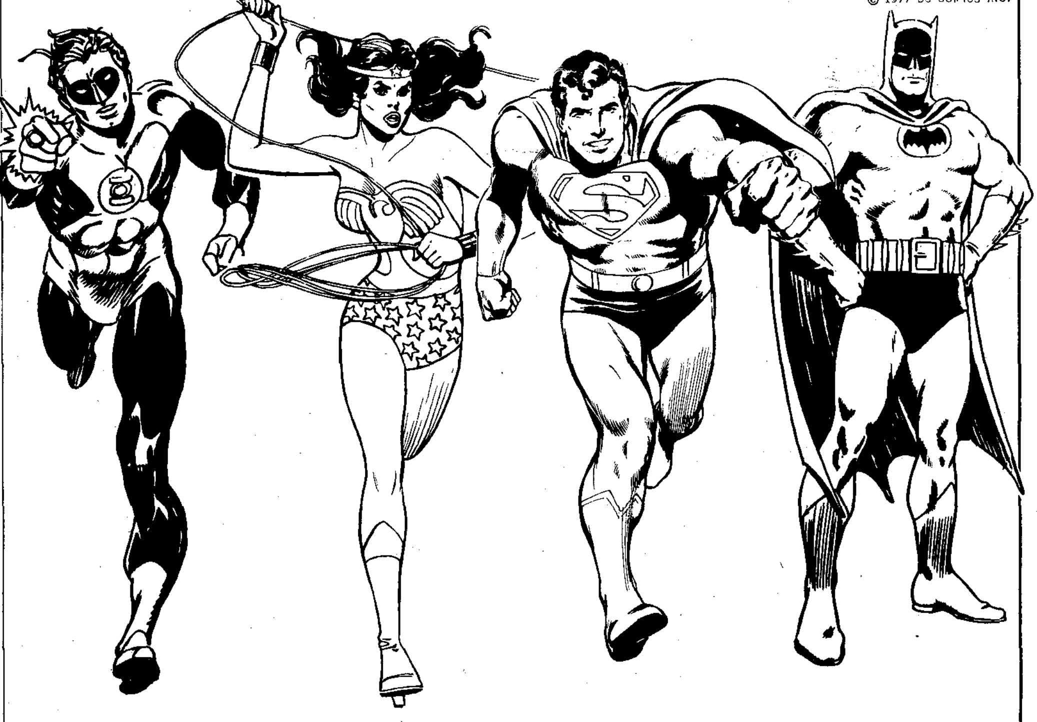
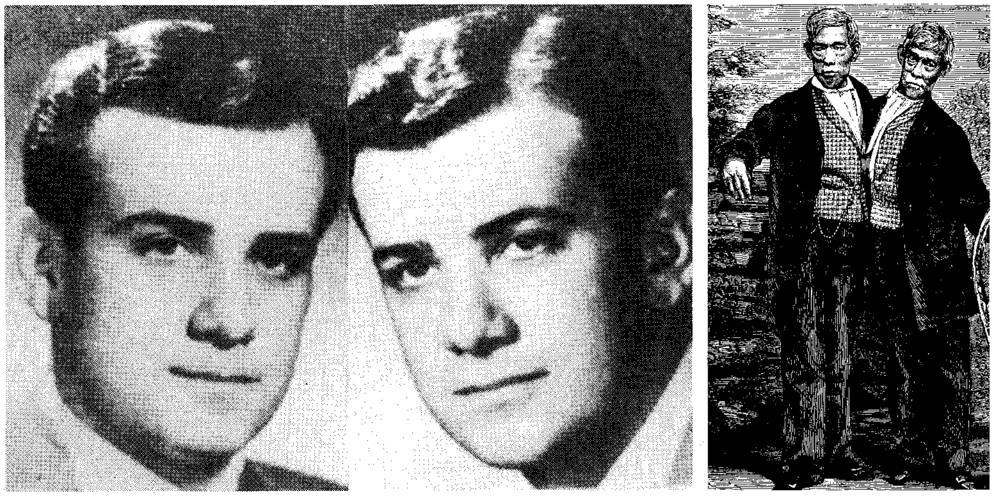

Superheroes on the Hotline: Will the phone circuits overload?

'News' Decides To Try Living

A new sixteen-page Living section will be folded into the New York *Sunday News* each week starting in late February or early March. The idea is to attract more readers outside Manhattan, with consumer features on style, services, and food. More "down-scale" than the New York *Times*'s successful experiment in Living, the *News* version will serve up low-budget tips on food by pizza mavin Larry Goldberg and fashion by Carol Troy (author of *Cheap Chic*). A Coping page will deal in part with money management and legal advice, while elsewhere in the section Connie Rosenblum, a former New Jersey reporter, will focus on the life-styles of "neighborhood women."

Meantime, the *Times* is revving up still another weekly section, Home, to run every Thursday beginning next month—leading a *Times* reporter to lament recently: "Remember when newspapers promoted *news?*"

Hot off the Presses—Two by Two


UPI

CULVER PICTURES

Double-dealing in the book trade: Twins Cyril and Stewart Marcus and Chang and Eng.

The twin is in. Paperback rights to a May novel entitled *Twins*, which writers Bari Wood (*The Killing Gift*) and John Geasland have based very, very closely on the strange life and double death of Manhattan gynecologists Cyril and Stewart Marcus, have been sold by Putnam's to NAL for a gigantic $902,000, virtually guaranteeing it a long hitch on best-seller lists. But more is to come, mostly from Simon and Schuster. In the fall, there's *Attachments*, by Judith Rossner, the novelist who, in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, practically invented the true-to-life keyhole *Twins* technique. Rossner's new book is reportedly quite different—but it is about twins, the Siamese kind.

Next, news from the amazing Wallaces, literary trick cyclists. The team this time is papa Irving and daughter Amy, chronicling the lives of circus stars Chang and Eng, the original Siamese twins whose own attachments were so perfectly orchestrated that, after they married sisters, they fathered ten and twelve children, respectively.

Farther off, and also from S and S, is another Marcus-derived novel, this one based by Linda Wolfe on her own article for this magazine. But Wolfe has a unique gimmick—the fictional brothers won't be twins.

Writer Discovers the Perils of Prescience

MARK HAVEN

Writer Klein: A talent ahead of his time.

Daniel Martin Klein is 37 years old and a writer who lives in Southfield, Massachusetts. People sometimes say he's ahead of his time.

In the late fifties, Dan began talking about a new generation of young people who would grow their hair long, take drugs, and return to nature. His friends laughed.

In the mid-sixties, Dan suggested that Christ would soon emerge as a pop hero. His friends groaned.

Dan kept writing. In 1973, he submitted a treatment for a television movie called *The Execution*. It was about an imprisoned murderer who wanted to be the first person executed when capital punishment was restored. The condemned man was taken in by a promoter who wanted to capitalize on his death. He fired his court-appointed lawyer for trying to save him. He wanted to marry his girl friend before dying. He wrote poetry from his cell.

The networks all returned Dan's treatment. They said the story was ridiculous.

Dan put *The Execution* in a drawer and worked on other farfetched ideas. But last spring, with the Supreme Court getting set to rule on capital punishment, ABC resurrected the project. They gave Dan some development money and some advice. Tone down the story, they said. Make it less cynical.

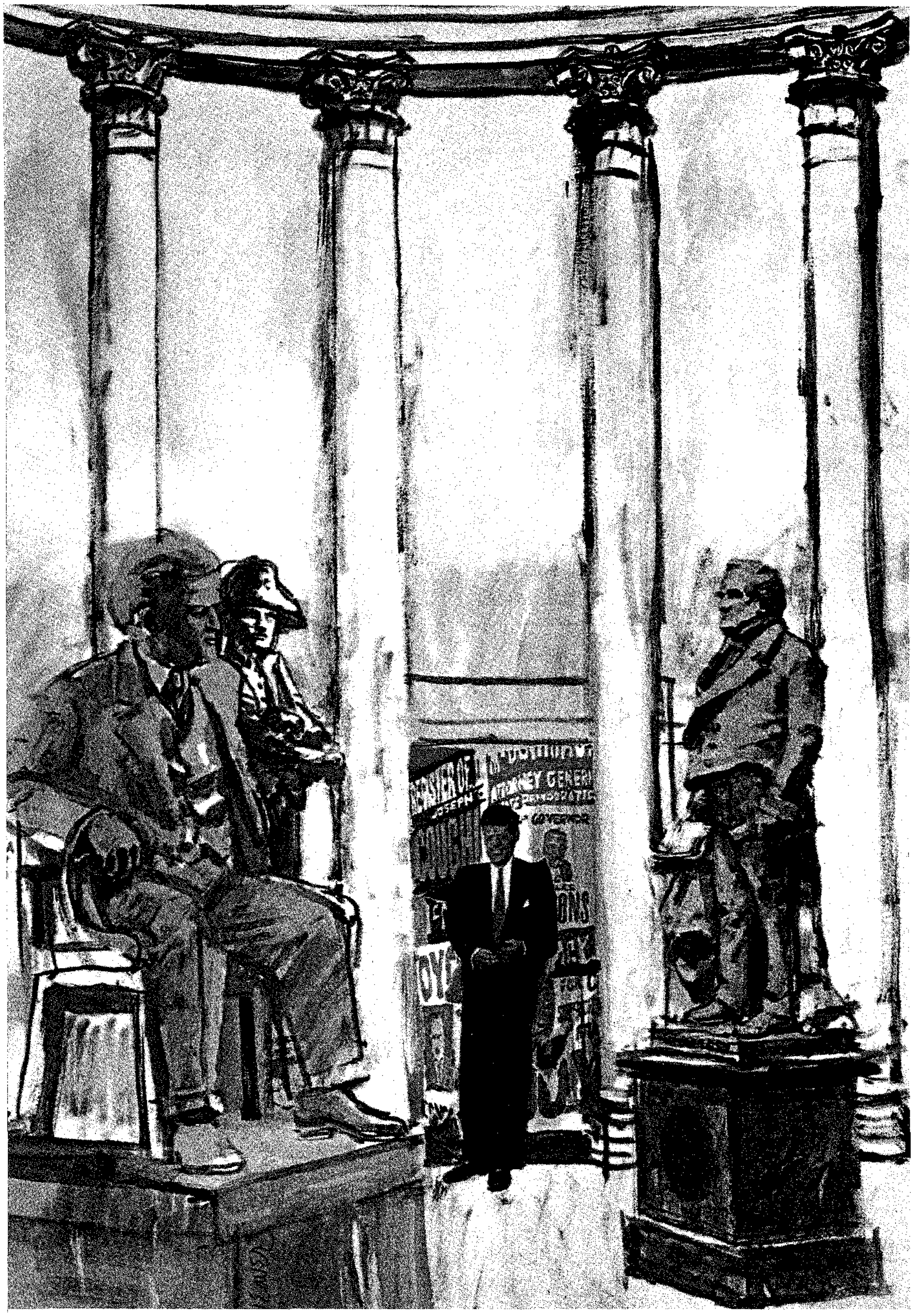
So Dan worked on, and time passed, and suddenly Gary Mark Gilmore, facing execution in Utah, made the headlines along with the girl friend who wanted to marry him. Then Dan learned his project had been shelved—ABC had purchased rights to the Gilmore story. "It makes me dizzy," he said.

—Philip Ross

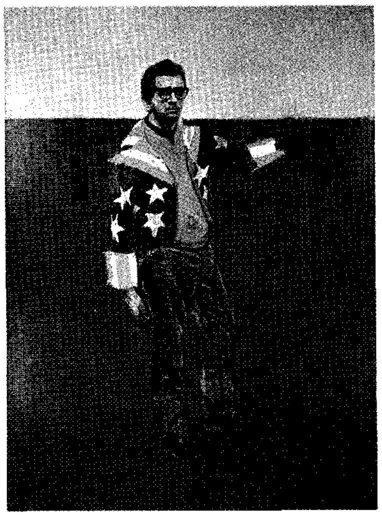
Lively Arts

WEAVER'S WAY

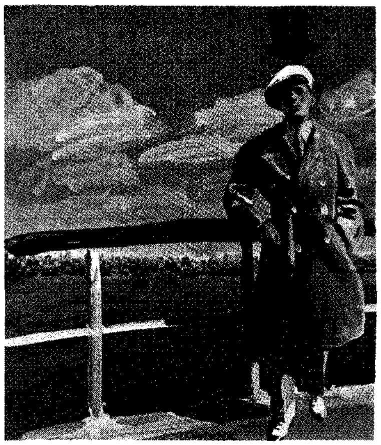
"... Robert Weaver's bold, symbolic style transformed American illustration ..."

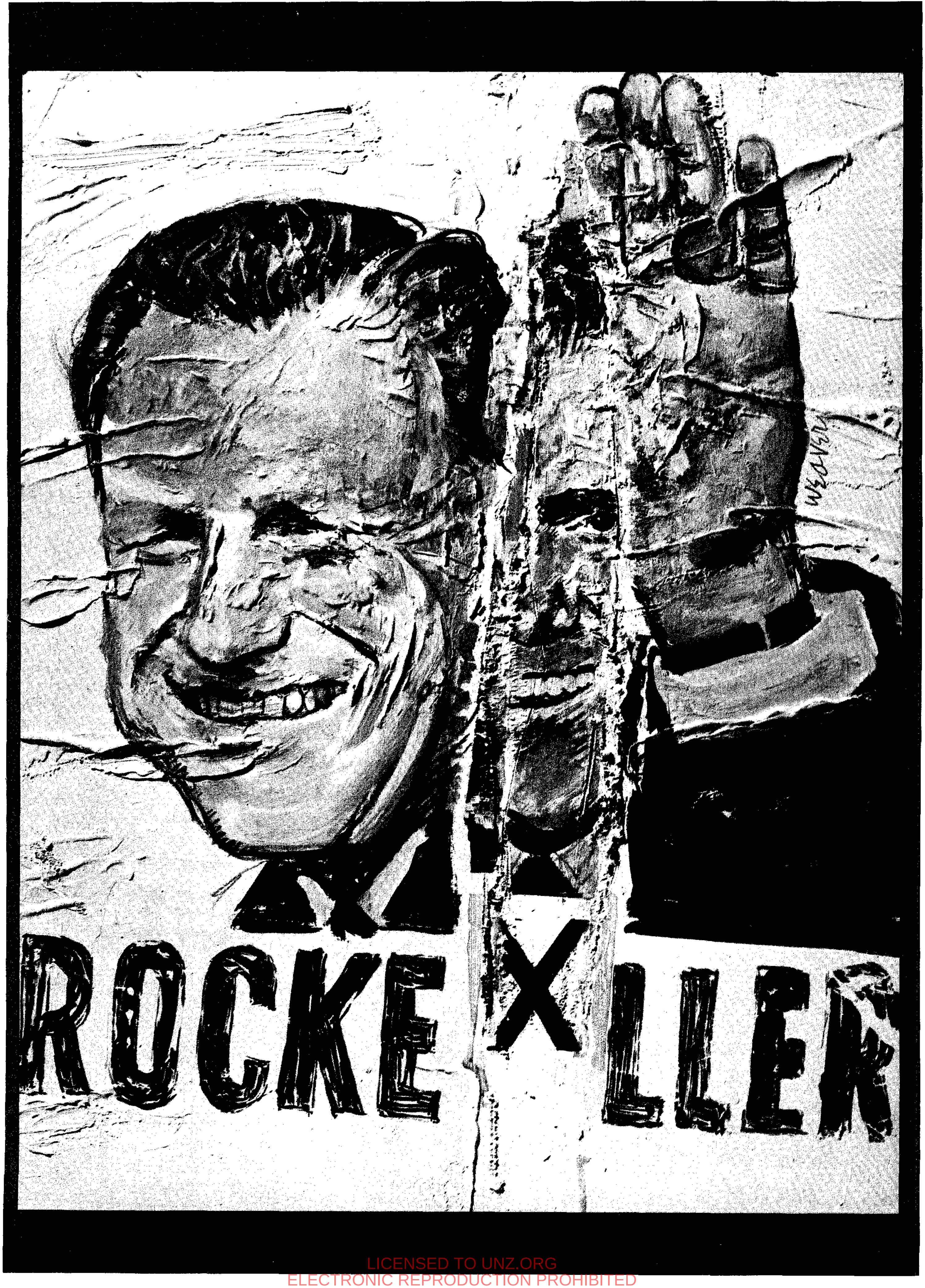


Politics with style: *Robert Weaver is best known for his political illustrations which ranged freely over American history and national parties. He portrayed John F. Kennedy on the brink of the presidency in 1959 (above), Mayor Jimmy Walker on an ocean liner in the twenties (right), Governor Rockefeller in rivalry with Nixon, in 1959 (opposite),* and *Robert Weaver himself on a pre-Bicentennial kick in 1966 (above right).*



He hadn't intended to be an innovator or—as an admiring peer put it—"to change the course of American illustration." Pittsburgh-born Robert Weaver wanted to be a muralist, a painter of grand themes and spaces like the old masters whom he had studied for two exhilarating years in Venice. But the economics of the early fifties quickly whittled down Weaver's wall-size ambitions. Nobody wanted his murals, but art directors were eager to buy his illustrations, which masterfully combined a broad, painterly style with incisive symbolic imagery, unlike anything being done at the time. Weaver attributes his innovative approach to "a simple inability to do glamorous things—like beautiful women with perfect hairdos. I still can't draw them." This "inability" took him to the top of his profession. Weaver's work was soon appearing regularly in *Esquire, Life, Look, Fortune,* and, we're proud to say, *New York*. Because his bold style with its succinct visual "comments" did indeed transform American illustration, Weaver's work is now being honored in a major exhibition at the School of Visual Arts ■

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Theater/Alan Rich

BROADWAY AT MID-SEASON: A LAND OF GHOSTS AND GHOULS

"... *Sly Fox* and *Music Is* suggest that Broadway has now turned to cannibalism; their writers don't know beans about cooking ..."

In baseball, tradition has it that major-league standings on the Fourth of July will be pretty much those at season's end. If we could apply the same measurement to New York theater—where New Year's Day can be taken as the mid-season point—the next World Series will be played by the theatrical equivalent of the Boston Braves and the St. Louis Browns. Broadway, in case you hadn't noticed, is a land of ghosts. Most of the top hitters are revenants: *Guys and Dolls, Porgy and Bess, My Fair Lady,* along with a few gnarled veterans like *Grease, Pippin,* and *A Chorus Line.* In the past couple of weeks two more specters have swelled the ranks: *Night of the Iguana* and *Fiddler on the Roof. Hellzapoppin',* for God's sake, rattles its bones in the wings.

Up to a point, this is no cause for panic. The museum is as vital to our culture as the laboratory, and in all the arts both types of activity coexist. The movies have revival houses and first-run houses. Opera companies, symphony orchestras, and dance groups mingle new and old in the repertory; even the Met, this season, is introducing *two whole operas* composed within living memory. Yet New York theater is in deep trouble. Still riding on a reputation formed when novelty and masterwork lit lights side by side, it today lies comatose in its own shadow. Not one new work introduced during the first four months of the current season in the commercial theater has racked up a batting average that qualifies it for the big leagues.

And now, something worse is starting to happen, if you can believe the omens in two recent items spattered across the Broadway scene; starved by the drying up of its own creative spirit, the theater has gone cannibal. How else might one properly describe the horrors of *Sly Fox* (which I wrote about last time, and which has apparently settled in for a run) or *Music Is* (which lapsed into the past tense as I reached the end of this paragraph)? Both pieces are based on famous plays of the past: the one on Ben Jonson's *Volpone,* the other on William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night.* Both are, each in its own way, garish, sniggering disfigurations of original, noble material, so ineptly rehashed as to suggest that their respective creators—Larry Gelbart and George Abbott—don't even know beans about cooking. Each in its own way further suggests an attitude that might be paraphrased as follows: The theater is dead, so let's make a few fast bucks out of dancing on its grave.

Rotten and defeatist as this attitude may be, it goes one step farther, in degrading classic works to pander to the same moronic sensibilities that scrawl graffiti on public monuments, spatter paint onto Picasso canvases, or convert symphonic masterpieces into glossy tidbits for Muzak. Can it be honestly said that a society that countenances such vandalism *deserves* a theater? Does it not strike you as faintly absurd that, at a time when the cynical vandalism that Larry Gelbart visited upon *Volpone* has become the only even moderately successful "new" offering of the season, the argument has again surfaced (in the *Times,* and elsewhere) about this country's crying need for a national theater? What are we to do in such a theater that will make the taxpayers happy? An Americanized *Oedipus,* perhaps, with a Richard Rodgers score and Angela Lansbury as Jocasta? Or, to steal a page from Mr. Gelbart's book, a *Timon of Athens* set in Athens, Georgia, during Reconstruction?

I am sorry to be gloomy about this, but it's difficult to be anything else while watching a large and heavily moneyed cultural industry engaged in the act of writing its own obituary while affecting a clown's face at the box office. I have struggled now for a lot of months, through a long series of those excruciating social rituals known as Broadway opening nights, desperately searching for some light of assurance that somewhere, within this behemoth of an industry that spends unconscionable sums of money on impossibly inferior imitations of imitation works of art, somebody might be trying to move commercial theater out of its present moribund state. I expect to go on searching, because anyone working close to the arts does become infected eventually with the irrationality that keeps them going. And I have seen the tiniest glimmer now and then: a pleasant enough little show called *Your Arms Too Short to Box With God* that came to town late last month and could be around for a while; last season's distinguished *The Runner Stumbles,* which lasted on Broadway longer than anyone dared hope—that sort of thing. But these are single small candles in a vast expanse of gloom.

And so, we turn perhaps to the noncommercial theater for some further hope that a native drama may sometimes emerge from this gloom. What, then, do we find? A few more small candles, lit by the likes of the Circle Repertory, or Playwrights Horizons, or the Lion, where smaller amounts of money are sometimes risked on chancy material, but where production values

Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast

are still prized. But then we also find larger enterprises, born out of high hopes and even higher ideals, whose manner of operation dangerously suggests the cynicism of commercial theater. I refer here, for example, to this year at the Vivian Beaumont, where publicly supported theater is being misused for the run of *Threepenny Opera,* on the flimsy pretext that the show is a hit. And I also refer to the uptown Circle in the Square, whose management is apparently still riding high on the reputation garnered some quarter-century ago, for dealing decently and artistically with unfamiliar works too good for Broadway, while on the other hand giving over its stage to inferior revivals loaded with stars.

I object to the Circle in the Square's revival of Tennessee Williams's **The Night of the Iguana** on aesthetic grounds, for reasons that I'll get to in a moment. But I object to it even more strongly on what might almost be thought of as moral grounds. Here is a theater which is supported—as are Joe Papp's operations and some of the better Off and Off-Off Broadway theaters—to a large extent by funds from state and federal endowments. That fact ought to spell a difference, in its method of operation and its philosophy toward repertory and audience appeal, from the methods and philosophy (assuming there are such things) in commercial theater. Yet, the *Iguana* production, like most of the offerings in recent seasons, is different from a typical, commercial Broadway show only in the shape of the house and its stage. Its cast is studded with big names; its smaller roles are filled with very small names; its director, Joseph Hardy, doesn't evidence the slightest interest in welding any sort of consistent, ensemble production out of the blend of this large group of people. If we cannot, at least, think of noncommercial theater as "ensemble," what reason is there to set it apart at all?

I am not enamored of Williams's play, which seems to be excessively protracted, unfocused in tone, diffuse in the scope of emotions it attempts to embrace. Yet, I have seen productions—on film and on several stages—that give it shape. Mr. Hardy's does not. As the defrocked Reverend Larry Shannon, Richard Chamberlain is, first, miscast (being too soft of appearance, and far too young) and, second, misdirected. He plays Shannon as a brute, a red-neck (somewhat the way Rip Torn played Tom in the Circle's *Glass Menagerie* last season, to equally bad effect), unable to project his hysterical moments without lapsing into incomprehensible gargling and—most fatal—with no suggestion of the spiritual world from which Shannon has fallen. As the earth-motherly innkeeper for whom Shannon seems fated, Sylvia Miles is heavy, gross, a defrocked thug. One learns from neither actor anything of Williams's state of mind in creating the play, senses none of the melancholy tragedy that underlies the desperation that haunts these people as we meet them in the play. Dorothy McGuire, as the wavering New England spinster, is somewhat better, but not truly good; there are moments when she simply forgets the tone of the piece and lapses into woodenness. William Roerick, as the 97-year-old poet, and Barbara Caruso, as chief harpy among Shannon's tour group, are at least acceptable; Allison Argo, so offensively bratty in the Circle's *Lady From the Sea,* is here reasonably believable as an offensive brat.

Beyond these inadequacies and mere acceptablenesses, the production suffers badly from a lack of tone, of atmosphere. H. R. Poindexter's set is, at any rate, a fair likeness of a crummy Mexican hotel, but he has lit it with no feeling for the texture of the air. No Williams play, certainly not *Iguana,* makes any sense without the most poetic managing of light and shadow; Mr. Poindexter, apparently, is out to ensure that this play makes no sense.

I won't burden you with explicit details of **Music Is,** except to note that in Mr. Abbott's view of Shakespeare, the crux of *Twelfth Night* lay in Duke Orsino's ardent desire to prove to the world, and to himself, that he wasn't queer. Since the play itself was so brutally queered by Mr. Abbott's rewriting, by the tepid score by Richard Adler, and by other elements too depressing to enumerate, he needn't have bothered. Lewis D. Rampino's costumes, which embraced some vaguely archaic tunics along with hot pants for the chorus, almost said it all.

It wouldn't take much for **Your Arms Too Short to Box With God** to look like a beacon in the wilderness. Actually, this piece by Vinnette Carroll, based on the Book of Matthew, with songs by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant, is a little overcolored by a certain Broadwayish slickness in its approach to gospel, a certain self-consciousness in the way its large black cast all but curls up in the audience's collective lap in its quest for love. But there is a fine, nerveless energy to the show, some brilliant dancing, and some singing by Delores Hall and Salome Bey that has a way of ringing in your ears, most gratefully, long after the fall of the curtain. ■

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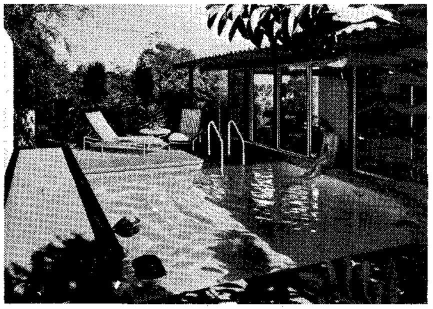
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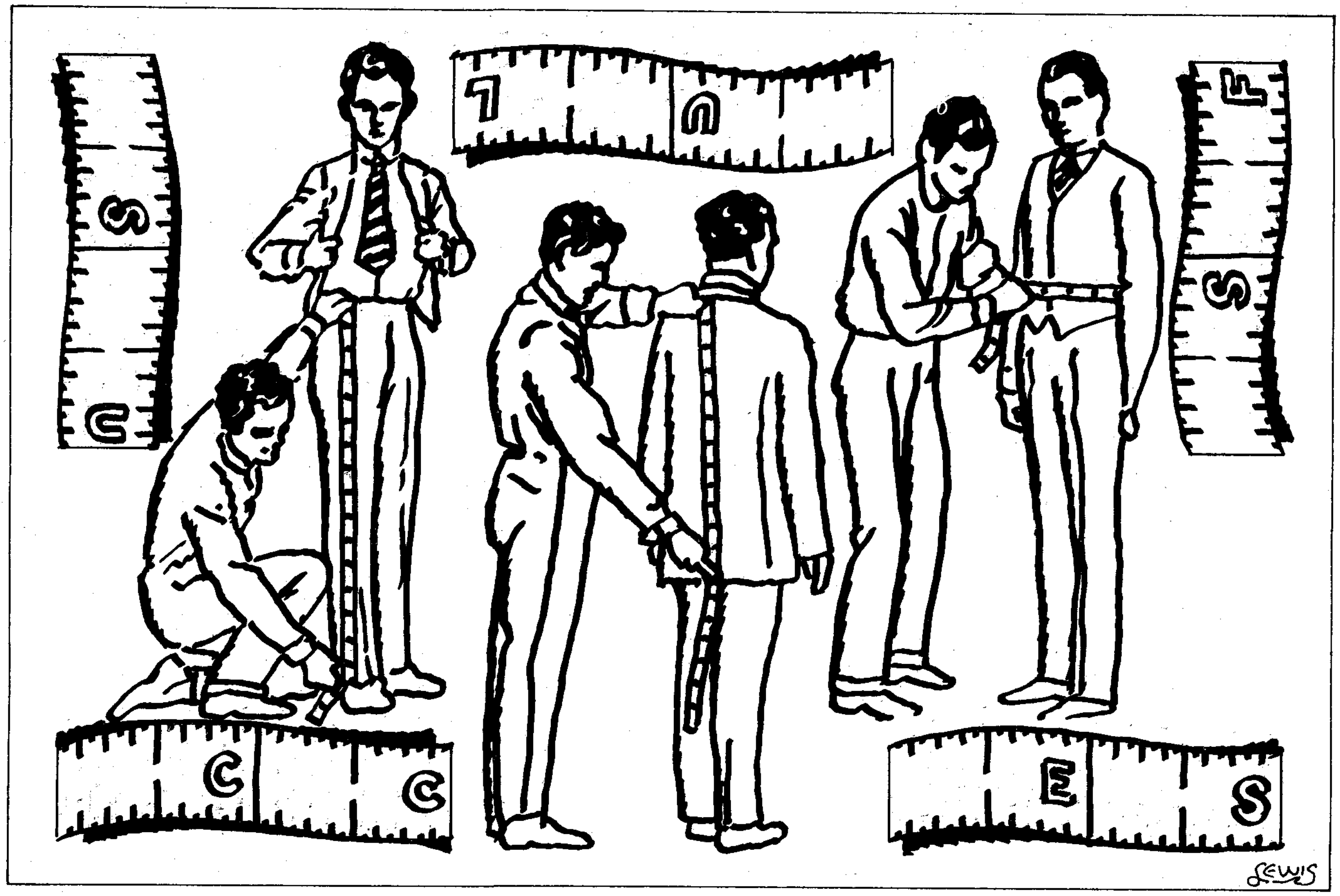
Your Own Business / William Flanagan

SIZING UP THE GRADUATE SCHOOLS

"...However faulty the school-tie yardstick, too many employers use it. But which schools *do* have the best reputations?..."



Whose Graduate Degrees Count the Most?

What schools you've attended shouldn't determine how successful you become. But the right school tie can go a long way in swaying prospective employers who are unwilling or unable to use more exhaustive means of sizing up and compensating job candidates.

A few years ago, the Sea Pines Company boasted the highest proportion of Harvard MBA's of any company its size in the country. But those distinguished graduates failed to save the company from horrendous losses over the past couple of years. However faulty the school-tie yardstick, though, it is one that too many employers use.

But which schools *do* have the best reputations? MBA Communications, which publishes *MBA* magazine, *Juris Doctor*, *New Engineer*, and *Medical Dimensions*, recently surveyed readers of those magazines as well as deans of graduate business, law, engineering, and medical schools to find out which schools are perceived as the best.

Some results were hardly surprising. In all but one category—engineering—the nation's oldest university ranked as the best. Harvard consistently scored at the top, either academically or in employment value, or in both categories.

But there *were* some surprises. Deans and the young professionals frequently differed on which schools were best, after naming the one or two obvious standouts. Moral: After the first couple of top schools, there can't be *that* much difference, academically or in employment value, between other well-known schools.

The first and second tables on page 65 show which schools *MBA* magazine's deans and readers, respectively, rated best in academic and employment value. Also listed are what they consider the best executive programs offered by some schools. It is interesting to note that both groups rate Stanford best academically, but agree that Harvard means more bucks from the employer.

Readers of *Juris Doctor*, as well as the law-school deans who responded to the magazine's survey, agreed generally on which were the top schools—both in terms of academics and in relative employment value. Rarely do so many lawyers agree so closely on anything. (See bottom table.)

Illustrated by Tim Lewis

Best MBA Schools

The 60 graduate-school deans who responded to "MBA" magazine's survey ranked graduate schools as follows:

Academic Quality	Employment Value	Executive Programs
1. Stanford	Harvard	Harvard
2. Harvard	Stanford	Stanford
3. Chicago	Chicago	Chicago
4. Carnegie-Mellon	Penn (Wharton)	Michigan
5. Penn (Wharton)	Michigan	Virginia (Darden)
6. Michigan	MIT (Sloan)	MIT (Sloan)
7. Northwestern	Carnegie-Mellon	Columbia
8. UCLA	Northwestern	Penn (Wharton)
9. MIT (Sloan)	Dartmouth (Tuck)	Northwestern
10. Dartmouth (Tuck)	Columbia	UCLA

Here's how 840 "MBA" magazine readers sized up the schools:

Academic Quality	Employment Value	Executive Programs
1. Stanford	Harvard	Harvard
2. Harvard	Stanford	MIT (Sloan)
3. Chicago	New York University	Stanford
4. MIT (Sloan)	Penn (Wharton)	Northwestern
5. Penn (Wharton)	Columbia	New York University
6. Michigan	Chicago	Columbia
7. Northwestern	MIT (Sloan)	UCLA
8. Carnegie-Mellon	Northwestern	Chicago
9. Columbia	Michigan	Penn (Wharton)
10. Dartmouth (Tuck)	Dartmouth (Tuck)	Michigan

Best Law Schools

Some 1,300 readers of "Juris Doctor" magazine and 58 law-school deans ranked law schools as follows:

Academic Quality		Employment Value	
Deans	*Readers*	*Deans*	*Readers*
1. Harvard	Harvard	Harvard	Harvard
2. Yale	Yale	Yale	Yale
3. Chicago	Stanford	Columbia	Columbia
4. Columbia	Michigan	Michigan	Stanford
5. Stanford	Chicago	Chicago	Michigan
6. Michigan	Columbia	Stanford	Chicago
7. Berkeley	Berkeley	Berkeley	Virginia
8. Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania
9. New York U.	Virginia	Virginia	New York U.
10. Virginia	New York U.	New York U.	Berkeley
11. Texas	Georgetown	Texas	Georgetown

Rating the country's engineering schools is more complicated, of course, since there are many more variables. The number of engineering fields—civil, electrical, mechanical, industrial, etc.—multiplies the possibilities in ranking the schools. *New Engineer* based its findings on responses from 439 engineering-school department heads. Some results: Overall, they most frequently cited MIT as academically best, particularly in the fields of electrical and mechanical engineering. Berkeley was the next best overall, ranking highest in civil engineering. Stanford was next, followed by the University of Illinois, then Cal Tech and the University of Michigan. The University of Michigan was rated best in industrial engineering and engineering science.

MIT was also acclaimed as the best place to earn your graduate sheepskin when it comes to applying for non-academic jobs. Stanford was next overall, followed by Purdue, Berkeley, the University of Illinois, and the University of Michigan. Purdue also ranked as the best place to go for industrial engineering, in terms of job offers.

The results of the *Medical Dimensions* survey: Deans, students, house staff, and doctors in private practice nearly universally acclaimed Harvard and Johns Hopkins as the best. Harvard and Johns Hopkins ranked one-two in terms of academic program, clinical program, and being most valuable for landing top residency positions. Yale, Stanford, Duke, Washington University, Columbia, the University of Chicago, the University of California at San Francisco, Southwestern at Dallas, the University of Pennsylvania, and New York University were the other schools mentioned at least once.

Medical Dimensions acknowledged, however, that response to its survey was fairly thin—a total of only 386 replies were usable.

Education Shouldn't Count Anyway

As many a disgruntled underling would angrily declare, impressive education credentials—such as degrees from the schools listed above—do not necessarily make a good boss. But now a pair of personnel advisers have concluded that a lot of other traditional yardsticks don't work either. Even experience is not the most important criterion, according to the Marketing Survey & Research Corporation, Princeton, New Jersey.

Dr. Herbert Greenberg, president, whose company has had experience with 350,000 job applicants and existing personnel at over 7,000 companies in the last sixteen years, says, "The usual criteria used for hiring have no bearing on predicting job success."

"Perhaps the most surprising result of the study," notes his wife, Jeanne Greenberg, executive vice-president, "is that experience has just as little to do with potential success as sex, age, race, and education."

What *does* count, then? The Greenbergs urge strongly that a lot more weight should be given to "personality dynamics" in assessing applicants.

"One of our clients was looking for an insurance adjuster, and required a college degree. Why? It really wasn't necessary. What was necessary was someone with the right personality dynamics—being a pretty good salesman, easy with people, able to negotiate an out-of-court settlement. What does college have to do with that?"

Personality dynamics includes such traits as assertiveness, ability to make decisions, ability to delegate responsibility, to work on one's own, communicate, organize, cope with detail, etc.

"The tools are available for fitting the right personality type to the right job," says Dr. Greenberg, who estimates that fully 80 percent of the working population is misemployed. "The rub is in getting more employers to assess jobs and people differently."

To that end, the Greenbergs have devised sophisticated personality tests, a far cry from the old transparent psychological tests that were easy to bluff through. "We can get a pretty good picture of an individual with the tests we use," says Jeanne Greenberg. "But industry doesn't always use that profile in making employment decisions." ■

BEST BETS

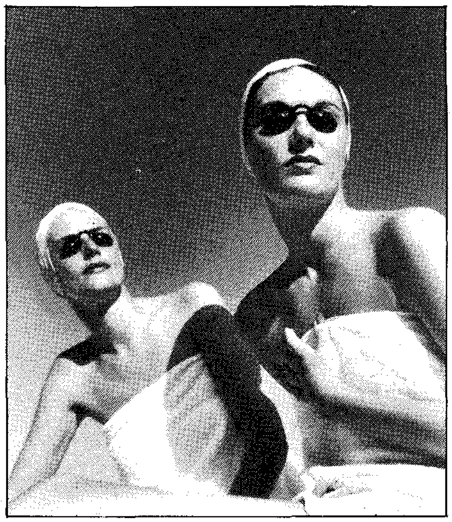
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

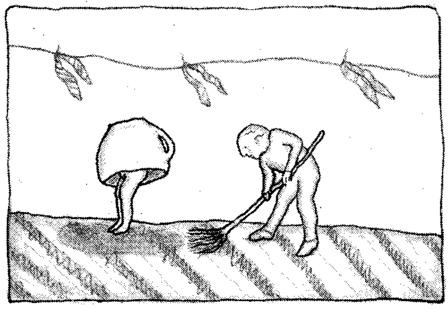
Oh, Kay!

One way to see both sides then is to visit the Witkin's new show of high-style pictures by Kay Bell Reynal and jivey street life by Roy DeCarava. Both photographers did their sharpest shooting in the forties and fifties. When New York changed, so did they. Kay drifted from *Vogue* models (right) and portraits of Beerbohm and Duchamp to still lifes of lemons and eggs. Roy moved from Harlem, Langston Hughes, and Gypsy Rose Lee to a professorship at Hunter. So they went, and so it goes.

KAY BELL REYNAL AND ROY DECARAVA *January 12–February 12/Witkin Gallery/41 East 57th Street*



ALEXA GRACE



Soup's On

Now that the Christmas tie has its first stain, dispatch it to Tiecrafters. This tie-cleaning plant has been in operation since 1951, when advertising man Stuart Bart—who's always had a thing about ties, and today owns 300 of them—was disgruntled with the way they were coming back from the corner cleaner's. "We know neckties in and out," he declares. "You have to steam a tie from the inside, roll the edges, straighten the lining, balance the center point, remove the wrinkles, and adjust the neckband." He says that the hardest stains to remove are coffee, mustard, and Coke. He also says that ties are getting narrow again; narrowing or widening costs $3.50. Cleaning is $2.

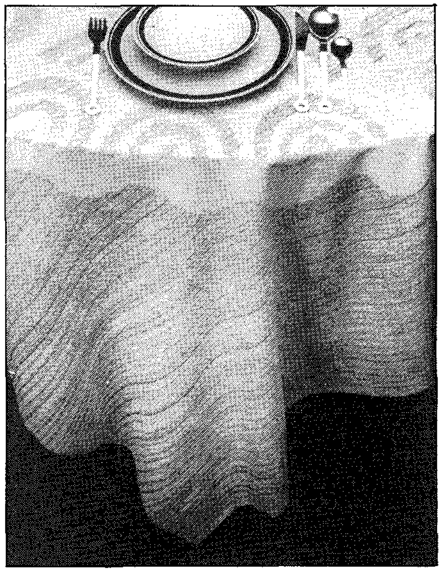
TIECRAFTERS/*116 East 27th Street/Fourth floor/867-7676*

Table Wear

He's painted furniture for Albert Hadley and chiffon for Stephen Burrows, and now Peter Fasano is painting machine-washable tablecloths for anyone who wants to lay out $275 to $400. Peter went to Parsons, he says, because somebody told him they gave the best parties. He became president of the student body because he was upset about Cambodia and thought he'd do his bit by showing antiwar films. After he designed campaign buttons for McGovern, Miami killed his political enthusiasm and he decided to "make a lot of money and give it all away." Part of which brings us back to tablecloths.

TABLECLOTHS/*Tiffany (January 10–February 19)/To buy: 534-8799*

ROBERTO BROSAN



A Rose Is a Rose Is a Turnip

In the kitchen-classroom, Jacques Pépin—chef, author, and food consultant—is inexhaustible. His hands never stop. Between the simmer and the boil, he will flute a mushroom, carve a bouquet of roses in butter, or fold a napkin into an artichoke. Now he's collected all this legerdemain and less esoteric culinaria with frankly explicit photos in *La Technique,* a primer for the apprentice. Boning, larding, carving, all the fundamentals, become clear. And even advanced scholars may find themselves inspired to attack a sea urchin or a kidney or some such unknown, with Pépin as guide.—**Gael Greene**

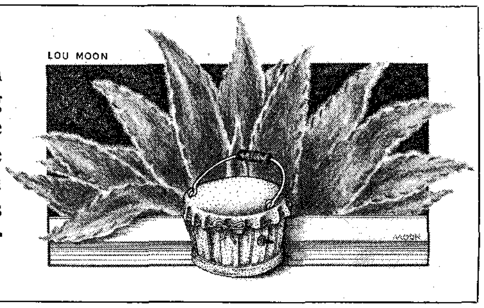
LA TECHNIQUE/*By Jacques Pépin Quadrangle/$20*

Calmic Relief

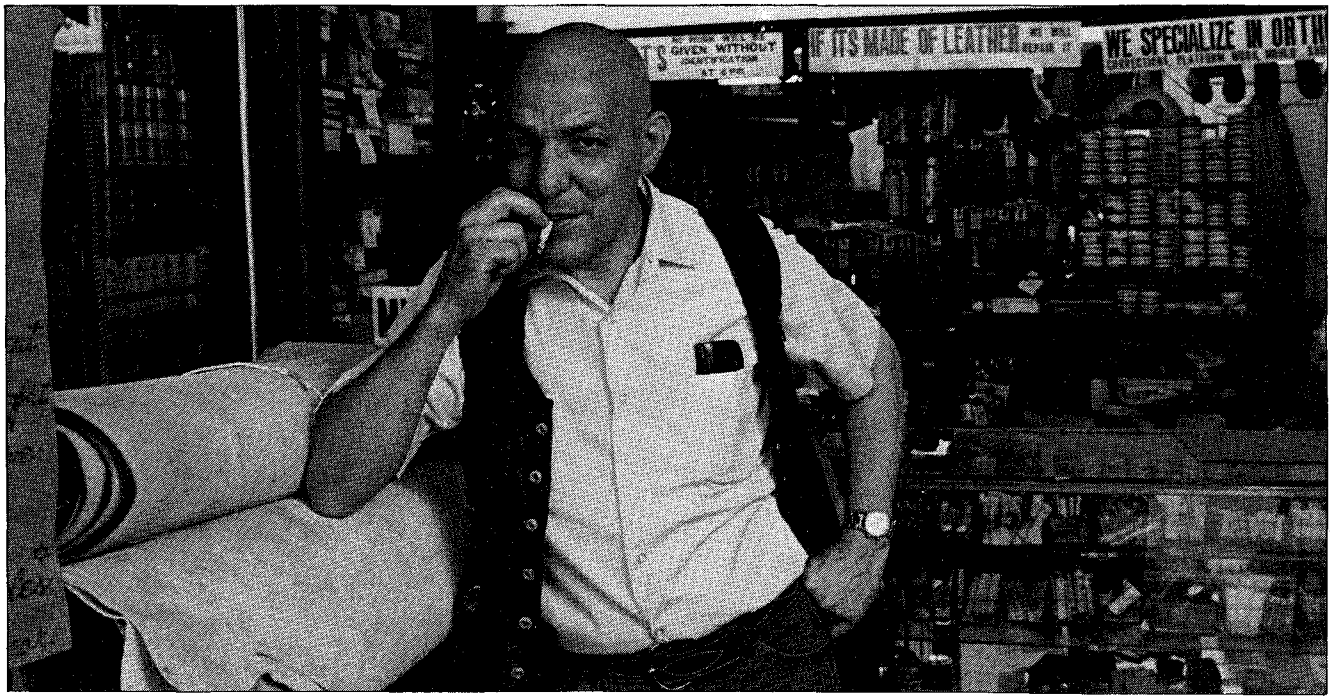
Why should your home and heart give in to January letdown? For $30, an electronic gadget will make your plants feel better and you, too, according to the lads at Serendipity who turned on Grow Tone's gentle beep when the Christmas rush got too hectic. Powered by a nine-volt battery, Grow Tone comes in a wooden bucket with a burlap top. Its inventors say it emits a "totally random melody" which stimulates plants' protoplasm. Serendipity's Stephen Bruce says it sounds to him like an X-ray bleep. —**Priscilla Tucker**

SERENDIPITY 3/*225 East 60th Street/TE 8-3531*

LOU MOON



The Case of the Co-Kojak, or That's Shoe Business



GIVEN WITHOUT IDENTIFICATION
IF ITS MADE OF LEATHER WE WILL REPAIR IT
WE SPECIALIZE IN ORTH

George Davalos: *Looks like, talks like, walks like, smokes like, squints like, but doesn't like, Telly Savalas.*

The time: 9:30 on a Thursday morning. The place: the Shoe Stop, a small shop at Broadway near 91st. Behind the counter: Sue, the shoemaker's wife. Facing her: a black kid wearing a green shirt and a sneer. And then . . . the kid sees a man slowly emerging from behind the rubble of shoes and polish. He turns, and he runs.

"That bastard had a *gun*," spits George Davalos, following the would-be thief with his eyes. "That son-of-a-bitch had a goddamn *piece* in his pocket." But the villain also had eyes in his head—and he was not about to use the gun. What? And shoot Telly Savalas?

Davalos and Savalas (they rhyme) are look-alikes. But while Davalos has acted as Savalas's double in *Kojak*, while he is now asked to do commercials for Fabergé and Wrangler that he was never asked to do before, while he owns a ranch in the Poconos, sends his children to private schools, and damned well knows why, George Davalos says, "Ha! He looks like *me!*"

Davalos was born 48 years ago on January 20 (Savalas's birthday is January 21). He went into the navy at sixteen and then to Curtis, majoring in concert guitar. He started a band, alternating with Glenn Miller and Paul Whiteman at the Click in Philadelphia, and in 1947 joined Sammy Kaye, who named him "Diablito" after his habit of sliding down nightclub banisters. In the next few years, Davalos played with Xavier Cugat's band and with the house band at the El Rancho in Las Vegas behind Eartha Kitt, Martin and Lewis, Tony Martin, Donald O'Connor, and Carmen Miranda. For extra bread, he hit Hollywood as an extra in "a couple of Westerns, all of Cugat's movies, and leading the band in *Pepe* while Dan Dailey mambo-jamboed." The years passed, and the band played on.

In 1969, on his way to work at the Bimini Yacht Club in New Jersey—where he was singing, dancing, and joking—Davalos slipped on the marble stairs. He broke an ankle and a leg, ruptured three vertebrae, and shattered his career. Or so he thought.

To support the family, he opened a shoe-repair shop on upper Broadway. To relieve the pain in his back, he began having acupuncture treatments for which, he says, he was told to shave off his brown hair. ("No way," says acupuncturist Dr. Robert Giller, who is not related to the case. "He shaved his head because he *wanted* to shave his head, not for any needles.") And then, as he was resoling a loafer one day three years ago, a customer came in and did a double take. "*Kojak* had just come on TV," says Davalos, "and this guy says, 'You're a dead ringer for Telly. They have to see you.' I thought maybe I can work as a partner, as a duo. So I went to the office, and they flipped."

Davalos went to work as a photo double, a stand-in, and a stunt man for Savalas—running up stairs and down hallways, driving fast cars, and earning $172.50 a day. He posed for pictures with Savalas, their arms around each other. He made the cover of *Esquire*. He signed autographs on the street. He was, after 29 years onstage, a star.

And then one day on the set, Savalas swaggered over. He grinned at his shiny-domed double, patted him on the cheek, said, "You're *beautiful*," and strolled off. Davalos did not explode then, but he does now. "Who does he think he is?" he says. "I'm not being vindictive, or jealous, but I turned him down this year. Big deal, being his double. I'm mistaken every day of my life for Telly. It's becoming aggravating. It's a hazard."

So Davalos keeps busy in the shoe shop, tucked away in the back. "I don't mind it here if I don't have to take care of customers," he explains. "I'm not a merchant. I can't haggle when I'm creating." So his wife, whom he met at the San Juan Hotel when she was twirling through a number in the Tropicoro Room and he was working the El Chico Bar, takes care of the customers.

Meanwhile, to keep his baton hand in, Davalos works country clubs, bar mitzvahs, and weddings. Someday he'd like a bilingual television show of his own. But what he wants now is to go back into the nightclub business.

"I'll out-dance him, I'll out-sing him, I'll out-m.c. him, I'll out-story him. Telly plays arrogance. He couldn't portray Christ in a million years or a cowardly man. When he says he can do a nightclub act, he's treading on *my* territory."

SHOE STOP/*2472 Broadway/362-8399*

The Underground Gourmet/Milton Glaser and Gertrude Snyder

GIVE 'EM HEALTH

"...As Healthworks illustrates, today's health-food restaurant has a concern for contemporary design and a well-trained staff..."

In our search for eateries of good quality at a low price, we are constantly on the alert for a sign that the seventies have arrived. Most eating experiences prove to be either reflections or extensions of those that occupied our attention in the sixties. Now we think we've found something.

The health-food restaurants of the last decade possessed ideological underpinnings, including organic balance, macrobiotics, Zen, concern for the environment—you know the scene.

Physically, those restaurants of the sixties were characterized by round shellacked-oak tables; assorted and unrelated wall decorations, tableware, and plates; hanging plants; and a staff of amateurs equally as haphazard.

In the updated versions, only the hanging plants survive. Today's spirit is marked by a concern for contemporary design (everything matches: Pirelli floors, Milanese plastic accoutrements) and a well-trained, attractive staff—a frankly commercial operation.

Healthworks, 148 East 57th Street between Third and Lexington avenues, 838-8370, illustrates our point. Every element is designed with thought: the charming logo, the signs on the premises, and the bright-yellow air-conditioning duct that becomes a design element. In their designer jumpsuit uniforms, the staff look terrific—and so does the food.

The menu offers five salads daily, varying in price from $3.25 to $3.75, selected from a repertoire of fifteen. A salad named Healthworks depends on the whim of the chef for its crisp, fresh ingredients. Turkey Bombay adds pork slices and roasted peanuts to the turkey and greens. To accompany this, we chose the Madras curry dressing. The Niçoise salad spikes up the French Mediterranean taste with Greek olives, feta cheese, and a sprinkling of hard-boiled egg yolk. It is nicely enhanced by a vinaigrette dressing. Authors' choice was a large platter of fresh fruit—grapes, apples, orange slices, and raisins with walnuts and romaine, all surrounding a center of either cottage cheese or frozen yogurt of any flavor.

Help yourself: *The beautifully displayed food is good—and good for you.*

Photographed by Charles Wiesehahn

The chef salad employed the expected ingredients of cold, crisp greens; cherry tomatoes; and ribbons of ham, turkey, and cheese.

Primavera blends very thin slices of parboiled broccoli and zucchini, fresh mushroom chunks, cherry tomatoes, shredded iceberg lettuce, and parsley.

The Caesar salad, of fresh components and seasoned croutons, is a misnomer: There was no raw egg, no oil.

Additional salads are combinations of spinach, bacon, and mushrooms (Popeye); finely shredded cabbage and minced turkey, ham, and scallions (Tuscany); shrimp, avocado, tomato, broccoli, zucchini, mushrooms, and water chestnuts (Atlantis). Two other salads blend chunks of chicken or turkey with snow peas, bean sprouts, water chestnuts, and greens, or with whole-grain wheat pilaf.

The assortment of dressings includes curry, dill, a tart French poppy, Russian, Parmesan, VHP (Very Healthy Person), and dark green pulverized vegetables. The dressings come in individual-portion-sized glass pitchers.

The salad menu is augmented daily with a soup and your choice of garnishes, $1.50. We were very pleased with both soups we tried. To a tomato bisque we added garlic croutons and shredded parsley. With the hearty split pea we chose croutons and a scattering of grated cheese. For $3.50, one may have the "double feature" of soup and salad. For dinner you may substitute a hot dish for the soup, $3.75. Currently the hot dishes are spinach-and-Swiss-cheese strudel and quiche, whose fillings vary.

Frozen yogurts are available, plain or flavored, in two sizes, 95 cents and $1.25; with your choice of toppings, from $1.20 to $1.50; with fresh fruit, from $1.45 to $1.75. We thought the fruit-flavored yogurt had a chemical taste.

Beverages run from 40 cents for coffee or tea to $1.25 for a VHP shake. *Jus du jour* and bottled Perrier are 65 cents; a glass of wine is 85 cents.

At Healthworks, you serve yourself. You pick up a white plastic tray, a napkin, and cutlery and proceed along the counter, choosing from the beautifully displayed foods, health breads, and drinks. The help behind the counter is lively and enthusiastic, and a waitress escorts you to a table.

The boundaries of this deep, narrow restaurant are defined by floor-to-ceiling farm-scene photomurals. Beneath a row of hanging plants are bentwood chairs and wood-topped tables.

One of the penalties of eating in this busy restaurant is the struggle to maintain a lunchtime dialogue. Sound reverberates from the unyielding contemporary surface of plastic, tile, and steel. (Soundproofing would be welcome.) One of the pleasures is the seating section reserved for nonsmokers.

Seats 75. Open Monday–Friday 11:30 A.M. to 9 P.M., Saturday 11:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. Wheelchair access.

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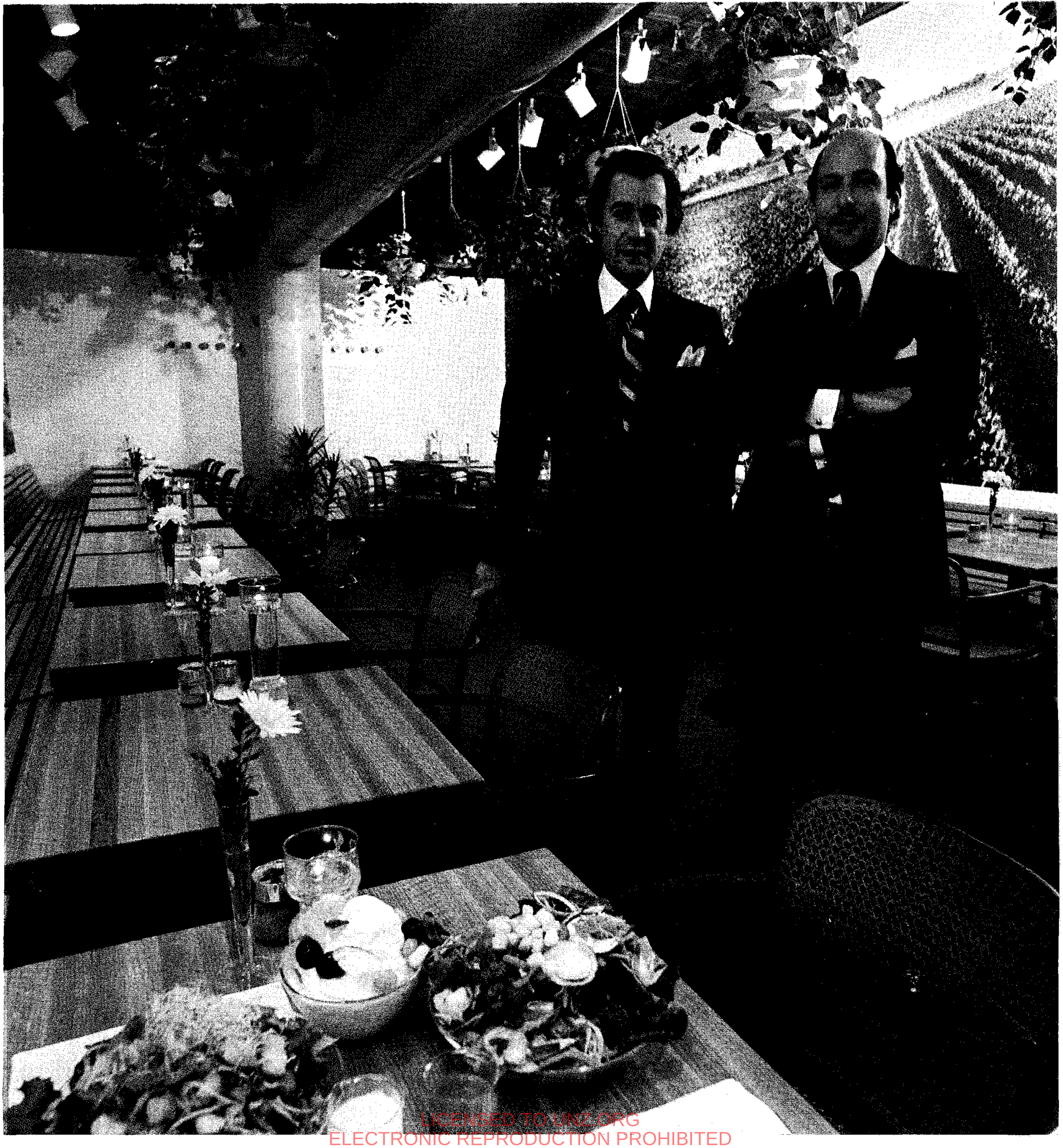
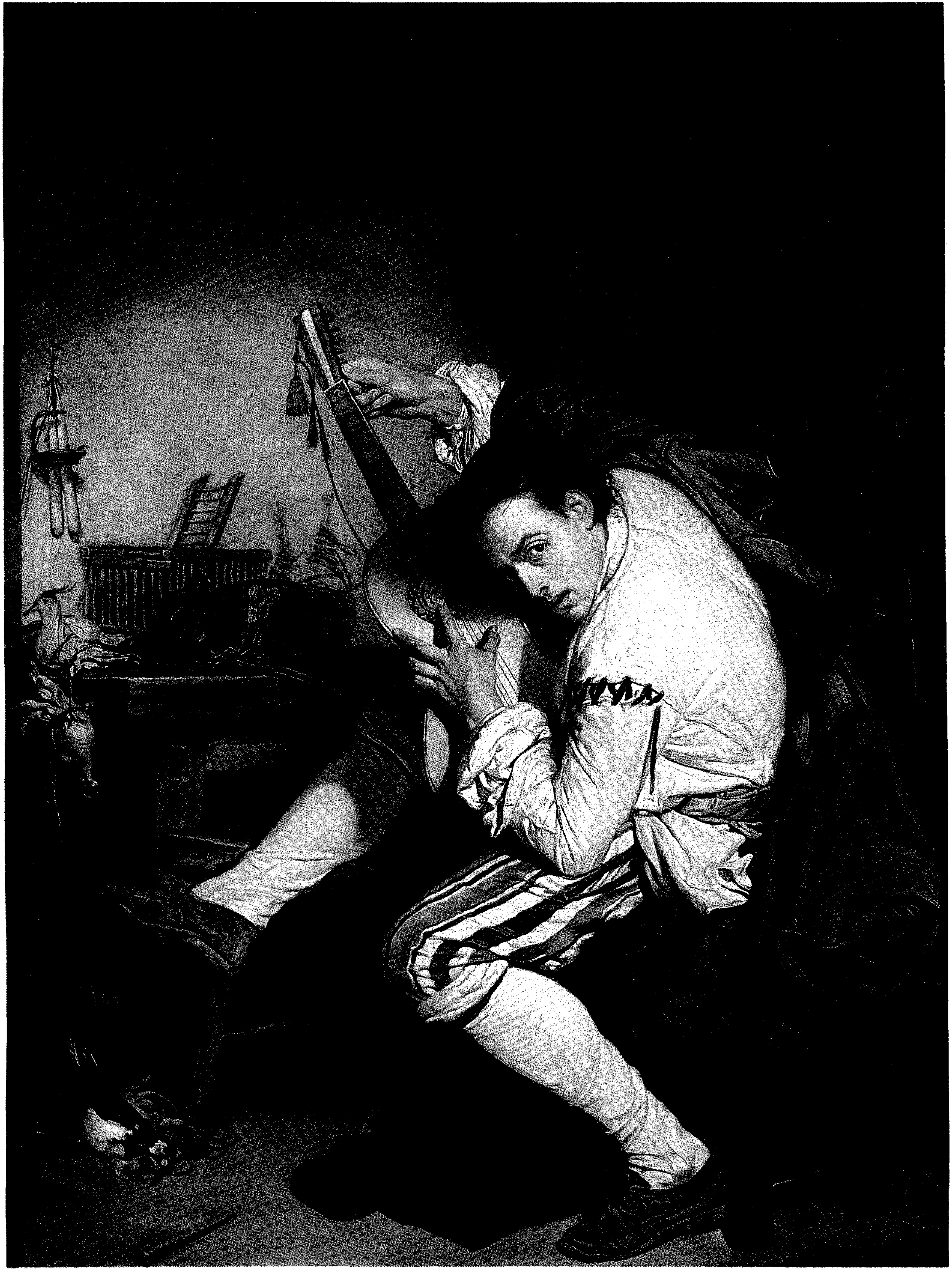




The Fowler *by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, c. 1757, oil, 24 by 19 inches, lent by the Muzeum Narodowe, Warsaw.*

Art / Thomas B. Hess

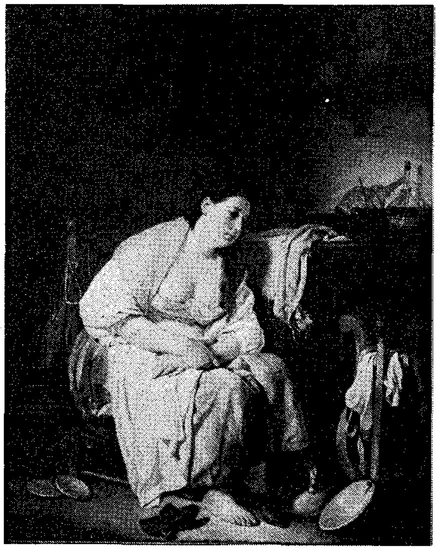
GREUZE: UP FROM THE CELLAR AND OUT ON THE SHELF

"... For all his niggling with anecdotal details, his bombastic gestures, Greuze was a master of strong, basic forms ..."

When museums have trouble, like everybody else they tend to cut losses and play safe. They reduce staff, shorten visiting hours, and schedule surefire, beautiful-but-dumb exhibitions. The Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut—one of the best small museums in the country—has had its share of misery: director wobbles, new-building aches, falling incomes, rising costs. Instead, however, of showing crowd-pleasing modern favorites from Swiss collections (as the Museum of Modern Art is doing) or Andrew Wyeth (like the Metropolitan) or Calder (like the Whitney), the Atheneum has held to scholarly ideals and organized a show of a neglected, unjustly disdained old master, with loans from collections as far away as Poland. It's a brave move that merits the international attention it's been getting.

Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725–1805) was presumed safely buried in obloquy. Now he's being revived, after years of effort, in a full-dress show accompanied by a highly detailed catalog. "Greuze's most important pictures require an intense effort of the viewer to grasp the concepts the artist was proposing. This necessary concentration is subtly provoked by Greuze through the brilliance of his draftsmanship, through pungent realistic detail, strange sweet-and-sour color harmonies, and the monumentality of his designs," writes Edgar Munhall, curator of the Frick Collection and co-organizer, with the Atheneum's acting director, Peter Marlow, of "the first comprehensive exhibition ever devoted to the work of one of the most eminent eighteenth-century French artists" (at Hartford through 1/23; thence to San Francisco, 3/5–5/1, and finally to Dijon, France, in the summer).

Only ten years ago, Paris critic Pierre Schneider reflected informed taste when he wrote: "The tears that Greuze made his contemporaries shed must have blinded them to the real merits of his work. Today much of it appears heavy-handed, dull, and pedestrian. Even the better part of it, the portraits, are marred by mawkishness. We have learned that garrulousness is art's worst enemy; what counts is not whether it preaches a good or a bad message, but that it should not preach at all."



Paired opposites: *Greuze painted* Indolence *(above) and* The Fowler *(opposite) as companion pieces. Eventually sold separately, they are now reunited at the Atheneum, which owns* Indolence.

We are still, it seems, in the century of revisions and rediscoveries. Some of them have been serious—epochal in scholarship and rigor—the retrieval of Georges de la Tour, for example, of El Greco and Vermeer. Others have been more frivolous—*jeux d'esprit* from camp dilettantes and fashionable connoisseurs—the Sitwells' Magnasco Society, for instance, or the international researches into Monsù Desiderio. The former tasks have been undertaken by serious researchers and artists, the latter often by playboys. Nowadays, however, such distinctions—like everything else—tend to blur in topicality and misplaced values. Greuze's roaring-camp scene of a drunken cobbler hailing his two disapproving children is taken as seriously as Watteau's *Gilles.*

You might expect a Greuze revival to be presented lightheartedly, with some humor to balance this most humorless and earthbound of Frenchmen. Instead, in the catalog you are led gravely from detail to minutiae of biographical anecdote (what the dauphin said about him, how he dressed his hair). There are exhaustive speculations about preliminary drawings, iconographical accents, provenances, and so forth. In short, it's the typical pedantry that American Ph.D. mills turn out with such relentless efficiency. And there is a bland assumption of high quality throughout; it makes you question the taste of the organizers. They accept everything as wonderful. A repentant nude St. Mary crouching on some convenient steps in the Egyptian desert, braced against a roll of matting, clutches her head so pathetically that only a heartless viewer could restrain a smile. The catalog calls it a "fully convincing tragic expression." A hilarious allegory of *Innocence Carried Off by Cupid*—a welter of babies, cut flowers, pets, and puffs of smoke—is called "triumphal." To treat so derivative a work as "important" is to become Greuze's propagandist, not his historian.

Mixing Greuze's good paintings and drawings with his many weak ones and handling all of them with even-handed piety confuses the issue. No clear idea of the artist's development emerges. He seems to advance, then retreat, to swing back and forth arbitrarily from style to style with no informing logic. The free-floating aspect is reinforced because Hartford hasn't established a context for the artist. He was, as the clichés of freshman survey courses put it, a link connecting Chardin to J.-L. David; connecting Chardin's housemaid among the kitchen casseroles to David's Sabines among the shields of Rome; the Rococo of Mme. Pompadour to the Neoclassicism of Mme. Récamier. Greuze was pushed across a flaw in time, a moment of transition illuminated by the fires of the revolution and darkened by the final triumph of the bourgeoisie. Also, he was trapped between Italy and the North. In the battles between the ardent followers of Poussin and the lovers of Rubens, Greuze attempts to hold a perilous middle ground—a syncretic ideal that attracted many provincials. He presents an old geezer dying as if it were the *Death of Germanicus.* It's a disturbing mélange. Elsewhere, a maid out of Chardin is grabbed by hands out of Poussin's *Self-Portrait.* Schemas from Hellenistic sarcophagi

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are shoved beneath melodramas derived from seventeenth-century Dutch Little Masters. It's a hodgepodge that only a genius on the order of Chardin could manage. In Greuze the various elements keep unraveling.

He would look stronger, I believe, placed more securely in the framework of his time. For example, Munhall does not mention Fragonard, Greuze's overwhelming contemporary. Fragonard found a more original, and in the long run more universal, way to cope with the whipped-cream labyrinths of the Rococo. Nor does he invoke the Le Nain brothers, who seem to have provided Greuze with valuable precedents. And all the richness of literature in the Age of Enlightenment is passed over, with the necessary exception of Greuze's great friend and observer, Denis Diderot. Diderot is quoted chiefly as an influential art critic and editor of the *Encyclopédie*. Munhall scarcely mentions Diderot's fiction; one of his best novels, *Rameau's Nephew*, whose hero is the first ragtag bohemian in modern literature, probably has a bearing on Greuze's own fierce and shaggy sense of independence ("You told me this painter was peculiar," said the dauphin, "you didn't say he was crazy"). Indeed, Munhall prunes away so much of Greuze's culture that the artist is left to stand alone as a kind of Hegelian absolute genius, which his accomplishments hardly support.

Consider what might be called the "nipple syndrome." Greuze is forever opening the dresses of his women sitters, or lowering the necklines, or peeking through the veils. Is the exposed breast part of a convention of erotic *galanterie* that dominated the turn of the century? It was a period when almost everything was made to look lubricious. The leading statesman, Mirabeau, wrote soft-core pornography. De Sade was engaged in his obsessional masterpieces. Fragonard, Baudouin, Debucourt, and many other artists were regularly commissioned to produce what were euphemistically called "boudoir" scenes. Is Greuze using that formula, or does the motif signal that the artist champions the cause of breast-feeding by the mother herself, instead of by a wet nurse? It was a sacred goal for many *bien pensant* followers of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Greuze treated it explicitly in some drawings. Or was the cleft bodice a fashion of the moment? Or was it an allegorizing protocol—to put Parisian models in the Pantheon among Roman goddesses? Or was it a combination of all such influences? It's hard to decide, and the catalog, with its agitated insistence on Greuze's originality, is of little help.

Greuze was a contingent figure, a

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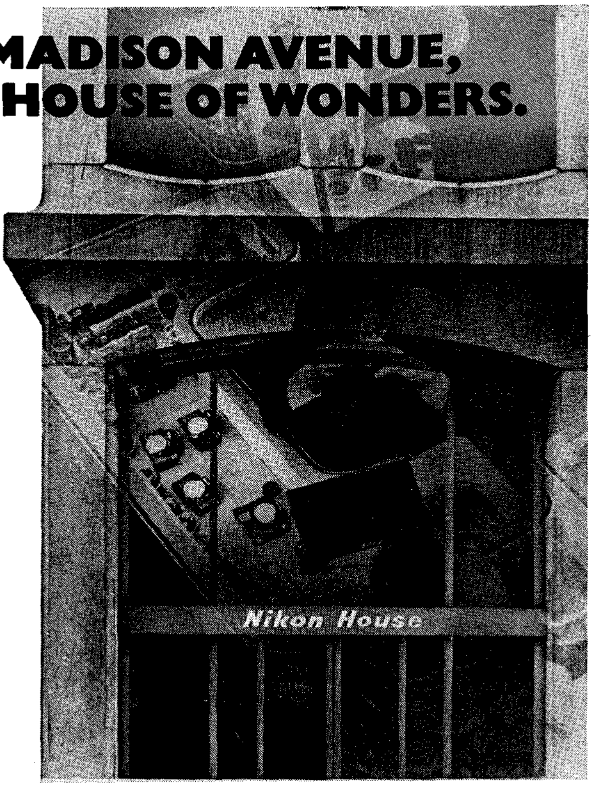
third-rank master, victim of a time of stress and flux. Still, he accomplished more than had been understood. For all his niggling with anecdotal details, for all the stilted and bombastic gestures, he was a master of strong basic forms in restrained, darkling tonalities. The talent appears early. In *The Fowler*, done in Italy around 1757, Greuze depicted a hunter surrounded by dead birds, cages, and decoys, tuning his guitar; but he twisted the figure's anatomy into the three-legged triskelion (a sun symbol and an emblem of Sicily); there's extraordinary vigor to the compression. In many highly finished drawings, there's a sense of powerful, almost primitive, structure. Elsewhere, Greuze relied on simple academic, pyramidal, or double-triangle compositions. He huddles his mythic families (in modern dress, of course) within tentlike spaces; often a tall young man stands at the apex. Greuze himself was short, stocky; his alter ego in the pictures is a gangling, long-faced hero—a bit of Figaro, perhaps, with a lot of Emile.

Within his sturdy formal structures, Greuze presented a limited number of themes. Mostly they concern a sensitive adolescent's fears—fears of growing up, of sex, parental violence, death. Often the drama is thinly disguised (mourning a dead bird equals mourning a lost maidenhead). Usually it takes place within a hectic domestic circle (Greuze's own home was notoriously tempestuous). Animals and no-neck children cavort around—like *amoretti* in Poussin and Rubens, only stiffer, dumber, sweeter. The basic compositions and juvenile subjects are reinforced by plain colors, usually keyed to brown, traversing pinks and yellows, and bursting into a handsome display of off-whites. What Munhall terms Greuze's "strange sweet-and-sour color harmonies" are, of course, another eclectic attempt at combining Italian and northern (especially Dutch) sources. Sometimes the results are murky. Sometimes Greuze pulls it off, as in *The Fowler*, for example, where reds and yellows develop from brown through the intercession of grays, or *The White Hat*, a Nattier-Rubens variation on the theme of flesh and white.

Greuze, in other words, is simpler, stronger, and better than generally had been thought. Marlow, Munhall, and the Atheneum have performed a true service in bringing him up from the cellars. It doesn't help, however, to overdo the revaluation or to present him as a solitary heroic figure—another Georges de la Tour, for example. Torn from his context, Greuze seems faint, awkward. The task is to replace him, freshly dusted, on the shelf of his time and place. ▬

ON OLD MADISON AVENUE, THERE IS A HOUSE OF WONDERS.



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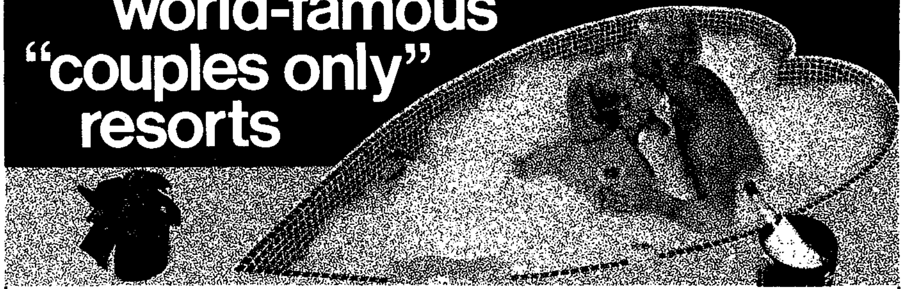

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Wine/Alexis Bespaloff

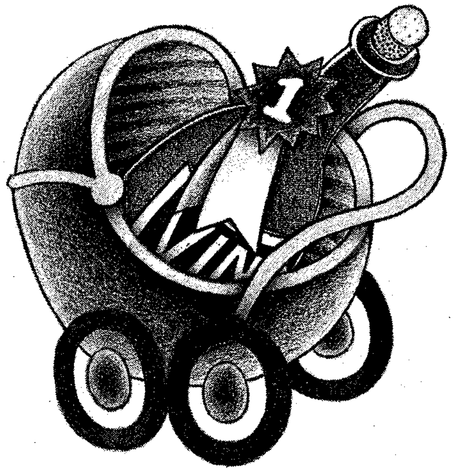
HOORAY FOR THE NEW BEAUJOLAIS

"... This tasting certainly justified the advance reports that 1976 was the best year for Beaujolais at least since 1971..."

It's probable that no wine is quite as controversial as the new Beaujolais, marketed each year just weeks after the grapes are picked. While some wine shippers produce thousands of cases, others condemn it as a pseudowine. Some New York retailers stock as many examples as they can; others refuse to sell a bottle. By the end of December there were eleven examples of 1976 Beaujolais available in New York, so I arranged a blind tasting to see if these wines were as appealing as their popularity would suggest, or as unpleasant as their detractors would have us believe.

The wines of the Beaujolais region can be released for sale every year on December 15, although much of the crop, especially such wines as Brouilly, Fleurie, Morgon, Moulin-à-Vent, and so on, aren't even bottled until the spring following the vintage. There is a special category of Beaujolais, though —Beaujolais *primeur* or Beaujolais *nouveau* (the names are interchangeable)—that can be sold as early as November 15. These are selected from the lightest-bodied and fruitiest wines, so that they can be consumed as soon as they are put on the market. While a red Bordeaux needs to spend 18 to 30 months in barrel and another several years in bottle before being at its best, a Beaujolais *primeur* can be bottled, shipped, and sold within six weeks of the vintage. Because of a short crop in 1975 there was virtually no Beaujolais to be had in France this past fall; and as a result, nearly 2 million cases (more than 25 percent of the 1976 wines eventually to be sold as Beaujolais or Beaujolais-Villages) were sold as *primeur.*

Many wine shippers deplore the increasing production of new Beaujolais, despite its popularity. They point out that years ago, when the wine was shipped in barrel to Lyons and Paris, the consumer was able to drink a fruity and fragrant wine for a few weeks. Now that virtually all new Beaujolais is bottled, and some of it exported to London and New York, where it is still on the shelf six months later, the wine has to be stabilized by heavy filtration and even by pasteurization, which dulls its character and deadens its charm. This may be overstating the case, but it is true that the wine is at its best before Easter and that those who buy a *primeur* more than six months old may be in for a disappointment.



This year the first bottles of 1976 Beaujolais, flown over specially, were enthusiastically consumed on November 16 at a private party at Mortimer's restaurant. The first 1976 wine actually for sale arrived in New York a few days later, but not from France: It was produced by Benmarl, a small winery in Marlboro, 60 miles up the Hudson River. Only 150 cases of this attractive wine were made, and quickly sold.

Although this year importers did not fly in supplies of new Beaujolais on November 15, as they have in the past, a number of different bottlings arrived in New York by ship during December. Of the eleven 1976 Beaujolais that I tasted, eight are in general distribution: Piat ($3.99), Prosper Maufoux ($3.99), Henri de Villamont ($3.99), Boisseaux-Estivant ($3.99), Quinson Fils ($2.99), Paul Baudet ($3.49), Lémé Frères ($3.49), and Henri Ramel ($3.39). Three others are each available from only one retailer: Astor France ($2.99 at Astor Wines and Spirits, Inc., 12 Astor Place), Jaboulet-Vercherre ($2.99 at Vendôme Liqueur, Inc., 12 East 45th Street), and Henri Lambert ($2.99 at D. Sokolin Company, Inc., 178 Madison Avenue near 34th Street). Two wines stood out from all the others—the light, fruity, and charming Paul Baudet, and the fuller-bodied and more flavorful wine of Prosper Maufoux. (Astor France, also shipped by Baudet, seems identical in taste.) Lémé Frères is an attractive, rather light wine; Boisseaux-Estivant is a bigger wine with a berrylike taste; Piat is light-bodied, with some acidity; and Quinson Fils and Henri Lambert have more body than fruit. Henri de Villamont and Jaboulet-Vercherre, however, lacked the appeal of new Beaujolais, and Henri Ramel was thin, weak, and unattractive.

Even the Beaujolais producers who don't care for Beaujolais *primeur* readily agree that the most recent vintage available is always preferable to an older one. Just to see, I included in my tasting three examples of 1975 Beaujolais and Beaujolais-Villages, and two 1974s, all from reputable shippers at $4 to $4.50 each. All five older wines tasted dull and lacked fruit and appeal compared with the best of the *primeurs.* Furthermore, a good *primeur* actually has more of the traditional charm and elegance of Beaujolais than many of the fuller-bodied "Burgundian" Beaujolais now being shipped here.

This tasting certainly justified the advance reports that 1976 was the best year for Beaujolais at least since 1971, and the non-*primeur* Beaujolais to be shipped later this year will include some very attractive examples. Unfortunately, wine merchants paid growers 25 percent more for the 1976 vintage than they did for the 1975, and nearly double what they paid for the 1973 and 1974 vintages, so you can expect to see Beaujolais selling for $4.50 to $5 a bottle before the end of the year. Meanwhile, you now have the opportunity of tasting some fresh and delightful examples of new Beaujolais (which should be served slightly chilled, by the way). If you want to compare the different wines for yourself, here are some stores that carry at least four different Beaujolais *nouveaux:* Manhattan Château Wine & Liquor Corp., 1122 Third Avenue at 66th Street; Morrell & Company, 307 East 53rd Street; 67 Liquors, 179 Columbus Avenue at 68th Street; and Yorkville Discount Liquor, 1392 Third Avenue at 79th Street. ▬

Illustrated by Paul Richer

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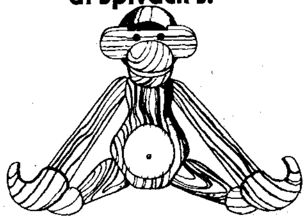

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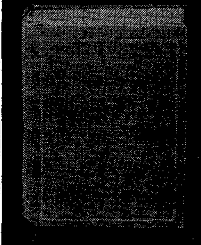

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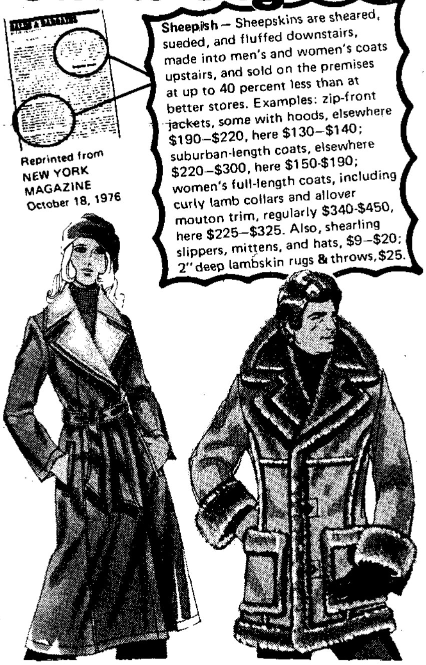

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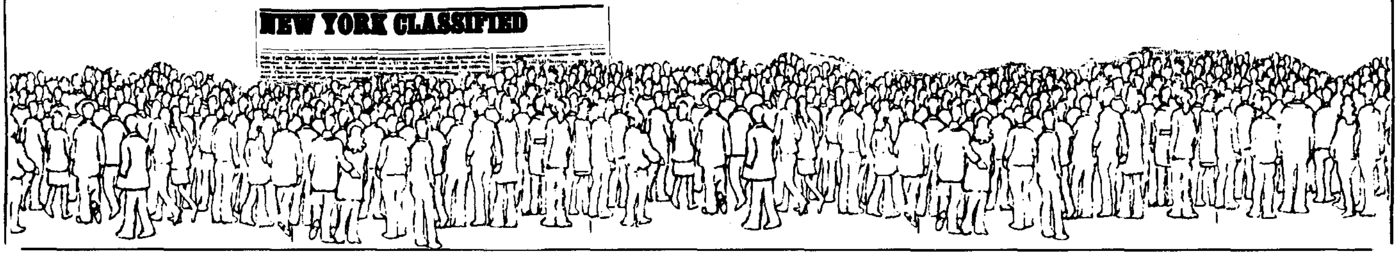
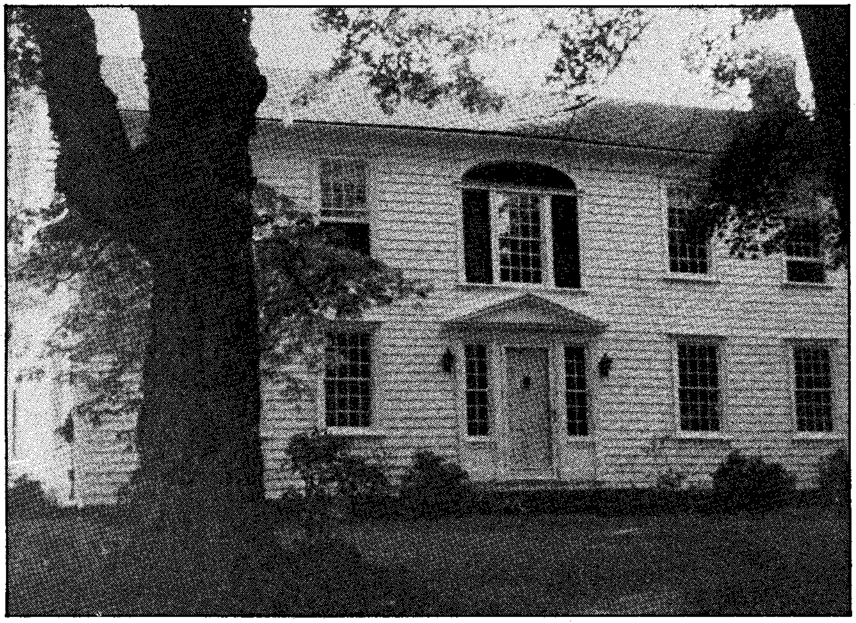


TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.



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$75,000

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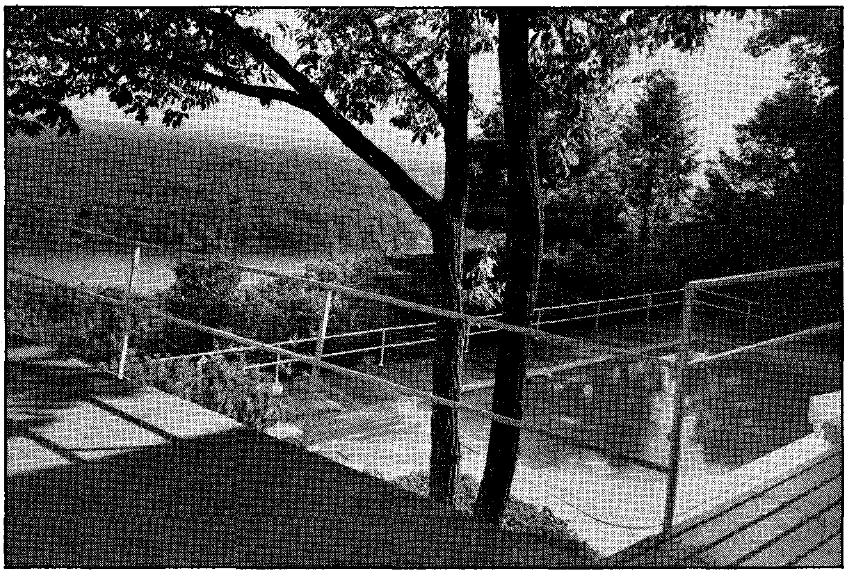

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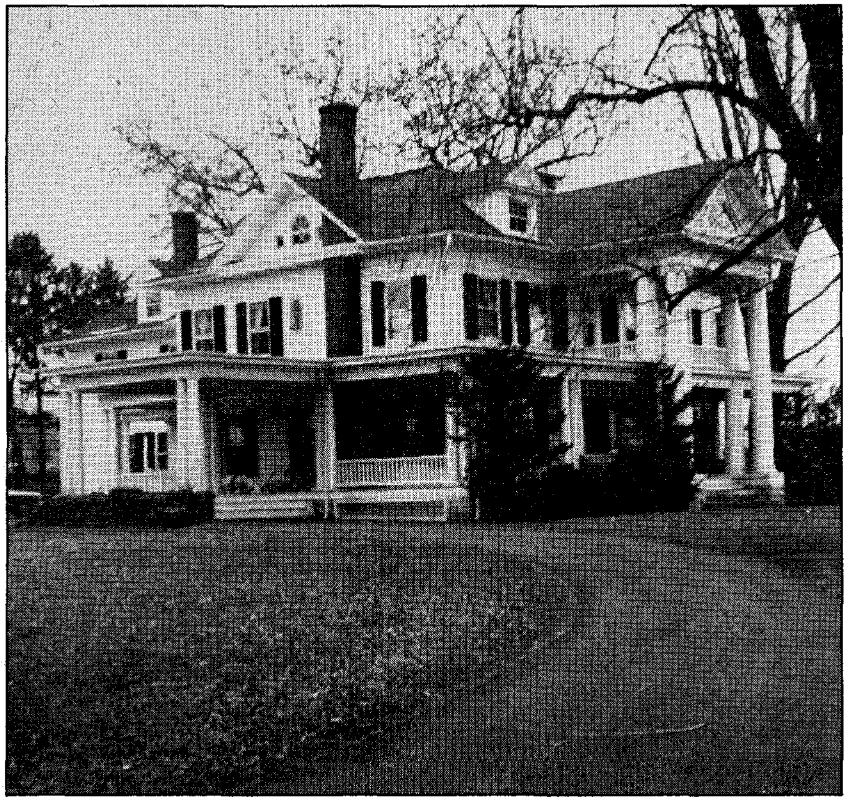

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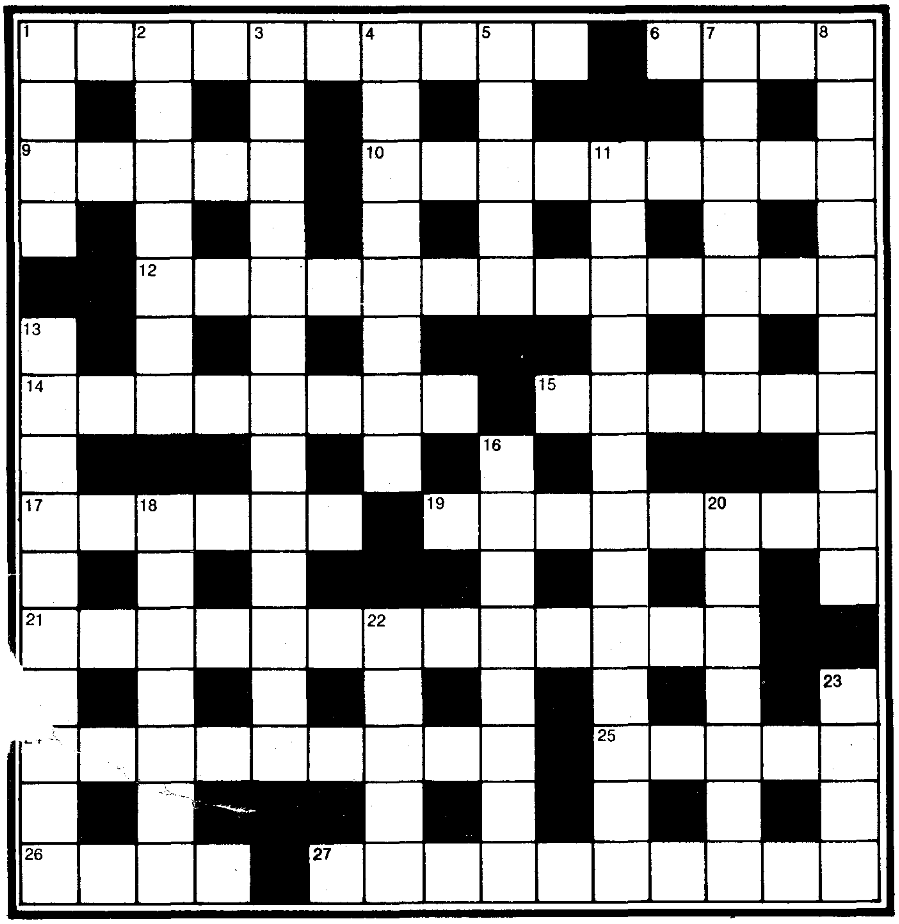
WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Clues

ACROSS

1 Objects about the headstrong giving punishments. (10)
6 People aboard sounded triumphant. (4)
9 Part of house which starts breaking in a high wind. (5)
10 Immunity for next poem I translated. (9)
12 Way in for boy with holiday accommodation in the country. (5, 8)
14 Purify by putting tax on desire? (8)
15 Vehicle used in crowded street and empty places. (6)
17 "—— in this pretty pace from day to day" *(Macbeth).* (6)
19 Father has to be the acquisitive one. (8)
21 Town in which a pretender takes precedence over the church. (13)
24 It is soothing to make music as an end to anxieties. (9)
25 Foreigner with a right to retain possession. (5)
26 Team composed of stars but without real finish. (4)
27 Meteorologist who gives us an article about a means of measuring heat. (10)

DOWN

1 Thanks to the grammar school one has got little bits of Latin. (4)
2 Setbacks for the following in a kind of puzzle. (7)
3 Secretaries give dissipated strangers hope. (13)
4 I refuse to admit embracing a bird, whoever it is. (8)
5 Place for putting colour. (5)
7 There is extraordinary greed in what the king did. (7)
8 Key simple for a lake. (10)
11 How locks are arranged so that the water stays in motion? (9, 4)
13 A hundred packs like being involved in footballing activities. (5-5)
16 A week in bygone days. (8)
18 Put up with half of us being in conclusion left. (7)
20 Turning to my right is the right view. (7)
22 It has large ears and holds one in bewilderment. (5)
23 There is nothing in a girl before long. (4)

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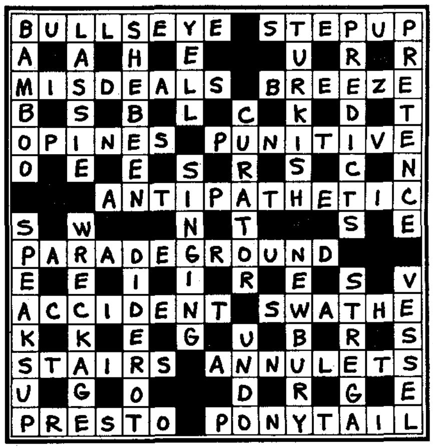
Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.



B	U	L	L	S	E	Y	E	■	S	T	E	P	U	P
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M	I	S	D	E	A	L	S	■	B	R	E	E	Z	E
B	■	S	■	B	■	L	■	C	■	K	■	D	■	T
O	P	I	N	E	S	■	P	U	N	I	T	I	V	E
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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Clothes for everybody—One of the most fashionable stores of the Upper West Side is actually three: a women's store, a men's store, and a sports store, spread out on Broadway between 83rd and 86th streets. All three are now holding large winter clearances. At Charivari, Ltd., the women's store: imported wool dresses, including Gudule and Castelbajac, were $70–$135, now $35–$58; Issey Miyake brown toga-wrap capes, were $225–$240, now $90; French and Italian designer sweaters, were $80–$125, now $40–$60; silk shirts, were $34–$40, now $22–$25; pantsuits—Rafael, Clubman, Pierre D'Alby, Sir for Her—were $150–$450, now $75–$225. Other sportswear and accessories reduced 30 to 50 percent.

Charivari for Men has on sale 2-piece, 3-piece, and double-breasted suits, were $165–$375, now $125–$175; Valstar Italian raincoats, were $150, now $75; Georges Rech coats, were $225–$275, now $119–$139; French and Italian pleated and plain pants, were $50–$80, now $30–$49; cotton shirts by Polo, YSL, and others, were $19.50–$45, now $11.98–$24.98; Scottish and Italian wool sweaters, hand-framed Fair Isles, bulkies, and waistcoats, were $40–$60, now $15–$45; Italian cashmeres, were $45, now $35.

Charivari Sport is featuring corduroy jeans, were $17, now $9.98; plaid cotton-flannel shirts, were $16, now $12.98; French wool ski sweaters, were $45, now $29; Castelbajac parachute-cloth jumpsuits, were $135–$195, now $67.50; French plaid jackets, were $100, now $49; Castelbajac jackets, were $110–$165, now $55–$79. *Charivari, Ltd., 2307 Broadway near 83rd St. (873-1424); Charivari for Men, 2339 Broadway at 85th St. (873-7242); Charivari Sport, 2345 Broadway near 85th St. (799-8650); Mon.–Wed., Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. until 8 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Art—A going-out-of-business sale knocks 50 percent off of everything in this brownstone shop—one- and few-of-a-kind posters and graphics, framed, unframed, or mounted, plus art glass and giftware. An unframed Chagall poster, was $40, now $20; an unframed Matisse poster, was $20, now $10; a framed Boulanger, was $70, now $35. Art-glass vases, were from $50 to $70, now half off. Moti animal and nature etchings, numbered and signed, were $295–$345, now half off. Assorted china, glass, tinware, and gift accessories, were $4–$25, now $2–$12.50. *Stark's, 231 East 50th St. (752-2870); Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–5:45 p.m.; Sat. 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Women's wear—This bustling midtown shop features name-brand and designer styles with a youthful flair. A January clearance reduces some coats from $155 to $88; others, were $175, now $108; wool skirts, were $32–$42, now $18.99; tattersall shirts, were $34 and $44, now $22 and $29; culottes, were $32 and $52, now $18.99; blazers and Norfolk jackets, were $78 and $88, now reduced by one third; also one-third off assorted designer sportswear, including sweaters, wool or velvet jackets, pants, and skirts (were $30–$120, now $19.99–$79.99). Everything in sizes 5/6 to 13/14. *Honeybee, 7 East 53rd St. (MU 8-3660); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. until 8 p.m.; thru 1/31.*

Gifts and accessories—This small, sweet-smelling gift shop/boutique is discounting its merchandise in January by 20–50 percent. The Mary Chess fragrances—White Lilac, Tuberose, Tapestry, Strategy, and Yram—were $8.50 for 4 oz. of toilet water, now $6.80; pure-silk chiffon, satin-bordered scarves in over 30 colors, were $17, now $13; other silk designer scarves, were $10 and up, now 20–50 percent off; Tano leather handbags, were $19.50–$104, now $14.50–$78; small leather goods, were $4.50–$55, now $3.50–$44; assorted stationery and gift items are 20–50 percent off. *Miss Chess, Ltd., 106 East 57th St. (688-5455); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; thru 1/31.*

Denim, etc.—The French Jean Store has opened an outlet a block east of the main store, where closeouts, odd-size lots and one-of-a-kind-left garments are sold at welcome savings, usually 50 percent off. Stock changes frequently, but a recent visit turned up a one-of-a-kind Lee Cooper denim pants set reduced from $125 to $45; velour sweat shirts in assorted colors, were $22, now $12; Italian striped wool boat-neck pullovers, were $78, now $38; Lino Italian striped cotton pants, were $48, now $24; Sassoon white jeans, were $48, now $30; MacKeen jeans, were $65, now $30; two styles of jeans jackets, were $38 and $40, now $14 and $15. The jeans may be slightly imperfect, but the store will point out the imperfection to you. Most things fit both men and women. *The French Jean Store Outlet, 311 East 60th St. (751-6013); Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat. noon–5 p.m.*

Tiles—Spanish and Italian tiles are being closed out here below cost. Hand-painted Spanish tiles in the classic blue-white-and-yellow patterns, were $6 per sq. ft., now $2. Italian contemporary tiles in solids, checks, or diamond patterns, were $4.75 per sq. ft. for solids, now $1.50; were $3.50–$4.75 per sq. ft. for patterns, now $1–$1.50. *Danny Alessandro, 1156 Second Ave. at 61st St. (421-1928); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. noon–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Menswear—The owner of this Par Avenue shop designs and manufactur all the clothing in it, so the designs exclusive. A selection of the stoc now reduced 50 percent. Jacke wool, tweed, or silk, were $250, n $125; trousers, in wool, polyester, c ton, and blends, were $50–$125, now $25–$62.50; solid and patterned long- and short-sleeve shirts in silk, polyester, blends, and cotton, were $25–$75, now $12.50–$25; kimonos and caftans in the same fabrics as the shirts, were $45 for kimonos, now $22.50, and $55–$150 for caftans, now $27.50–$75. Swim trunks in assorted colors, sizes 32–40, were $25, now $12.50; neckties in solids, stripes, and patterns, were $10–$20, now $5–$10. *Alexander Shields, 484 Park Ave. at 58th St. (832-1616); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; thru 1/29.*

Consumer Aware

Reference books—Two excellent reference works by Joseph Rosenbloom are published by Macmillan. They are: *Consumer Complaint Guide 1977*, which exhaustively lists federal, state, and local recourses for your complaints, plus names and addresses of corporations to complain to (over 8,000 in all), with the names of the appropriate corporate officers. The companion volume, *Consumer Protection Guide 1977*, tells you about services—medical, dental, legal, finance companies, funeral homes, movers, agencies, etc., and where and how to complain about poor service or ripoffs.

American Journal/Richard Reeves

AN OFFICIAL WHITE HOUSE POLLSTER: WHY NOT?

> "... There is something unseemly about an official, regular White House poll. Would we have government by popularity?..."

Jimmy Carter's transition people have been kicking around the idea of putting a pollster on the White House staff. They should.

Whatever you think of polls—I find them manipulatable, manipulative, and more than a little scary—there are very few significant institutional decisions being made in the country these days without the benefit or confirmation of survey and market research. No president in his right mind would, or should, make a major policy commitment without consulting polls—he doesn't have to follow public-opinion data, but he would be a fool not to tudy it—and Jimmy Carter as a particularly poll-ori-ed presidential candidate. ng other things, candi-Carter chose not to at-ck Henry Kissinger's or resident Ford's handling of the *Mayaguez* incident in their foreign-policy debate because his pollster told Carter that his instincts were statistically unpopular—Patrick Caddell's survey showed that polled America generally approved of both the secretary of state and gunboat diplomacy.

Pat Caddell: *Should Carter put him in the White House?*

We might as well make it official—and *open*—and put Pat Caddell, Carter's campaign pollster, in the White House, too. (Caddell, of course, doesn't want to be in the White House. Like Charles Kirbo and Jerry Rafshoon, the president's incorporated pollster can look forward to making a fortune on the outside in the next four years. Perfectly legal conflict of interest. The American way.)

The point is that President Carter, quietly or openly, is going to be using polls—and pollsters. The use and abuse of Louis Harris, George Gallup, Albert Sindlinger, et al. by Richard Nixon's White House was described in some detail by Michael Wheeler last year in a book called *Lies, Damn Lies, and Statistics*. For some reason the book did not attract as much attention as it deserved, but Wheeler reported enough back-scratching between the White House and pollsters—particularly Charles Colson working on and with Harris and Sindlinger—to conclude: "What is surprising and most disturbing, is that the pollsters, who present themselves as neutral recorders of public opinion, indeed as virtual spokesmen for the American people, were willing to work behind the scenes for the White House. We learned of Nixon's celebrated battle with the press because many reporters and broadcasters fought back. Nixon's parallel campaign to dominate the polls went unnoticed because the pollsters offered no resistance."

The pollsters, as described by Wheeler, offered no resistance because they were businessmen—Harris, for one, was making money on White House contracts—unfettered by the unprofitable traditions and rhetoric of journalism. So they were willing to provide the White House with early and secret data and, at the president's request, to discuss or modify the questions they were asking Americans.

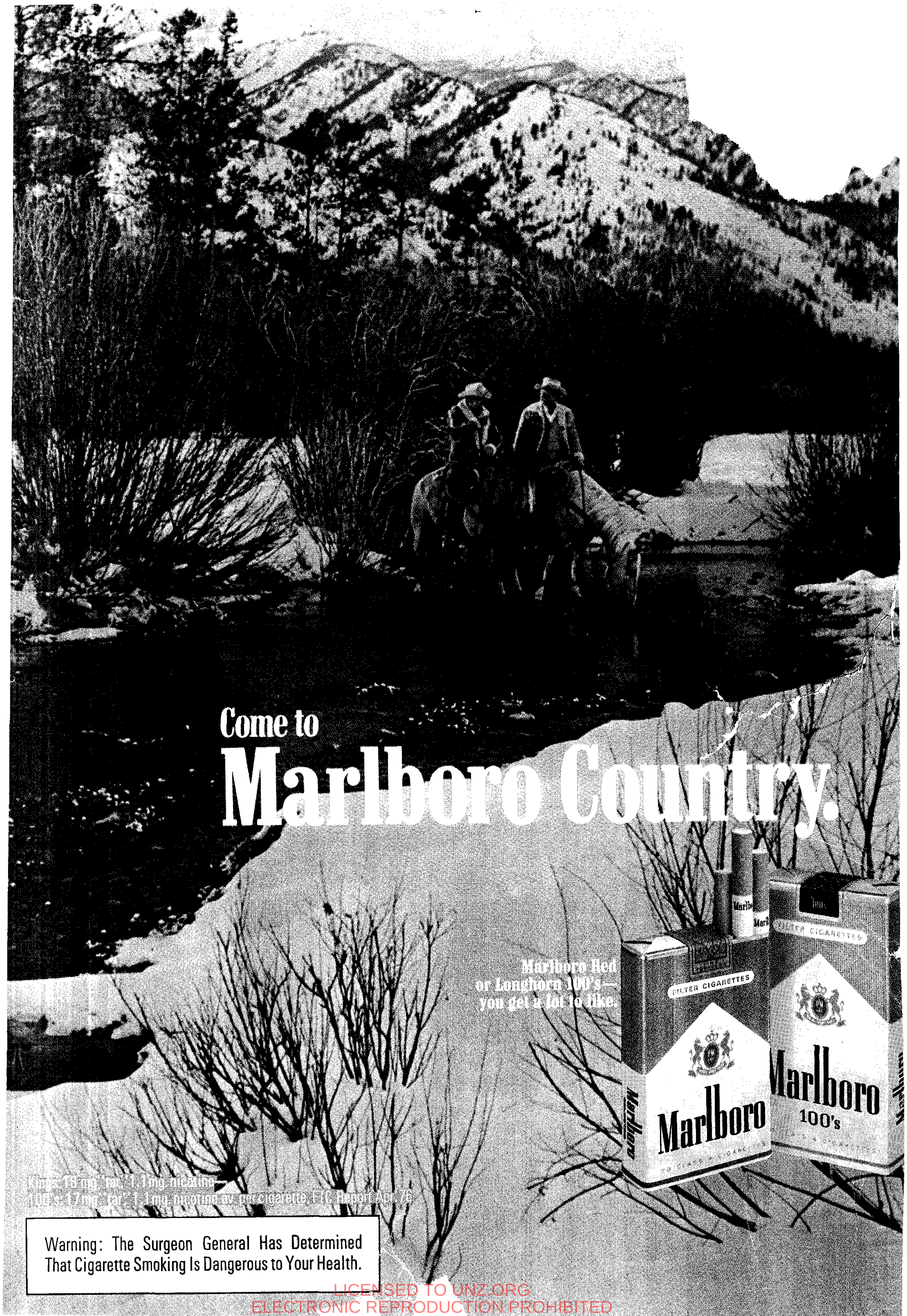
Despite that recent history, there is something unseemly about an official, regular White House poll. Would we have government by popularity—a leader slave to the mob? No more than what we have now—it's called democracy—and perhaps less. Leadership, as Harry Truman once said very well, is making people do what they don't want to do and like it. A leader worth anything is going to buck the polls, or, rather, try to change them by mobilizing his arguments and his people. The difference might be whether or not his poll data is secret or open—and, thus, whether or not the public is privy to what he is doing or trying to do. It's possible that if the state of the nation (or its opinion) were open and credible, a president would be tempted to try to alter it just to prove himself a leader of people, rather than a follower of decimal points.

A public White House poll would also tend to focus attention on the trickiest part of polling—the wording of the questions. Wheeler, for instance, argues that the questions asked by Gallup and Harris during Watergate had the effect of overestimating Nixon's political strength and probably helped keep him in office. Both pollsters asked variations of the question "Should President Nixon be impeached and removed from office?"—but impeachment (trial) and removal (punishment) are quite different, and other pollsters were getting more negative readings on Nixon by asking only about impeachment. One pollster, Peter Hart, states flatly that by altering a question "you can come up with any result you want."

None of this touches on how reliable polling is. As a newspaperman, I decided a long time ago that whatever it was, it was a hell of a lot more reliable than the next best thing, a dozen man-in-the-street interviews. I also knew by then that it probably didn't matter how good surveys actually were; what mattered was that politicians and other decisionmakers acted on the data they saw.

And that's the question: Should we see the data President Carter is acting on? Yes—it's our opinion and we should know about it. ▬

Photographed by Roger Sandler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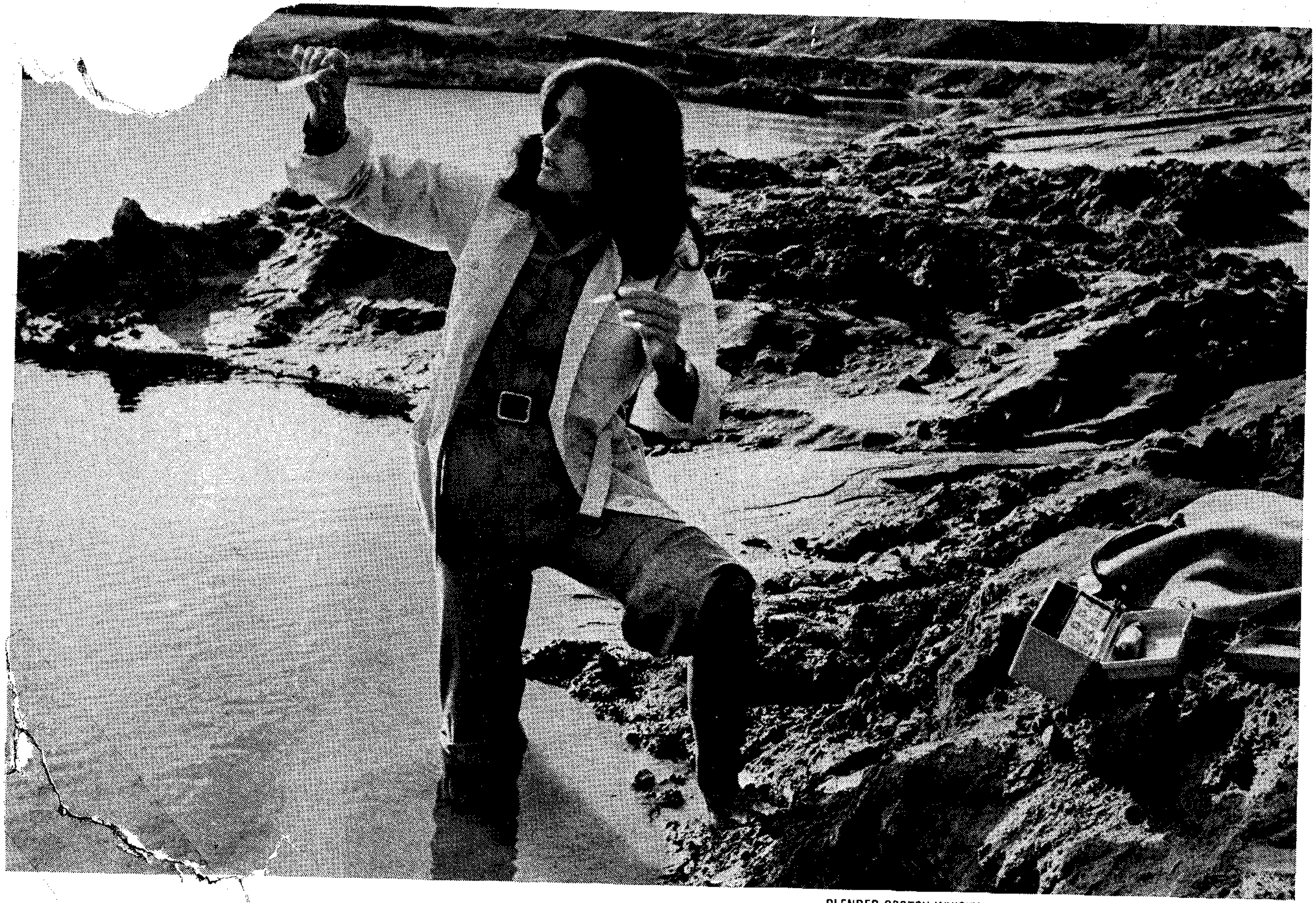

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SHERYL HANDLER

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 29

PROFESSION: Urban and natural resource analyst

HOBBIES: Horseback riding, skiing, scuba diving, piano, oriental and primitive art collecting.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Kristin Lavransdatter" by Sigrid Undset

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded nonprofit corporations which provide resource management and urban development services to governments the world over.

QUOTE: "My feminine instinct to shelter and nurture contributes to my professional perspective. Instinct, as much as analysis, is required to rationalize the use of natural resources with economic growth."

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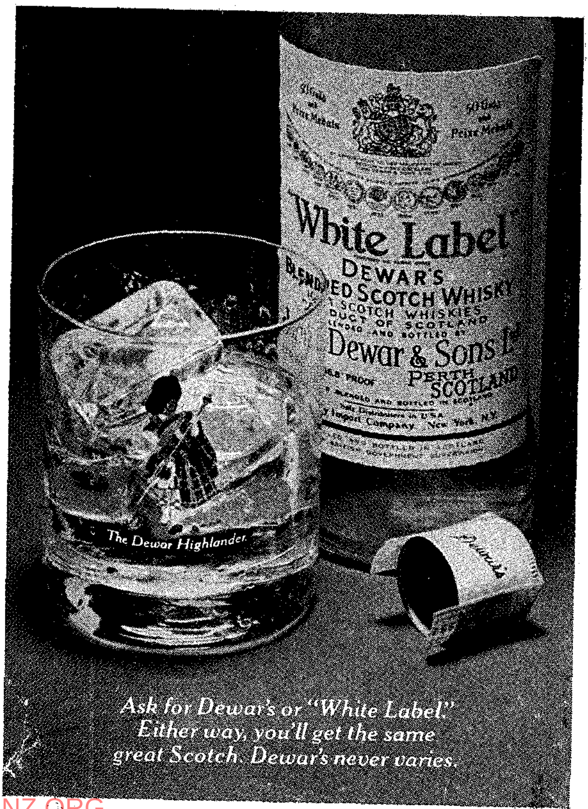

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